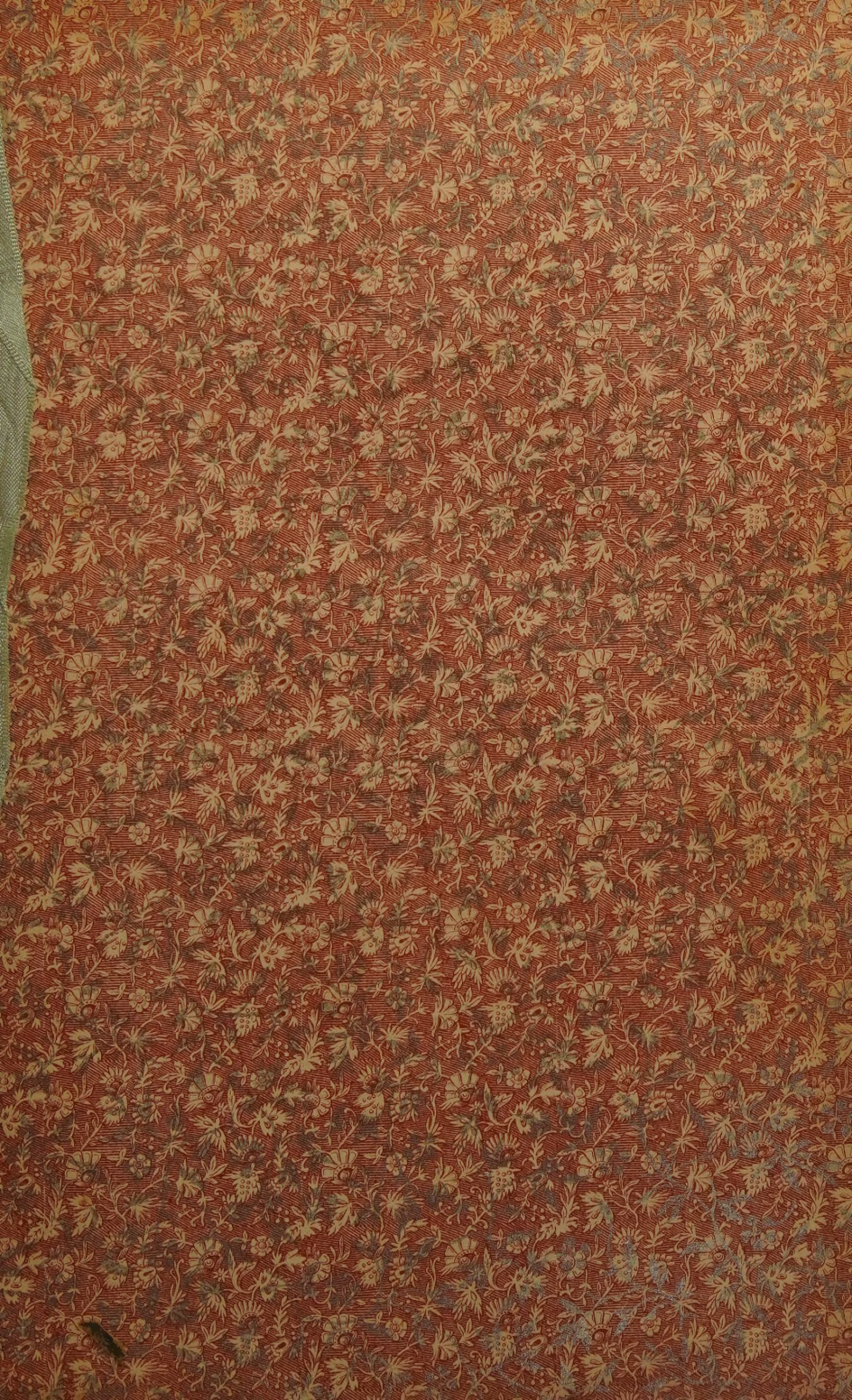

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A THOUSAND HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT WRITERS

THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

By JOHN L. STODDARD

VOL. V

ILLUSTRATED

CHICAGO AND BOSTON
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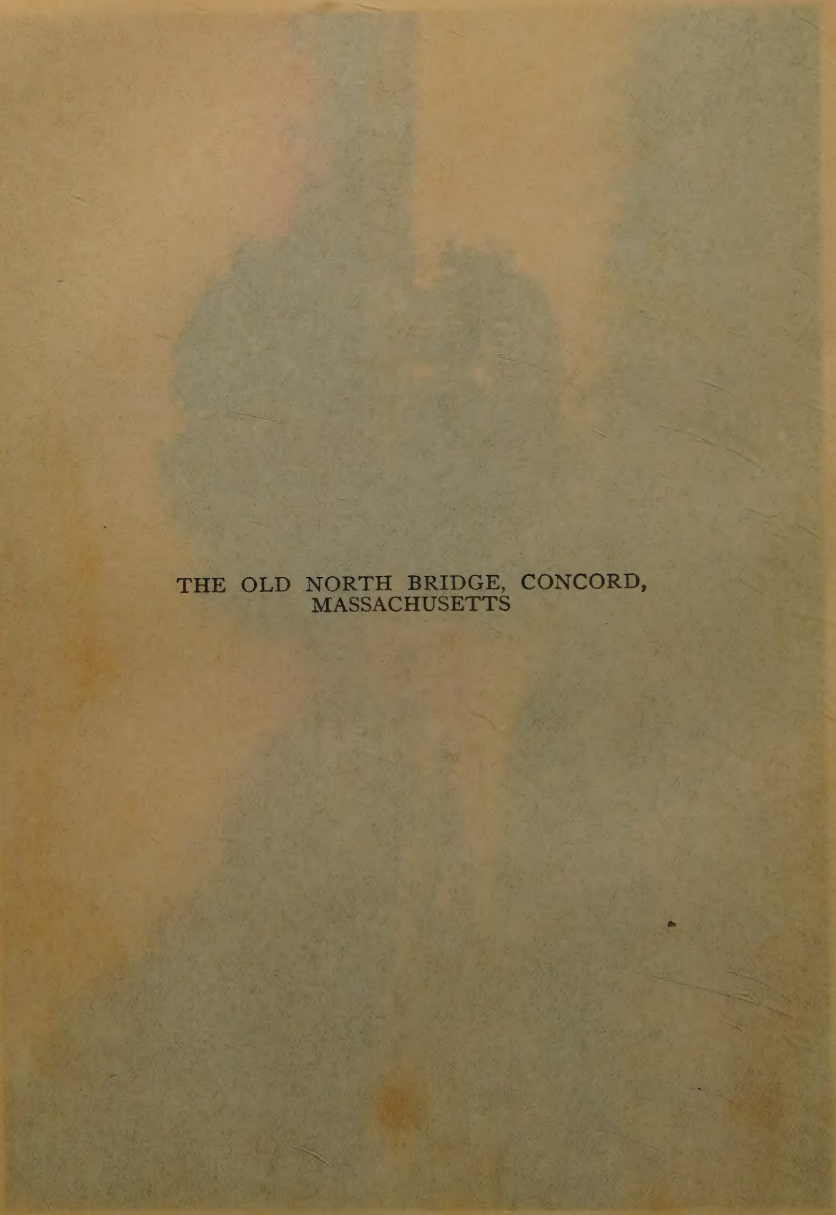
MCMXI



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GEORGE ELIOT

GEORGE ELIOT (Marian Evans), an eminent English novelist. Born at South Farm, in Warwickshire, November 22, 1819; died in London, December 22, 1880. Her principal works were: "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," "Daniel Deronda," "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton," "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," "Janet's Repentance," "Scenes of Clerical Life," "The Legend of Jubal and other Poems." Also many papers contributed to the Reviews: "Carlyle's Life of Sterling," "Margaret Fuller," "Women in France," "Evangelical Teaching, Dr. Cumming," "German Wit, Heinrich Heine," "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists," "The Natural History of German Life," "Worldliness and Otherworldliness, the Poetry of Young."

In these novels, the development of character is the author's main purpose. For mental breadth and depth, for intellectual insight and imaginative power, for exact observation of contemporary life, and for fullness of knowledge in historical work, no other novelist has surpassed George Eliot.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.

Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child;
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better — saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love —
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony.
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty —
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

(From "Romola")

WAITING BY THE RIVER

About the time when the two Compagnacci went on their errand, there was another man who, on the opposite side of the Arno, was also going out into the chill gray twilight. His errand, apparently, could have no relation to theirs; he was making his way to the brink of the river at a spot which, though within the city walls, was overlooked by no dwellings, and which

only seemed the more shrouded and lonely for the warehouses and granaries which at some little distance backward turned their shoulders to the river. There was a sloping width of long grass and rushes made all the more dank by broad gutters which here and there emptied themselves into the Arno.

The gutters and the loneliness were the attraction that drew this man to come and sit down among the grass, and bend over the waters that ran swiftly in the channeled slope at his side. For he had once had a large piece of bread brought to him by one of those friendly runlets, and more than once a raw carrot and apple-parings. It was worth while to wait for such chances in a place where there was no one to see, and often in his restless wakefulness he came to watch here before daybreak; it might save him for one day the need of that silent begging which consisted in sitting on a church-step by the wayside out beyond the Porta San Frediano.

For Baldassarre hated begging so much that he would perhaps have chosen to die rather than make even that silent appeal, but for one reason that made him desire to live. It was no longer a hope; it was only that possibility which clings to every idea that has taken complete possession of the mind: the sort of possibility that makes a woman watch on a headland for the ship which held something dear, though all her neighbors are certain that the ship was a wreck long years ago. After he had come out of the convent hospital, where the monks of San Miniato had taken care of him as long as he was helpless; after he had watched in vain for the Wife who was to help him, and had begun to think that she was dead of the pestilence that seemed to fill all the space since the night he parted from her, he had been unable to conceive any way in which sacred vengeance could satisfy itself through his arm. His knife was gone, and he was too feeble in body to win another by work, too feeble in mind, even if he had had the knife, to contrive that it should serve its one purpose. He was a shattered, bewildered, lonely old man; yet he desired to live: he waited for something of which he had no distinct vision — something dim, formless — that startled him, and made strong pulsations within him, like that unknown thing which we look for when we start from sleep, though no voice or touch has waked us. Baldassarre desired to live; and there-

fore he crept out in the gray light, and seated himself in the long grass, and watched the waters that had a faint promise in them.

Meanwhile the Compagnacci were busy at their work. The formidable bands of armed men, left to do their will with very little interference from an embarrassed if not conniving Signoria, had parted into two masses, but both were soon making their way by different roads towards the Arno. The smaller mass was making for the Ponte Rubaconte, the larger for the Ponte Vecchio; but in both the same words had passed from mouth to mouth as a signal, and almost every man of the multitude knew that he was going to the Via de' Bardi to sack a house there. If he knew no other reason, could he demand a better?

The armed Compagnacci knew something more, for a brief word of command flies quickly, and the leaders of the two streams of rabble had a perfect understanding that they would meet before a certain house a little towards the eastern end of the Via de' Bardi, where the master would probably be in bed, and be surprised in his morning sleep.

But the master of that house was neither sleeping nor in bed; he had not been in bed that night. For Tito's anxiety to quit Florence had been stimulated by the events of the previous day: investigations would follow in which appeals might be made to him delaying his departure: and in all delay he had an uneasy sense that there was danger. Falsehood had prospered and waxed strong; but it had nourished the twin life, Fear. He no longer wore his armor, he was no longer afraid of Baldassarre; but from the corpse of that dead fear a spirit had risen — the undying *habit* of fear. He felt he should not be safe till he was out of this fierce, turbid Florence; and now he was ready to go. Maso was to deliver up his house to the new tenant; his horses and mules were awaiting him in San Gallo; Tessa and the children had been lodged for the night in the Borgo outside the gate, and would be dressed in readiness to mount the mules and join him. He descended the stone steps into the courtyard, he passed through the great doorway, not the same Tito, but nearly as brilliant as on the day when he had first entered that house and made the mistake of falling in love with Romola. The mistake was remedied now: the old life was cast off, and was soon to be far behind him.

He turned with rapid steps towards the Piazza dei Mozzi, intending to pass over the Ponte Rubaconte; but as he went along certain sounds came upon his ears that made him turn round and walk yet more quickly in the opposite direction. Was the mob coming into Oltrarno? It was a vexation, for he would have preferred the more private road. He must now go by the Ponte Vecchio; and unpleasant sensations made him draw his mantle close round him, and walk at his utmost speed. There was no one to see him in that gray twilight. But before he reached the end of the Via de' Bardi, like sounds fell on his ear again, and this time they were much louder and nearer. Could he have been deceived before? The mob must be coming over the Ponte Vecchio. Again he turned, from an impulse of fear that was stronger than reflection; but it was only to be assured that the mob was actually entering the street from the opposite end. He chose not to go back to his house: after all they would not attack *him*. Still, he had some valuables about him; and all things except reason and order are possible with a mob. But necessity does the work of courage. He went on towards the Ponte Vecchio, the rush and the trampling and the confused voices getting so loud before him that he had ceased to hear them behind.

For he had reached the end of the street, and the crowd pouring from the bridge met him at the turning and hemmed in his way. He had not time to wonder at a sudden shout before he felt himself surrounded, not, in the first instance, by an unarmed rabble, but by armed Compagnacci; the next sensation was that his cap fell off, and that he was thrust violently forward amongst the rabble, along the narrow passage of the bridge. Then he distinguished the shouts, "Piagnone! Medicean! Piagnone! Throw him over the bridge!"

His mantle was being torn off him with strong pulls that would have throttled him if the fibula had not given way. Then his scarsella was snatched at; but all the while he was being hustled and dragged; and the snatch failed — his scarsella still hung at his side. Shouting, yelling, half-motiveless execration rang stunningly in his ears, spreading even amongst those who had not yet seen him, and only knew there was a man to be reviled. Tito's horrible dread was that he should be struck down

or trampled on before he reached the open arches that surmount the center of the bridge. There was one hope for him, that they might throw him over before they had wounded him or beaten the strength out of him; and his whole soul was absorbed in that one hope and its obverse terror.

Yes — they *were* at the arches. In that moment Tito, with bloodless face and eyes dilated, had one of the self-preserving inspirations that come in extremity. With a sudden desperate effort he mastered the clasp of his belt, and flung belt and scarsella forward towards a yard of clear space against the parapet, crying in a ringing voice: —

"There are diamonds! there is gold!"

In the instant the hold on him was relaxed, and there was a rush towards the scarsella. He threw himself on the parapet with a desperate leap, and the next moment plunged — plunged with a great plash into the dark river far below.

It was his chance of salvation; and it was a good chance. His life had been saved once before by his fine swimming, and as he rose to the surface again after his long dive he had a sense of deliverance. He struck out with all the energy of his strong prime, and the current helped him. If he could only swim beyond the Ponte alla Carrara, he might land in a remote part of the city, and even yet reach San Gallo. Life was still before him. And the idiot mob, shouting and bellowing on the bridge there, would think he was drowned.

They did think so. Peering over the parapet along the dark stream, they could not see afar off the moving blackness of the floating hair, and the velvet tunic-sleeves.

It was only from the other way that a pale olive face could be seen looking white above the dark water: a face not easy even for the indifferent to forget, with its square forehead, the long, low arch of the eyebrows, and the long, lustrous, agate-like eyes. Onward the face went on the dark current, with inflated, quivering nostrils, with the blue veins distended on the temples. One bridge was passed — the bridge of Santa Trinità. Should he risk landing now rather than trust to his strength? No. He heard, or fancied he heard, yells and cries pursuing him. Terror pressed him most from the side of his fellow-men: he was less afraid of indefinite chances, and he swam on, panting

and straining. He was not so fresh as he would have been if he had passed the night in sleep.

Yet the next bridge — the last bridge — was passed. He was conscious of it; but in the tumult of his blood, he could only feel vaguely that he was safe and might land. But where? The current was having its way with him: he hardly knew where he was: exhaustion was bringing on the dreamy state that precedes unconsciousness.

But now there were eyes that discerned him — aged eyes, strong for the distance. Baldassarre, looking up blankly from the search in the runlet that brought him nothing, had seen a white object coming along the broader stream. Could that be any fortunate chance for *him?* He looked and looked till the object gathered form: then he leaned forward with a start as he sat among the rank green stems, and his eyes seemed to be filled with a new light. Yet he only watched — motionless. Something was being brought to him.

The next instant a man's body was cast violently on the grass two yards from him, and he started forward like a panther, clutching the velvet tunic as he fell forward on the body and flashed a look in the man's face.

Dead — was he dead? The eyes were rigid. But no, it could not be, — Justice had brought him. Men looked dead sometimes, and yet the life came back into them. Baldassarre did not feel feeble in that moment. He knew just what he could do. He got his large fingers within the neck of the tunic and held him there, kneeling on one knee beside the body and watching the face. There was a fierce hope in his heart, but it was mixed with trembling. In his eyes there was only fierceness: all the slow-burning remnant of life within him seemed to have leaped into flame.

Rigid — rigid still. Those eyes with the half-fallen lids were locked against vengeance. *Could* it be that he was dead? There was nothing to measure the time: it seemed long enough for hope to freeze into despair.

Surely at last the eyelids were quivering: the eyes were no longer rigid. There was a vibrating light in them: they opened wide.

"Ah, yes! You see me — you know me!"

Tito knew him; but he did not know whether it was life or death that had brought him into the presence of his injured father. It might be death — and death might mean this chill gloom with the face of the hideous past hanging over him forever.

But now Baldassarre's only dread was, lest the young limbs should escape him. He pressed his knuckles against the round throat, and knelt upon the chest with all the force of his aged frame. Let death come now!

Again he kept his watch on the face. And when the eyes were rigid again, he dared not trust them. He would never lose his hold till some one came and found them. Justice would send some witness, and then he, Baldassarre, would declare that he had killed this traitor, to whom he had once been a father. They would perhaps believe him now, and then he would be content with the struggle of justice on earth — then he would desire to die with his hold on this body, and follow the traitor to hell that he might clutch him there.

And so he knelt, and so he pressed his knuckles against the round throat, without trusting to the seeming death, till the light got strong and he could kneel no longer. Then he sat on the body, still clutching the neck of the tunic. But the hours went on, and no witness came. No eyes descried afar off the two human bodies among the tall grass by the river-side. Florence was busy with greater affairs, and the preparation of a deeper tragedy.

Not long after those two bodies were lying in the grass, Savonarola was being tortured, and crying out in his agony, "I will confess!"

It was not until the sun was westward that a wagon drawn by a mild, gray ox came to the edge of the grassy margin, and as the man who led it was leaning to gather up the round stones that lay heaped in readiness to be carried away, he detected some startling object in the grass. The aged man had fallen forward and his dead clutch was on the garment of the other. It was not possible to separate them: nay, it was better to put them into the wagon and carry them as they were into the great Piazza that notice might be given to the Eight.

As the wagon entered the frequented streets, there was a

growing crowd escorting it with its strange burden. No one knew the bodies for a long while, for the aged face had fallen forward, half hiding the younger. But before they had been moved out of sight, they had been recognized.

"I know that old man," Piero di Cosimo had testified. "I painted his likeness once. He is the prisoner who clutched Melema on the steps of the Duomo."

"He is perhaps the same old man who appeared at supper in my gardens," said Bernardo Rucellai, one of the Eight. "I had forgotten him. I thought he had died in prison. But there is no knowing the truth now."

Who shall put his finger on the work of justice, and say, "It is there"? Justice is like the Kingdom of God — it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning.

BROTHER JACOB

Chapter I

Among the many fatalities attending the bloom of young desire, that of blindly taking to the confectionery line has not, perhaps, been sufficiently considered. How is the son of a British yeoman, who has been fed principally on salt pork and yeast dumplings, to know that there is satiety for the human stomach even in a paradise of glass jars full of sugared almonds and pink lozenges, and that the tedium of life can reach a pitch where plum-buns at discretion cease to offer the slightest enticement? Or how, at the tender age when a confectioner seems to him a very prince whom all the world must envy — who breakfasts on macaroons, dines on méringues, sups on twelfth-cake, and fills up the intermediate hours with sugar-candy or peppermint — how is he to foresee the day of sad wisdom, when he will discern that the confectioner's calling is not socially influential or favorable to a soaring ambition? I have known a man who turned out to have a metaphysical genius, incautiously, in the period of youthful buoyancy, commence his career as a dancing-master; and you may imagine the use that was made of this initial mistake by opponents who felt themselves bound to warn the public against his doctrine of the Incon-

ceivable. He couldn't give up his dancing-lessons, because he made his bread by them, and metaphysics would not have found him in so much as salt to his bread. It was nearly the same with Mr. David Faux and the confectionery business. His uncle, the butler at the great house close by Brigford, had made a pet of him in his early boyhood, and it was on a visit to this uncle that the confectioners' shops in that brilliant town had, on a single day, fired his tender imagination. He carried home the pleasing illusion that a confectioner must be at once the happiest and the foremost of men, since the things he made were not only the most beautiful to behold, but the very best eating, and such as the Lord Mayor must always order largely for his private recreation; so that when his father declared he must be put to a trade, David chose his line without a moment's hesitation, and, with a rashness inspired by a sweet tooth, wedded himself irrevocably to confectionery. Soon, however, the tooth lost its relish and fell into blank indifference, and all the while his mind expanded, his ambition took new shapes, which could hardly be satisfied within the sphere his youthful ardor had chosen. But what was he to do? He was a young man of much mental activity, and, above all, gifted with a spirit of contrivance; but then his faculties would not tell with great effect in any other medium than that of candied sugars, conserves, and pastry. Say what you will about the identity of the reasoning process in all branches of thought, or about the advantage of coming to subjects with a fresh mind, the adjustment of butter to flour, and of heat to pastry, is *not* the best preparation for the office of Prime-minister; besides, in the present, imperfectly organized state of society there are social barriers. David could invent delightful things in the way of drop-cakes, and he had the widest views of the "rock" department; but in other directions he certainly felt hampered by the want of knowledge and practical skill; and the world is so inconveniently constituted, that the vague consciousness of being a fine fellow is no guarantee of success in any line of business.

This difficulty pressed with some severity on Mr. David Faux even before his apprenticeship was ended. His soul swelled with an impatient sense that he ought to become some-

thing very remarkable — that it was quite out of the question for him to put up with a narrow lot as other men did: he scorned the idea that he could accept an average. He was sure there was nothing average about him: even such a person as Mrs. Tibbits, the washerwoman, perceived it, and probably had a preference for his linen. At that particular period he was weighing out gingerbread-nuts; but such an anomaly could not continue. No position could be suited to Mr. David Faux that was not in the highest degree easy to the flesh and flattering to the spirit. If he had fallen on the present times, and enjoyed the advantages of a Mechanics' Institute, he would certainly have taken to literature and have written reviews; but his education had not been liberal. He had read some novels from the adjoining circulating library, and had even bought the story of "Inkle and Yarico," which had made him feel very sorry for poor Mr. Inkle, so that his ideas might not have been below the mark of the literary calling; but his spelling and diction were too unconventional.

When a man is not adequately appreciated or comfortably placed in his own country, his thoughts naturally turn towards foreign climes; and David's imagination circled round and round the utmost limits of his geographical knowledge in search of a country where a young gentleman of pasty visage, lipless mouth, and stumpy hair, would be likely to be received with the hospitable enthusiasm which he had a right to expect. Having a general idea of America as a country where the population was chiefly black, it appeared to him the most propitious destination for an emigrant who, to begin with, had the broad and easily recognizable merit of whiteness; and this idea gradually took such strong possession of him that Satan seized the opportunity of suggesting to him that he might emigrate under easier circumstances if he supplied himself with a little money from his master's till. But that evil spirit, whose understanding, I am convinced, has been much overrated, quite wasted his time on this occasion. David would certainly have liked well to have some of his master's money in his pocket, if he had been sure his master would have been the only man to suffer for it; but he was a cautious youth, and quite determined to run no risks on his own account. So he stayed out his appren-

ticeship, and committed no act of dishonesty that was at all likely to be discovered, reserving his plan of emigration for a future opportunity. And the circumstances under which he carried it out were in this wise. Having been at home a week or two partaking of the family beans, he had used his leisure in ascertaining a fact which was of considerable importance to him, namely, that his mother had a small sum in guineas painfully saved from her maiden perquisites, and kept in the corner of a drawer where her baby linen had reposed for the last twenty years — ever since her son David had taken to his feet, with a slight promise of bow-legs, which had not been altogether unfulfilled. Mr. Faux, senior, had told his son very frankly that he must not look to being set up in business by *him:* with seven sons, and one of them a very healthy and well-developed idiot, who consumed a dumpling about eight inches in diameter every day, it was pretty well if they got a hundred apiece at his death. Under these circumstances, what was David to do? It was certainly hard that he should take his mother's money; but he saw no other ready means of getting any, and it was not to be expected that a young man of his merit should put up with inconveniences that could be avoided. Besides, it is not robbery to take property belonging to your mother; she doesn't prosecute you. And David was very well behaved to his mother; he comforted her by speaking highly of himself to her, and assuring her that he never fell into the vices he saw practised by other youths of his own age, and that he was particularly fond of honesty. If his mother would have given him her twenty guineas as a reward of this noble disposition, he really would not have stolen them from her, and it would have been more agreeable to his feelings. Nevertheless, to an active mind like David's, ingenuity is not without its pleasures. It was rather an interesting occupation to become stealthily acquainted with the wards of his mother's simple key (not in the least like Chubb's patent), and to get one that would do its work equally well, and also to arrange a little drama by which he would escape suspicion, and run no risk of forfeiting the prospective hundred at his father's death, which would be convenient in the improbable case of his *not* making a large fortune in the "Indies."

First, he spoke freely of his intention to start shortly for Liverpool, and take ship for America: a resolution which cost his good mother some pain, for, after Jacob the idiot, there was not one of her sons to whom her heart clung more than to her youngest-born, David. Next, it appeared to him that Sunday afternoon, when everybody was gone to church, except Jacob and the cow-boy, was so singularly favorable an opportunity for sons who wanted to appropriate their mother's guineas, that he half thought it must have been kindly intended by Providence for such purposes. Especially the third Sunday in Lent, because Jacob had been out on one of his occasional wanderings for the last two days; and David, being a timid young man, had a considerable dread and hatred of Jacob, as of a large personage who went about habitually with a pitchfork in his hand.

Nothing could be easier, then, than for David on this Sunday afternoon to decline going to church on the ground that he was going to tea at Mr. Lunn's, whose pretty daughter Sally had been an early flame of his, and, when the church-goers were at a safe distance, to abstract the guineas from their wooden box and slip them into a small canvas bag — nothing easier than to call to the cow-boy that he was going, and tell him to keep an eye on the house for fear of Sunday tramps. David thought it would be easy, too, to get to a small thicket, and bury his bag in a hole he had already made and covered up under the roots of an old hollow ash; and he had, in fact, found the hole without a moment's difficulty, had uncovered it, and was about gently to drop the bag into it, when a sound of a large body rustling towards him with something like a bellow was such a surprise to David, who, as a gentleman gifted with much contrivance, was naturally only prepared for what he expected, that instead of dropping the bag gently, he let it fall so as to make it untwist and vomit forth the shining guineas. In the same moment he looked up and saw his dear brother Jacob close upon him, holding the pitchfork so that the bright, smooth prongs were a yard in advance of his own body, and about a foot off David's. (A learned friend, to whom I once narrated this history, observed that it was David's guilt which made these prongs formidable, and that the *mens nil conscia sibi* strips

a pitchfork of all terrors. I thought this idea so valuable that I obtained his leave to use it, on condition of suppressing his name.) Nevertheless, David did not entirely lose his presence of mind; for in that case he would have sunk on the earth or started backward; whereas he kept his ground and smiled at Jacob, who nodded his head up and down and said, "Hoich, Zavy!" in a painfully equivocal manner. David's heart was beating audibly, and if he had had any lips they would have been pale; but his mental activity, instead of being paralyzed, was stimulated; while he was inwardly praying (he always prayed when he was much frightened) — "Oh, save me this once, and I'll never get into danger again!" — he was thrusting his hand into his pocket in search of a box of yellow lozenges, which he had brought with him from Brigford among other delicacies of the same portable kind, as a means of conciliating proud beauty, and more particularly the beauty of Miss Sarah Lunn. Not one of these delicacies had he ever offered to poor Jacob, for David was not a young man to waste his jujubes and barley-sugar in giving pleasure to people from whom he expected nothing. But an idiot with equivocal intentions and a pitchfork is as well worth flattering and cajoling as if he were Louis Napoleon. So David, with a promptitude equal to the occasion, drew out his box of yellow lozenges, lifted the lid, and performed a pantomime with his mouth and fingers which was meant to imply that he was delighted to see his dear brother Jacob, and seized the opportunity of making him a small present which he would find particularly agreeable to the taste. Jacob, you understand, was not an intense idiot, but within a certain limited range knew how to choose the good and reject the evil. He took one lozenge, by way of test, and sucked it as if he had been a philosopher; then in as great an ecstasy at its new and complex savor as Caliban at the taste of Trinculo's wine, chuckled and stroked this suddenly beneficent brother, and held out his hand for more; for, except in fits of anger, Jacob was not ferocious nor needlessly predatory. David's courage half returned, and he left off praying, pouring a dozen lozenges into Jacob's palm, and trying to look very fond of him. He congratulated himself that he had formed the plan of going to see Miss Sally Lunn this afternoon, and that, as a conse-

quence, he had brought with him these propitiatory delicacies. He was certainly a lucky fellow; indeed it was always likely Providence should be fonder of him than of other apprentices, and since he *was* to be interrupted, why, an idiot was preferable to any other sort of witness. For the first time in his life David thought he saw the advantage of idiots.

As for Jacob, he had thrust his pitchfork into the ground, and had thrown himself down beside it, in thorough abandonment to the unprecedented pleasure of having five lozenges in his mouth at once, blinking meanwhile, and making inarticulate sounds of gustative content. He had not yet given any sign of noticing the guineas, but in seating himself he had laid his broad right hand on them, and unconsciously kept it in that position, absorbed in the sensations of his palate. If he could only be kept so occupied with the lozenges as not to see the guineas before David could manage to cover them! That was David's best hope of safety, for Jacob knew his mother's guineas; it had been part of their common experience as boys to be allowed to look at these handsome coins, and rattle them in their box on high days and holidays, and among all Jacob's narrow experiences as to money, this was likely to be the most memorable.

"Here, Jacob," said David, in an insinuating tone, handing the box to him, "I'll give 'em all to you.—Run!—make haste!—else somebody'll come and take 'em."

David, not having studied the psychology of idiots, was not aware that they are not to be wrought upon by imaginative fears. Jacob took the box with his left hand, but saw no necessity for running away. Was ever a promising young man, wishing to lay the foundation of his fortune by appropriating his mother's guineas, obstructed by such a day-mare as this? But the moment must come when Jacob would move his right hand to draw off the lid of the tin box, and then David would sweep the guineas into the hole with the utmost address and swiftness, and immediately seat himself upon them. Ah, no! It's of no use to have foresight when you are dealing with an idiot; he is not to be calculated upon. Jacob's right hand was given to vague clutching and throwing; it suddenly clutched the guineas as if they had been so many pebbles, and was raised

in an attitude which promised to scatter them like seed over a distant bramble, when, from some prompting or other — probably of an unwonted sensation — it paused, descended to Jacob's knee, and opened slowly under the inspection of Jacob's dull eyes. David began to pray again, but immediately desisted — another resource having occurred to him.

"Mother! zinnies!" exclaimed the innocent Jacob. Then, looking at David, he said, interrogatively, "Box?"

"Hush! hush!" said David, summoning all his ingenuity in this severe strait. "See, Jacob!" He took the tin box from his brother's hand, and emptied it of the lozenges, returning half of them to Jacob, but secretly keeping the rest in his own hand. Then he held out the empty box, and said, "Here's the box, Jacob — the box for the guineas," gently sweeping them from Jacob's palm into the box.

This procedure was not objectionable to Jacob; on the contrary, the guineas clinked so pleasantly as they fell, that he wished for a repetition of the sound, and snatching the box, began to rattle it very gleefully. David, seizing the opportunity, deposited his reserve of lozenges in the ground and hastily swept some earth over them. "Look, Jacob," he said at last. Jacob paused from his clinking and looked into the hole, while David began to scratch away the earth, as if in doubtful expectation. When the lozenges were laid bare, he took them out one by one, and gave them to Jacob.

"Hush!" he said, in a loud whisper: "tell nobody — all for Jacob — hush-sh-sh! Put guineas in the hole — they'll come out like this." To make the lesson more complete, he took a guinea, and lowering it into the hole, said, "Put in *so*." Then, as he took the last lozenge out, he said, "Come out *so*," and put the lozenge into Jacob's hospitable mouth.

Jacob turned his head on one side, looked first at his brother and then at the hole, like a reflective monkey, and finally laid the box of guineas in the hole with much decision. David made haste to add every one of the stray coins, put on the lid, and covered it well with earth, saying, in his most coaxing tone: —

"Take 'm out to-morrow, Jacob; all for Jacob! Hush-sh-sh!"

Jacob, to whom this once indifferent brother had all at once become a sort of sweet-tasted Fetish, stroked David's best coat with his adhesive fingers, and then hugged him with an accompaniment of that mingled chuckling and gurgling by which he was accustomed to express the milder passions. But if he had chosen to bite a small morsel out of his beneficent brother's cheek, David would have been obliged to bear it.

And here I must pause to point out to you the short-sightedness of human contrivance. This ingenious young man, Mr. David Faux, thought he had achieved a triumph of cunning when he had associated himself in his brother's rudimentary mind with the flavor of yellow lozenges. But he had yet to learn that it is a dreadful thing to make an idiot fond of you, when you yourself are not of an affectionate disposition; especially an idiot with a pitchfork — obviously a difficult friend to shake off by rough usage.

It may seem to you rather a blundering contrivance for a clever young man to bury the guineas. But if everything had turned out as David had calculated, you would have seen that his plan was worthy of his talents. The guineas would have lain safely in the earth while the theft was discovered, and David, with the calm of conscious innocence, would have lingered at home, reluctant to say good-by to his dear mother while she was in grief about her guineas; till, at length, on the eve of his departure, he would have disinterred them in the strictest privacy, and carried them on his own person without inconvenience. But David, you perceive, had reckoned without his host, or, to speak more precisely, without his idiot brother — an item of so uncertain and fluctuating a character that I doubt whether he would not have puzzled the astute heroes of M. De Balzac, whose foresight is so remarkably at home in the future.

It was clear to David now that he had only one alternative before him — he must either renounce the guineas, by quietly putting them back in his mother's drawer (a course not unattended with difficulty), or he must leave more than a suspicion behind him, by departing early next morning without giving notice, and with the guineas in his pocket. For if he gave notice that he was going, his mother, he knew, would

insist on fetching from her box of guineas the three she had always promised him as his share; indeed, in his original plan he had counted on this as a means by which the theft would be discovered under circumstances that would themselves speak for his innocence; but now, as I need hardly explain to you, that well-combined plan was completely frustrated. Even if David could have bribed Jacob with perpetual lozenges, an idiot's secrecy is itself betrayal. He dared not even go to tea at Mr. Lunn's, for in that case he would have lost sight of Jacob, who, in his impatience for the crop of lozenges, might scratch up the box again while he was absent, and carry it home — depriving him at once of reputation and guineas. No! he must think of nothing all the rest of this day but of coaxing Jacob and keeping him out of mischief. It was a fatiguing and anxious evening to David; nevertheless, he dared not go to sleep without tying a piece of string to his thumb and great toe, to secure his frequent waking; for he meant to be up with the first peep of dawn, and be far out of reach before breakfast-time. His father, he thought, would certainly cut him off with a shilling; but what then? Such a striking young man as he would be sure to be well received in the West Indies: in foreign countries there are always openings — even for cats. It was probable that some Princess Yarico would want him to marry her, and make him presents of very large jewels beforehand, after which he needn't marry her unless he liked. David had made up his mind not to steal any more, even from people who were fond of him; it was an unpleasant way of making your fortune in a world where you were likely to be surprised in the act by brothers. Such alarms did not agree with David's constitution, and he had felt so much nausea this evening that I have no doubt his liver was affected. Besides, he would have been greatly hurt not to be thought well of in the world; he always meant to make a figure, and be thought worthy of the best seats and the best morsels.

Ruminating to this effect on the brilliant future in reserve for him, David, by the help of his check-string, kept himself on the alert to seize the time of earliest dawn for his rising and departure. His brothers, of course, were early risers, but he

"BROOKBANK," HOME OF GEORGE ELIOT,
HASLEMERE, ENGLAND

should anticipate them by at least an hour and a half, and the little room which he had to himself as only an occasional visitor, had its window over the horse-block, so that he could slip out through the window without the least difficulty. Jacob, the horrible Jacob, had an awkward trick of getting up before everybody else, to stem his hunger by emptying the milk-bowl that was "duly set" for him; but of late he had taken to sleeping in the hay-loft, and if he came into the house, it would be on the opposite side to that from which David was making his exit. There was no need to think of Jacob, yet David was liberal enough to bestow a curse on him — it was the only thing he ever did bestow gratuitously. His small bundle of clothes was ready packed, and he was soon treading lightly on the steps of the horse-block, soon walking at a smart pace across the fields towards the thicket. It would take him no more than two minutes to get out the box; he could make out the tree it was under by the pale strip where the bark was off, although the dawning light was rather dimmer in the thicket. But what, in the name of — burned pastry — was that large body with a staff planted beside it, close at the foot of the ash tree? David paused, not to make up his mind as to the nature of the apparition — he had not the happiness of doubting for a moment that the staff was Jacob's pitchfork — but to gather the self-command necessary for addressing his brother with a sufficiently honeyed accent. Jacob was absorbed in scratching up the earth, and had not heard David's approach.

"I say, Jacob," said David, in a loud whisper, just as the tin box was lifted out of the hole.

Jacob looked up, and discerning his sweet-flavored brother, nodded and grinned in the dim light in a way that made him seem to David like a triumphant demon. If he had been of an impetuous disposition he would have snatched the pitchfork from the ground and impaled this fraternal demon. But David was by no means impetuous; he was a young man greatly given to calculate consequences — a habit which has been held to be the foundation of virtue. But somehow it had not precisely that effect in David; he calculated whether an action would harm himself, or whether it would only harm other people. In the former case he was very timid about

satisfying his immediate desires, but in the latter he would risk the result with much courage.

"Give it *me*, Jacob," he said, stooping down and patting his brother. "Let us see."

Jacob, finding the lid rather tight, gave the box to his brother in perfect faith. David raised the lid and shook his head, while Jacob put his finger in and took out a guinea to taste whether the metamorphosis into lozenges was complete and satisfactory.

"No, Jacob; too soon, too soon," said David, when the guinea had been tasted. "Give it me; we'll go and bury it somewhere else. We'll put it in yonder," he added, pointing vaguely towards the distance.

David screwed on the lid, while Jacob, looking grave, rose and grasped his pitchfork. Then seeing David's bundle, he snatched it, like a too officious Newfoundland, stuck his pitchfork into it, and carried it over his shoulder in triumph, as he accompanied David and the box out of the thicket.

What on earth was David to do? It would have been easy to frown at Jacob, and kick him, and order him to get away; but David dared as soon have kicked the bull. Jacob was quiet as long as he was treated indulgently; but on the slightest show of anger he became unmanageable, and was liable to fits of fury, which would have made him formidable even without his pitchfork. There was no mastery to be obtained over him except by kindness or guile. David tried guile.

"Go, Jacob," he said, when they were out of the thicket, pointing towards the house as he spoke — "go and fetch me a spade — a spade. But give *me* the bundle," he added, trying to reach it from the fork, where it hung high above Jacob's tall shoulder.

But Jacob showed as much alacrity in obeying as a wasp shows in leaving a sugar-basin. Near David he felt himself in the vicinity of lozenges; he chuckled and rubbed his brother's back, brandishing the bundle higher out of reach. David, with an inward groan, changed his tactics, and walked on as fast as he could. It was not safe to linger. Jacob would get tired of following him, or, at all events, could be eluded. If they could once get to the distant highroad, a coach would over-

take them, David would mount it, having previously, by some ingenious means, secured his bundle, and then Jacob might howl and flourish his pitchfork as much as he liked. Meanwhile he was under the fatal necessity of being very kind to this ogre, and of providing a large breakfast for him when they stopped at a roadside inn. It was already three hours since they had started, and David was tired. Would no coach be coming up soon? he inquired. No coach for the next two hours. But there was a carrier's cart to come immediately, on its way to the next town. If he could slip out, even leaving his bundle behind, and get into the cart without Jacob! But there was a new obstacle. Jacob had recently discovered a remnant of sugar-candy in one of his brother's tail-pockets, and since then had cautiously kept his hold on that limb of the garment, perhaps with an expectation that there would be a further development of sugar-candy after a longer or shorter interval. Now every one who has worn a coat will understand the sensibilities that must keep a man from starting away in a hurry when there is a grasp on his coat-tail. David looked forward to being well received among strangers, but it might make a difference if he had only one tail to his coat.

He felt himself in a cold perspiration. He could walk no more; he must get into the cart and let Jacob get in with him. Presently a cheering idea occurred to him. After so large a breakfast, Jacob would be sure to go to sleep in the cart; you see at once that David meant to seize his bundle, jump out, and be free. His expectation was partly fulfilled; Jacob did go to sleep in the cart, but it was in a peculiar attitude — it was with his arms tightly fastened round his dear brother's body; and if ever David attempted to move, the grasp tightened with the force of an affectionate boa-constrictor.

"Th' innicent's fond on you," observed the carrier, thinking that David was probably an amiable brother, and wishing to pay him a compliment.

David groaned. The ways of thieving were not ways of pleasantness. Oh, why had he an idiot brother? Or why, in general, was the world so constituted that a man could not take his mother's guineas comfortably? David became grimly speculative.

Copious dinner at noon for Jacob, but little dinner, because little appetite, for David. Instead of eating, he plied Jacob with beer; for through this liberality he descried a hope. Jacob fell into a dead sleep at last, *without* having his arms round David, who paid the reckoning, took his bundle, and walked off. In another half hour he was on the coach on his way to Liverpool, smiling the smile of the triumphant wicked. He was rid of Jacob — he was bound for the Indies, where a gullible princess awaited him. He would never steal any more, but there would be no need; he would show himself so deserving that people would make him presents freely. He must give up the notion of his father's legacy; but it was not likely he would ever want that trifle; and even if he did, why, it was a compensation to think that in being forever divided from his family he was divided from Jacob, more terrible than Gorgon or Demogorgon to David's timid green eyes. Thank Heaven, he should never see Jacob any more!

Chapter II

It was nearly six years after the departure of Mr. David Faux for the West Indies that the vacant shop in the market-place at Grimworth was understood to have been let to the stranger with a sallow complexion and a buff cravat, whose first appearance had caused some excitement in the bar of the Woolpack, where he had called to wait for the coach.

Grimworth, to a discerning eye, was a good place to set up shopkeeping in. There was no competition in it at present; the Church people had their own grocer and draper; the Dissenters had theirs; and the two or three butchers found a ready market for their joints without strict reference to religious persuasion — except that the rector's wife had given a general order for the veal sweetbreads and the mutton kidneys, while Mr. Rodd, the Baptist minister, had requested that, so far as was compatible with the fair accommodation of other customers, the sheep's trotters might be reserved for him. And it was likely to be a growing place, for the trustees of Mr. Zephaniah Crypt's Charity, under the stimulus of a late visitation by commissioners, were beginning to apply long-accumu-

lating funds to the rebuilding of the Yellow Coat School, which was henceforth to be carried forward on a greatly extended scale, the testator having left no restrictions concerning the curriculum, but only concerning the coat.

The shopkeepers at Grimworth were by no means unanimous as to the advantages promised by this prospect of increased population and trading, being substantial men, who liked doing a quiet business in which they were sure of their customers, and could calculate their returns to a nicety. Hitherto it had been held a point of honor by the families in Grimworth parish to buy their sugar and their flannel at the shops where their fathers and mothers had bought before them; but if newcomers were to bring in the system of neck-and-neck trading, and solicit feminine eyes by gown pieces laid in fanlike folds, and surmounted by artificial flowers, giving them a factitious charm (for on what human figure would a gown sit like a fan, or what female head was like a bunch of china-asters?), or if new grocers were to fill their windows with mountains of currants and sugar, made seductive by contrast and tickets, what security was there for Grimworth, that a vagrant spirit in shopping, once introduced, would not in the end carry the most important families to the larger market-town of Cattleton, where, business being done on a system of small profits and quick returns, the fashions were of the freshest, and goods of all kinds might be bought at an advantage?

With this view of the times predominant among the tradespeople at Grimworth, their uncertainty concerning the nature of the business which the sallow-complexioned stranger was about to set up in the vacant shop naturally gave some additional strength to the fears of the less sanguine. If he was going to sell drapery, it was probable that a pale-faced fellow like that would deal in showy and inferior articles — printed cottons and muslins which would leave their dye in the wash-tub, jobbed linen full of knots, and flannel that would soon look like gauze. If grocery, then it was to be hoped that no mother of a family would trust the teas of an untried grocer. Such things had been known in some parishes as tradesmen going about canvassing for custom with cards in their pockets: when people came from nobody knew where, there was no knowing what

they might do. It was a thousand pities that Mr. Moffat, the auctioneer and broker, had died without leaving anybody to follow him in the business, and Mrs. Cleve's trustee ought to have known better than to let a shop to a stranger. Even the discovery that ovens were being put up on the premises, and that the shop was, in fact, being fitted up for a confectioner and pastry-cook's business, hitherto unknown in Grimworth, did not quite suffice to turn the scale in the new-comer's favor, though the landlady at the Woolpack defended him warmly, said he seemed to be a very clever young man, and from what she could make out came of a very good family; indeed, was most likely a good many people's betters.

It certainly made a blaze of light and color, almost as if a rainbow had suddenly descended into the market-place, when, one fine morning, the shutters were taken down from the new shop, and the two windows displayed their decorations. On one side there were the variegated tints of collared and marbled meats, set off by bright green leaves, the pale brown of glazed pies, the rich tones of sauces and bottled fruits inclosed in their veil of glass — altogether a sight to bring tears into the eyes of a Dutch painter; and on the other there was a predominance of the more delicate hues of pink and white and yellow and buff in the abundant lozenges, candies, sweet biscuits, and icings which to the eyes of a bilious person might easily have been blended into a fairy landscape in Turner's latest style. What a sight to dawn upon the eyes of Grimworth children! They almost forgot to go to their dinner that day, their appetites being preoccupied with imaginary sugar-plums; and I think even Punch, setting up his tabernacle in the market-place, would not have succeeded in drawing them away from those shop-windows, where they stood according to gradations of size and strength, the biggest and strongest being nearest the window, and the little ones in the outermost rows lifting wide-open eyes and mouths towards the upper tier of jars, like small birds at meal-time.

The elder inhabitants pished and pshawed a little at the folly of the new shopkeeper in venturing on such an outlay in goods that would not keep. To be sure, Christmas was coming, but what housewife in Grimworth would not think shame to furnish

forth her table with articles that were not home-cooked? No, no; Mr. Edward Freely, as he called himself, was deceived if he thought Grimworth money was to flow into his pockets on such terms.

Edward Freely was the name that shone in gilt letters on a mazarine ground over the door-place of the new shop — a generous-sounding name that might have belonged to the open-hearted, improvident hero of an old comedy, who would have delighted in raining sugared almonds, like a new manna-gift, among that small generation outside the windows. But Mr. Edward Freely was a man whose impulses were kept in due subordination: he held that the desire for sweets and pastry must only be satisfied in a direct ratio with the power of paying for them. If the smallest child in Grimworth would go to him with a halfpenny in its tiny fist, he would, after ringing the halfpenny, deliver a just equivalent in "rock." He was not a man to cheat even the smallest child; he often said so, observing at the same time that he loved honesty, and also that he was very tender-hearted, though he didn't show his feelings as some people did.

Either in reward of such virtue, or according to some more hidden law of sequence, Mr. Freely's business, in spite of prejudice, started under favorable auspices. For Mrs. Chaloner, the rector's wife, was among the earliest customers at the shop, thinking it only right to encourage a new parishioner who had made a decorous appearance at church; and she found Mr. Freely a most civil, obliging young man, and intelligent to a surprising degree for a confectioner; well-principled, too, for in giving her useful hints about choosing sugars he had thrown much light on the dishonesty of other tradesmen. Moreover, he had been in the West Indies, and had seen the very estate which had been her poor grandfather's property; and he said the missionaries were the only cause of the negro's discontent — an observing young man, evidently. Mrs. Chaloner ordered wine-biscuits and olives, and gave Mr. Freely to understand that she should find his shop a great convenience. So did the doctor's wife, and so did Mrs. Gate, at the large carding mill, who, having high connections frequently visiting her, might be expected to have a large consumption of ratafias and macaroons.

The less aristocratic matrons of Grimworth seemed likely at first to justify their husbands' confidence that they would never pay a percentage of profits on drop-cakes, instead of making their own, or get up a hollow show of liberal housekeeping by purchasing slices of collared meat when a neighbor came in for supper. But it is my task to narrate the gradual corruption of Grimworth manners from their primitive simplicity — a melancholy task, if it were not cheered by the prospect of the fine peripateia or downfall by which the progress of the corruption was ultimately checked.

It was young Mrs. Steene, the veterinary surgeon's wife, who first gave way to temptation. I fear she had been rather over-educated for her station in life, for she knew by heart many passages in "Lalla Rookh," the "Corsair," and the "Siege of Corinth," which had given her a distaste for domestic occupations, and caused her a withering disappointment at the discovery that Mr. Steene, since his marriage, had lost all interest in the "bulbul," openly preferred discussing the nature of spavin with a coarse neighbor, and was angry if the pudding turned out watery — indeed, was simply a top-booted "vet," who came in hungry at dinner-time, and not in the least like a nobleman turned corsair out of pure scorn for his race, or like a renegade with a turban and crescent, unless it were in the irritability of his temper. And anger is such a very different thing in top-boots!

This brutal man had invited a supper-party for Christmas-eve, when he would expect to see mince-pies on the table. Mrs. Steene had prepared her mince-meat, and had devoted much butter, fine flour, and labor to the making of a batch of pies in the morning; but they proved to be so very heavy when they came out of the oven that she could only think with trembling of the moment when her husband should catch sight of them on the supper-table. He would storm at her, she was certain, and before all the company; and then she should never help crying. It was so dreadful to think she had come to that, after the bulbul and everything! Suddenly the thought darted through her mind that *this once* she might send for a dish of mince-pies from Freely's: she knew he had some. But what was to become of the eighteen heavy mince-pies? Oh, it was

of no use thinking about that; it was very expensive — indeed, making mince-pies at all was a great expense, when they were not sure to turn out well: it would be much better to buy them ready-made. You paid a little more for them, but there was no risk of waste.

Such was the sophistry with which this misguided young woman — Enough. Mrs. Steene sent for the mince-pies, and, I am grieved to add, garbled her household accounts in order to conceal the fact from her husband. This was the second step in a downward course, all owing to a young woman's being out of harmony with her circumstances, yearning after renegades and bulbuls, and being subject to claims from a veterinary surgeon fond of mince-pies. The third step was to harden herself by telling the fact of the bought mince-pies to her intimate friend Mrs. Mole, who had already guessed it, and who subsequently encouraged herself in buying a mold of jelly, instead of exerting her own skill, by the reflection that "other people" did the same sort of thing. The infection spread; soon there was a party or clique in Grimworth on the side of "buying at Freely's"; and many husbands, kept for some time in the dark on this point, innocently swallowed at two mouthfuls a tart on which they were paying a profit of a hundred per cent, and as innocently encouraged a fatal disingenuousness in the partners of their bosoms by praising the pastry. Others, more keen-sighted, winked at the too frequent presentation on washing-days and at impromptu suppers of superior spiced beef, which flattered their palates more than the cold remnants they had formerly been contented with. Every housewife who had once "bought at Freely's" felt a secret joy when she detected a similar perversion in her neighbor's practice, and soon only two or three old-fashioned mistresses of families held out in the protest against the growing demoralization, saying to their neighbors who came to sup with them, "I can't offer you Freely's beef, or Freely's cheese-cakes; everything in our house is home-made. I'm afraid you'll hardly have any appetite for our plain pastry." The doctor, whose cook was not satisfactory, the curate, who kept no cook, and the mining agent, who was a great *bon vivant*, even began to rely on Freely for the greater part of their dinner when they

wished to give an entertainment of some brilliancy. In short, the business of manufacturing the more fanciful viands was fast passing out of the hands of maids and matrons in private families, and was becoming the work of a special commercial organ.

I am not ignorant that this sort of thing is called the inevitable course of civilization, division of labor, and so forth, and that the maids and matrons may be said to have had their hands set free from cookery to add to the wealth of society in some other way. Only it happened at Grimworth, which, to be sure, was a low place, that the maids and matrons could do nothing with their hands at all better than cooking; not even those who had always made sad cakes and leathery pastry. And so it came to pass that the progress of civilization at Grimworth was not otherwise apparent than in the impoverishment of men, the gossiping idleness of women, and the heightening prosperity of Mr. Edward Freely.

The Yellow Coat School was a double source of profit to the calculating confectioner, for he opened an eating-room for the superior workmen employed on the new school, and he accommodated the pupils at the old school by giving great attention to the fancy-sugar department. When I think of the sweet-tasted swans and other ingenious white shapes crunched by the small teeth of that rising generation, I am glad to remember that a certain amount of calcareous food has been held good for young creatures whose bones are not quite formed; for I have observed these delicacies to have an inorganic flavor which would have recommended them greatly to that young lady of the *Spectator's* acquaintance who habitually made her dessert on the stems of tobacco-pipes.

As for the confectioner himself, he made his way gradually into Grimworth homes, as his commodities did, in spite of some initial repugnance. Somehow or other his reception as a guest seemed a thing that required justifying, like the purchasing of his pastry. In the first place, he was a stranger, and therefore open to suspicion; secondly, the confectionery business was so entirely new at Grimworth that its place in the scale of rank had not been distinctly ascertained. There was no doubt about drapers and grocers, when they came of good old Grimworth

families, like Mr. Luff and Mr. Prettyman: they visited with the Palfreys, and the Palfreys farmed their own land, played many a game at whist with the doctor, and condescended a little towards the timber merchant, who had lately taken to the coal trade also, and had got new furniture; but whether a confectioner should be admitted to this higher level of respectability, or should be understood to find his associates among butchers and bakers, was a new question on which tradition threw no light. His being a bachelor was in his favor, and would, perhaps, have been enough to turn the scale, even if Mr. Edward Freely's other personal pretensions had been of an entirely insignificant cast. But so far from this, it very soon appeared that he was a remarkable young man, who had been in the West Indies, and had seen many wonders by sea and land, so that he could charm the ears of Grimworth Desdemonas with stories of strange fish, especially sharks, which he had stabbed in the nick of time by bravely plunging overboard just as the monster was turning on his side to devour the cook's mate; of terrible fevers which he had undergone in a land where the wind blows from all quarters at once; of rounds of toast cut straight from the breadfruit trees; of toes bitten off by land-crabs; of large honors that had been offered to him as a man who knew what was what, and was, therefore, particularly needed in a tropical climate; and of a Creole heiress who had wept bitterly at his departure. Such conversational talents as these, we know, will overcome disadvantages of complexion; and young Towers, whose cheeks were of the finest pink, set off by a fringe of dark whisker, was quite eclipsed by the presence of the sallow Mr. Freely. So exceptional a confectioner elevated his business, and might well begin to make disengaged hearts flutter a little.

Fathers and mothers were naturally more slow and cautious in their recognition of the new-comer's merits.

"He's an amusing fellow," said Mr. Prettyman, the highly respectable grocer (Mrs. Prettyman was a Miss Fothergill, and her sister had married a London mercer) — "he's an amusing fellow, and I've no objection to his making one at the Oyster Club; but he's a bit too fond of riding the high horse. He's uncommonly knowing, I'll allow; but how came he to go to

the Indies? I should like that answered. It's unnatural in a confectioner. I'm not fond of people that have been beyond seas, if they can't give a good account how they happened to go. When folks go so far off, it's because they've got little credit nearer home — that's my opinion. However, he's got some good rum; but I don't want to be hand-and-glove with him, for all that."

It was this kind of dim suspicion which beclouded the view of Mr. Freely's qualities in the maturer minds of Grimworth through the early months of his residence there. But when the confectioner ceased to be a novelty, the suspicions also ceased to be novel, and people got tired of hinting at them, especially as they seemed to be refuted by his advancing prosperity and importance. Mr. Freely was becoming a person of influence in the parish; he was found useful as an overseer of the poor, having great firmness in enduring other people's pain — which firmness, he said, was due to his great benevolence; he always did what was good for people in the end. Mr. Chaloner had even selected him as clergyman's churchwarden, for he was a very handy man, and much more of Mr. Chaloner's opinion in everything about church business than the older parishioners. Mr. Freely was a very regular churchman, but at the Oyster Club he was sometimes a little free in his conversation, more than hinting at a life of Sultanic self-indulgence which he had passed in the West Indies, shaking his head now and then and smiling rather bitterly, as men are wont to do when they intimate that they have become a little too wise to be instructed about a world which has long been flat and stale to them.

For some time he was quite general in his attentions to the fair sex, combining the gallantries of a lady's man with a severity of criticism on the person and manners of absent belles, which tended rather to stimulate in the feminine breast the desire to conquer the approval of so fastidious a judge. Nothing short of the very best in the department of female charms and virtues could suffice to kindle the ardor of Mr. Edward Freely, who had become familiar with the most luxuriant and dazzling beauty in the West Indies. It may seem incredible to you that a confectioner should have ideas and conversation so much resembling those to be met with in a higher walk of life, but

you must remember that he had not merely traveled, he had also bow-legs and a sallow, small-featured visage, so that nature herself had stamped him for a fastidious connoisseur of the fair sex.

At last, however, it seemed clear that Cupid had found a sharper arrow than usual, and that Mr. Freely's heart was pierced. It was the general talk among the young people at Grimworth. But was it really love, and not rather ambition? Miss Fullilove, the timber merchant's daughter, was quite sure that if *she* were Miss Penny Palfrey she would be cautious; it was not a good sign when men looked so much above themselves for a wife. For it was no less a person than Miss Penelope Palfrey, second daughter of the Mr. Palfrey who farmed his own land, that had attracted Mr. Freely's peculiar regard and conquered his fastidiousness; and no wonder, for the Ideal, as exhibited in the finest waxwork, was perhaps never so closely approached by the Real as in the person of the pretty Penelope. Her yellowish flaxen hair did not curl naturally, I admit, but its bright, crisp ringlets were such smooth, perfect miniature tubes that you would have longed to pass your little finger through them and feel their soft elasticity. She wore them in a crop — for in those days, when society was in a healthier state, young ladies wore crops long after they were twenty, and Penelope was not yet nineteen. Like the waxen Ideal, she had round blue eyes, and round nostrils in her little nose, and teeth such as the Ideal would be seen to have if it ever showed them. Altogether, she was a small, round thing, as neat as a pink and white double daisy, and as guileless; for I hope you do not think it argues any guile in a pretty damsel of nineteen to think that she should like to have a beau and be "engaged," when her elder sister had already been in that position a year and a half. To be sure, there was young Towers always coming to the house; but Penny felt convinced he only came to see her brother, for he never had anything to say to her, and never offered her his arm, and was as awkward and silent as possible.

It is not unlikely that Mr. Freely had early been smitten by Penny's charms as brought under his observation at church, but he had to make his way in society a little before he could come into nearer contact with them; and even after he was well re-

ceived in Grimworth families, it was a long while before he could converse with Penny otherwise than in an incidental meeting at Mr. Luff's. It was not so easy to get invited to Long Meadows, the residence of the Palfreys; for though Mr. Palfrey had been losing money of late years — not being able quite to recover his feet after the terrible murrain which forced him to borrow — his family were far from considering themselves on the same level even as the old established tradespeople with whom they visited; for the greatest people, even kings and queens, must visit with somebody, and the equals of the great are scarce. They were especially scarce at Grimworth, which, as I have before observed, was a low parish, mentioned with the most scornful brevity in gazetteers. Even the great people there were far behind those of their own standing in other parts of this realm. Mr. Palfrey's farm-yard doors had the paint all worn off them, and the front garden walks had long been merged in a general weediness. Still his father had been called Squire Palfrey, and had been respected by the last Grimworth generation as a man who could afford to drink too much in his own house.

Pretty Penny was not blind to the fact that Mr. Freely admired her, and she felt sure that it was he who had sent her a beautiful valentine; but her sister seemed to think so lightly of him (all engaged young ladies think lightly of the gentlemen to whom they are not engaged), that Penny dared never mention him, and trembled and blushed whenever they met him, thinking of the valentine, which was very strong in its expressions, and which she felt guilty of knowing by heart. A man who had been to the Indies, and knew the sea so well, seemed to her a sort of public character, almost like Robinson Crusoe or Captain Cook; and Penny had always wished her husband to be a remarkable personage, likely to be put in "Mangnall's Questions," with which register of the immortals she had become acquainted during her one year at a boarding-school. Only it seemed strange that a remarkable man should be a confectioner and pastry-cook, and this anomaly quite disturbed Penny's dreams. Her brothers, she knew, laughed at men who couldn't sit on horseback well, and called them tailors; but her brothers were very rough, and were quite without that power of anecdote which made Mr. Freely such a delightful companion. He was a very good man,

she thought; for she had heard him say at Mr. Luff's, one day, that he always wished to do his duty in whatever state of life he might be placed; and he knew a great deal of poetry, for one day he had repeated a verse of a song. She wondered if he had made the words of the valentine. It ended in this way: —

> "Without thee, it is pain to live;
> But with thee, it were sweet to die."

Poor Mr. Freely! her father would very likely object; she felt sure he would, for he always called Mr. Freely "that sugar-plum fellow." Oh, it was very cruel, when true-love was crossed in that way, and all because Mr. Freely was a confectioner! Well, Penny would be true to him, for all that; and since his being a confectioner gave her an opportunity of showing her faithfulness, she was glad of it. Edward Freely was a pretty name, much better than John Towers. Young Towers had offered her a rose out of his button-hole the other day, blushing very much; but she refused it, and thought with delight how much Mr. Freely would be comforted if he knew her firmness of mind.

Poor little Penny! the days were so very long among the daisies on a grazing farm, and thought is so active, how was it possible that the inward drama should not get the start of the outward? I have known young ladies much better educated, and with an outward world diversified by instructive lectures, to say nothing of literature and highly developed fancy-work, who have spun a cocoon of visionary joys and sorrows for themselves, just as Penny did. Her elder sister, Letitia, who had a prouder style of beauty and a more worldly ambition, was engaged to a wool-factor, who came all the way from Cattleton to see her; and everybody knows that a wool-factor takes a very high rank, sometimes driving a double-bodied gig. Letty's notions got higher every day, and Penny never dared to speak of her cherished griefs to her lofty sister; never dared to propose that they should call at Mr. Freely's to buy licorice, though she had prepared for such an incident by mentioning a slight sore throat. So she had to pass the shop on the other side of the market-place, and reflect, with a suppressed sigh, that behind those pink and white jars somebody was thinking of her tenderly, unconscious of the small space that divided her from him.

And it was quite true that, when business permitted, Mr. Freely thought a great deal of Penny. He thought her prettiness comparable to the loveliest things in confectionery; he judged her to be of submissive temper — likely to wait upon him as well as if she had been a negress, and to be silently terrified when his liver made him irritable; and he considered the Palfrey family quite the best in the parish possessing marriageable daughters. On the whole, he thought her worthy to become Mrs. Edward Freely, and all the more so because it would probably require some ingenuity to win her. Mr. Palfrey was capable of horsewhipping a too rash pretender to his daughter's hand; and, moreover, he had three tall sons: it was clear that a suitor would be at a disadvantage with such a family, unless travel and natural acumen had given him a countervailing power of contrivance. And the first idea that occurred to him in the matter was that Mr. Palfrey would object less if he knew that the Freelys were a much higher family than his own. It had been foolish modesty in him hitherto to conceal the fact that a branch of the Freelys held a manor in Yorkshire, and to shut up the portrait of his great-uncle the admiral, instead of hanging it up where a family portrait should be hung — over the mantelpiece in the parlor. Admiral Freely, K.C.B., once placed in this conspicuous position, was seen to have had one arm only and one eye — in these points resembling the heroic Nelson — while a certain pallid insignificance of feature confirmed the relationship between himself and his grandnephew.

Next, Mr. Freely was seized with an irrepressible ambition to possess Mrs. Palfrey's receipt for brawn, hers being pronounced on all hands to be superior to his own — as he informed her in a very flattering letter carried by his errand-boy. Now Mrs. Palfrey, like other geniuses, wrought by instinct rather than by rule, and possessed no receipts — indeed, despised all people who used them, observing that people who pickled by book must pickle by weights and measures, and such nonsense; as for herself, her weights and measures were the tip of her finger and the tip of her tongue; and if you went nearer, why, of course, for dry goods like flour and spice, you went by handfuls and pinches; and for wet, there was a middle-sized jug — quite the best thing, whether for much or little, because you might know

how much a teacupful was, if you'd got any use of your senses, and you might be sure it would take five middle-sized jugs to make a gallon.

Knowledge of this kind is like Titian's coloring — difficult to communicate; and as Mrs. Palfrey, once remarkably handsome, had now become rather stout and asthmatical, and scarcely ever left home, her oral teaching could hardly be given anywhere except at Long Meadows. Even a matron is not insusceptible to flattery, and the prospect of a visitor whose great object would be to listen to her conversation was not without its charms to Mrs. Palfrey. Since there was no receipt to be sent, in reply to Mr. Freely's humble request, she called on her more docile daughter, Penny, to write a note, telling him that her mother would be glad to see him and talk with him on brawn any day that he could call at Long Meadows. Penny obeyed with a trembling hand, thinking how wonderfully things came about in this world.

In this way Mr. Freely got himself introduced into the home of the Palfreys, and notwithstanding a tendency in the male part of the family to jeer at him a little as "peaky" and bow-legged, he presently established his position as an accepted and frequent guest. Young Towers looked at him with increasing disgust when they met at the house on a Sunday, and secretly longed to try his ferret upon him, as a piece of vermin which that valuable animal would be likely to tackle with unhesitating vigor. But — so blind sometimes are parents — neither Mr. nor Mrs. Palfrey suspected that Penny would have anything to say to a tradesman of questionable rank, whose youthful bloom was much withered. Young Towers, they thought, had an eye to her, and *that* was likely enough to be a match some day; but Penny was a child at present. And all the while Penny was imagining the circumstances under which Mr. Freely would make her an offer; perhaps down by the row of damson-trees, when they were in the garden before tea; perhaps by letter — in which case how would the letter begin? "Dearest Penelope"? or "My dear Miss Penelope"? or straight off, without dear anything, as seemed the most natural when people were embarrassed? But however he might make the offer, she would not accept it without her father's consent: she would always be

true to Mr. Freely, but she would not disobey her father. For Penny was a good girl, though some of her female friends were afterwards of opinion that it spoke ill for her not to have felt an instinctive repugnance to Mr. Freely.

But he was cautious, and wished to be quite sure of the ground he trod on. His views on marriage were not entirely sentimental, but were as duly mingled with considerations of what would be advantageous to a man in his position, as if he had had a very large amount of money spent on his education. He was not a man to fall in love in the wrong place, and so he applied himself quite as much to conciliate the favor of the parents as to secure the attachment of Penny. Mrs. Palfrey had not been inaccessible to flattery, and her husband, being also of mortal mold, would not, it might be hoped, be proof against rum — that very fine Jamaica rum of which Mr. Freely expected always to have a supply sent him from Jamaica. It was not easy to get Mr. Palfrey into the parlor behind the shop, where a mild backstreet light fell on the features of the heroic admiral; but by getting hold of him rather late one evening, as he was about to return home from Grimworth, the aspiring lover succeeded in persuading him to sup on some collared beef which, after Mrs. Palfrey's brawn, he would find the very best of cold eating.

From that hour Mr. Freely felt sure of success: being in privacy with an estimable man old enough to be his father, and being rather lonely in the world, it was natural he should unbosom himself a little on subjects which he could not speak of in a mixed circle — especially concerning his expectations from his uncle in Jamaica, who had no children, and loved his nephew Edward better than any one else in the world, though he had been so hurt at his leaving Jamaica that he had threatened to cut him off with a shilling. However, he had since written to state his full forgiveness, and though he was an eccentric old gentleman and could not bear to give away money during his life, Mr. Edward Freely could show Mr. Palfrey the letter which declared plainly enough who would be the affectionate uncle's heir. Mr. Palfrey actually saw the letter, and could not help admiring the spirit of the nephew who declared that such brilliant hopes as these made no difference to his conduct; he should work at his humble business and make his modest fortune

at it all the same. If the Jamaica estate was to come to him, well and good. It was nothing very surprising for one of the Freely family to have an estate left him, considering the lands that family had possessed in time gone by — nay, still possessed in the Northumberland branch. Would not Mr. Palfrey take another glass of rum? and also look at the last year's balance of the accounts? Mr. Freely was a man who cared to possess personal virtues, and did not pique himself on his family, though some men would. We know how easily the great Leviathan may be led when once there is a hook in his nose or a bridle in his jaws. Mr. Palfrey was a large man, but, like Leviathan's, his bulk went against him when once he had taken a turning. He was not a mercurial man, who easily changed his point of view. Enough. Before two months were over he had given his consent to Mr. Freely's marriage with his daughter Penny, and having hit on a formula by which he could justify it, fenced off all doubts and objections, his own included. The formula was this: "I'm not a man to put my nose up an entry before I know where it leads."

Little Penny was very proud and fluttering, but hardly so happy as she expected to be in an engagement. She wondered if young Towers cared much about it, for he had not been to the house lately, and her sister and brothers were rather inclined to sneer than to sympathize. Grimworth rang with the news. All men extolled Mr. Freely's good fortune; while the women, with the tender solicitude characteristic of the sex, wished the marriage might turn out well.

While affairs were at this triumphant juncture, Mr. Freely one morning observed that a stone-carver who had been breakfasting in the eating-room had left a newspaper behind. It was the *X-shire Gazette*, and X-shire being a county not unknown to Mr. Freely, he felt some curiosity to glance over it, and especially over the advertisements. A slight flush came over his face as he read. It was produced by the following announcement: "If David Faux, son of Jonathan Faux, late of Gilsbrook, will apply at the office of Mr. Strutt, attorney, of Rodham, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"Father's dead!" exclaimed Mr. Freely, involuntarily. "Can he have left me a legacy?"

Chapter III

Perhaps it was a result quite different from your expectations that Mr. David Faux should have returned from the West Indies only a few years after his arrival there, and have set up in his old business, like any plain man who had never traveled. But these cases do occur in life. Since, as we know, men change their skies and see new constellations without changing their souls, it will follow sometimes that they don't change their business under those novel circumstances.

Certainly this result was contrary to David's own expectations. He had looked forward, you are aware, to a brilliant career among "the blacks"; but, either because they had already seen too many white men, or for some other reason, they did not at once recognize him as a superior order of human being; besides, there were no princesses among them. Nobody in Jamaica was anxious to maintain David for the mere pleasure of his society; and those hidden merits of a man which are so well known to himself were as little recognized there as they notoriously are in the effete society of the Old World. So that in the dark hints that David threw out at the Oyster Club about that life of Sultanic self-indulgence spent by him in the luxurious Indies, I really think he was doing himself a wrong; I believe he worked for his bread, and, in fact, took to cooking again, as, after all, the only department in which he could offer skilled labor. He had formed several ingenious plans by which he meant to circumvent people of large fortune and small faculty; but then he never met with exactly the right people under exactly the right circumstances. David's devices for getting rich without work had apparently no direct relation with the world outside him, as his confectionery receipts had. It is possible to pass a great many bad halfpennies and bad half-crowns, but I believe there has no instance been known of passing a halfpenny or a half-crown as a sovereign. A sharper can drive a brisk trade in this world: it is undeniable that there may be a fine career for him if he will dare consequences; but David was too timid to be a sharper, or venture in any way among the man-traps of the law. He dared rob nobody but his mother. And so he had to fall back on the

genuine value there was in him — to be content to pass as a good halfpenny, or, to speak more accurately, as a good confectioner. For in spite of some additional reading and observation, there was nothing else he could make so much money by; nay, he found in himself even a capability of extending his skill in this direction, and embracing all forms of cookery, while in other branches of human labor he began to see that it was not possible for him to shine. Fate was too strong for him; he had thought to master her inclination, and had fled over the seas to that end; but she caught him, tied an apron round him, and snatching him from all other devices, made him devise cakes and patties in a kitchen at Kingstown. He was getting submissive to her, since she paid him with tolerable gains; but fevers and prickly heat, and other evils incidental to cooks in ardent climates, made him long for his native land; so he took ship once more, carrying his six years' savings, and seeing distinctly, this time, what were fate's intentions as to his career. If you question me closely as to whether all the money with which he set up at Grimworth consisted of pure and simple earnings, I am obliged to confess that he got a sum or two for charitably abstaining from mentioning some other people's misdemeanors. Altogether, since no prospects were attached to his family name, and since a new christening seemed a suitable commencement of a new life, Mr. David Faux thought it as well to call himself Mr. Edward Freely.

But lo! now, in opposition to all calculable probability, some benefit appeared to be attached to the name of David Faux. Should he neglect it, as beneath the attention of a prosperous tradesman? It might bring him into contact with his family again, and he felt no yearnings in that direction; moreover, he had small belief that the "something to his advantage" could be anything considerable. On the other hand, even a small gain is pleasant, and the promise of it in this instance was so surprising that David felt his curiosity awakened. The scale dipped at last on the side of writing to the lawyer, and, to be brief, the correspondence ended in an appointment for a meeting between David and his eldest brother at Mr. Strutt's, the vague "something" having been defined as a legacy from his father of eighty-two pounds three shillings.

David, you know, had expected to be disinherited; and so he would have been if he had not, like some other indifferent sons, come of excellent parents, whose conscience made them scrupulous, where much more highly instructed people often feel themselves warranted in following the bent of their indignation. Good Mrs. Faux could never forget that she had brought this ill-conditioned son into the world when he was in that entirely helpless state which excluded the smallest choice on his part; and, somehow or other, she felt that his going wrong would be his father's and mother's fault, if they failed in one tittle of their parental duty. Her notion of parental duty was not of a high and subtle kind, but it included giving him his due share of the family property; for when a man had got a little honest money of his own, was he so likely to steal? To cut the delinquent son off with a shilling was like delivering him over to his evil propensities. No; let the sum of twenty guineas which he had stolen be deducted from his share, and then let the sum of three guineas be put back from it, seeing that his mother had always considered three of the twenty guineas as his; and though he had run away, and was, perhaps, gone across the sea, let the money be left to him all the same, and be kept in reserve for his possible return. Mr. Faux agreed to his wife's views, and made a codicil to his will accordingly, in time to die with a clear conscience. But for some time his family thought it likely that David would never reappear, and the eldest son, who had the charge of Jacob on his hands, often thought it a little hard that David might perhaps be dead, and yet for want of certitude on that point, his legacy could not fall to his legal heir. But in this state of things the opposite certitude — namely, that David was still alive and in England — seemed to be brought by the testimony of a neighbor, who, having been on a journey to Cattleton, was pretty sure he had seen David in a gig, with a stout man driving by his side. He could "swear it was David," though he could "give no account why, for he had no marks on him; but no more had a white dog, and that didn't hinder folks from knowing a white dog." It was this incident which had led to the advertisement.

The legacy was paid, of course, after a few preliminary disclosures as to Mr. David's actual position. He begged to send

his love to his mother, and to say that he hoped to pay her a dutiful visit by and by; but at present his business and near prospect of marriage made it difficult for him to leave home. His brother replied with much frankness: —

"My mother may do as she likes about having you to see her, but, for my part, I don't want to catch sight of you on the premises again. When folks have taken a new name, they'd better keep to their new 'quinetance."

David pocketed the insult along with the eighty-two pounds three, and traveled home again in some triumph at the ease of a transaction which had enriched him to this extent. He had no intention of offending his brother by further claims on his fraternal recognition, and relapsed with full contentment into the character of Mr. Edward Freely, the orphan, scion of a great but reduced family, with an eccentric uncle in the West Indies. (I have already hinted that he had some acquaintance with imaginative literature; and being of a practical turn, he had, you perceive, applied even this form of knowledge to practical purposes.)

It was little more than a week after the return from his fruitful journey, that the day of his marriage with Penny having been fixed, it was agreed that Mrs. Palfrey should overcome her reluctance to move from home, and that she and her husband should bring their two daughters to inspect little Penny's future abode, and decide on the new arrangements to be made for the reception of the bride. Mr. Freely meant her to have a house so pretty and comfortable that she need not envy even a wool-factor's wife. Of course the upper room over the shop was to be the best sitting-room, but also the parlor behind the shop was to be made a suitable bower for the lovely Penny, who would naturally wish to be near her husband, though Mr. Freely declared his resolution never to allow *his* wife to wait in the shop. The decisions about the parlor furniture were left till last, because the party was to take tea there; and, about five o'clock, they were all seated there with the best muffins and buttered buns before them, little Penny blushing and smiling, with her "crop" in the best order, and a blue frock showing her little white shoulders, while her opinion was being always asked and never given. She secretly wished to have a particu-

lar sort of chimney ornaments, but she could not have brought herself to mention it. Seated by the side of her yellow and rather withered lover, who, though he had not reached his thirtieth year, had already crow's-feet about his eyes, she was quite tremulous at the greatness of her lot, being married to a man who had traveled so much — and before her sister Letty! The handsome Letitia looked rather proud and contemptuous, thought her future brother-in-law an odious person, and was vexed with her father and mother for letting Penny marry him. Dear little Penny! She certainly did look like a fresh white-heart cherry going to be bitten off the stem by that lipless mouth. Would no deliverer come to make a slip between that cherry and that mouth without a lip?

"Quite a family likeness between the admiral and you, Mr. Freely," observed Mrs. Palfrey, who was looking at the family portrait for the first time. "It's wonderful! and only a grand-uncle. Do you feature the rest of your family, as you know of?"

"I can't say," said Mr. Freely, with a sigh. "My family have mostly thought themselves too high to take any notice of me."

At this moment an extraordinary disturbance was heard in the shop, as of a heavy animal stamping about and making angry noises, and then of a glass vessel falling in shivers, while the voice of the apprentice was heard calling "Master" in great alarm.

Mr. Freely rose in anxious astonishment, and hastened into the shop, followed by the four Palfreys, who made a group at the parlor door, transfixed with wonder at seeing a large man in a smock-frock, with a pitchfork in his hand, rush up to Mr. Freely and hug him, crying out, "Zavy, Zavy, b'other Zavy!"

It was Jacob, and for some moments David lost all presence of mind. He felt arrested for having stolen his mother's guineas. He turned cold, and trembled in his brother's grasp.

"Why, how's this?" said Mr. Palfrey, advancing from the door. "Who is he?"

Jacob supplied the answer by saying over and over again: —

"I'se Zacob, b'other Zacob. Come 'o zee Zavy" — till hun-

ger prompted him to relax his grasp, and to seize a large raised pie, which he lifted to his mouth.

By this time David's power of device had begun to return, but it was a very hard task for his prudence to master his rage and hatred towards poor Jacob.

"I don't know who he is; he must be drunk," he said, in a low tone to Mr. Palfrey. "But he's dangerous with that pitchfork. He'll never let it go." Then checking himself on the point of betraying too great an intimacy with Jacob's habits, he added: "*You* watch him, while I run for the constable." And he hurried out of the shop.

"Why, where do you come from, my man?" said Mr. Palfrey, speaking to Jacob in a conciliatory tone. Jacob was eating his pie by large mouthfuls, and looking round at the other good things in the shop, while he embraced his pitchfork with his left arm, and laid his left hand on some Bath buns. He was in the rare position of a person who recovers a long-absent friend and finds him richer than ever in the characteristics that won his heart.

"I'se Zacob — b'other Zacob — 't home. I love Zavy — b'other Zavy," he said, as soon as Mr. Palfrey had drawn his attention. "Zavy come back from z' Indies — got mother's zinnies. Where's Zavy?" he added, looking round, and then turning to the others with a questioning air, puzzled by David's disappearance.

"It's very odd," observed Mr. Palfrey to his wife and daughters. "He seems to say Freely's his brother come back from th' Indies."

"What a pleasant relation for us!" said Letitia, sarcastically. "I think he's a good deal like Mr. Freely. He's got just the same sort of nose, and his eyes are the same color."

Poor Penny was ready to cry.

But now Mr. Freely reëntered the shop without the constable. During his walk of a few yards he had had time and calmness enough to widen his view of consequences, and he saw that to get Jacob taken to the workhouse or to the lock-up house as an offensive stranger, might have awkward effects if his family took the trouble of inquiring after him. He must resign himself to more patient measures.

"On second thoughts," he said, beckoning to Mr. Palfrey, and whispering to him while Jacob's back was turned, "he's a poor half-witted fellow. Perhaps his friends will come after him. I don't mind giving him something to eat, and letting him lie down for the night. He's got it into his head that he knows me — they do get these fancies, idiots do. He'll perhaps go away again in an hour or two, and make no more ado. I'm a kind-hearted man *myself* — I shouldn't like to have the poor fellow ill-used."

"Why, he'll eat a sovereign's worth in no time," said Mr. Palfrey, thinking Mr. Freely a little too magnificent in his generosity.

"Eh, Zavy, come back?" exclaimed Jacob, giving his dear brother another hug, which crushed Mr. Freely's features inconveniently against the handle of the pitchfork.

"Aye, aye," said Mr. Freely, smiling, with every capability of murder in his mind, except the courage to commit it. He wished the Bath buns might by chance have arsenic in them.

"Mother's zinnies?" said Jacob, pointing to a glass jar of yellow lozenges that stood in the window. "Zive 'em me."

David dared not do otherwise than reach down the glass jar and give Jacob a handful. He received them in his smock-frock, which he held out for more.

"They'll keep him quiet a bit, at any rate," thought David, and emptied the jar. Jacob grinned and mowed with delight.

"You're very good to this stranger, Mr. Freely," said Letitia; and then spitefully, as David joined the party at the parlor door, "I think you could hardly treat him better if he was really your brother."

"I've always thought it a duty to be good to idiots," said Mr. Freely, striving after the most moral view of the subject. "We might have been idiots ourselves — everybody might have been born idiots, instead of having their right senses."

"I don't know where there'd ha' been victual for us all, then," observed Mrs. Palfrey, regarding the matter in a housewifely light.

"But let us sit down again and finish our tea," said Mr. Freely. "Let us leave the poor creature to himself."

They walked into the parlor again; but Jacob, not apparently appreciating the kindness of leaving him to himself, immediately followed his brother, and seated himself, pitchfork grounded, at the table.

"Well," said Miss Letitia, rising, "I don't know whether *you* mean to stay, mother, but I shall go home."

"Oh, me too," said Penny, frightened to death at Jacob, who had begun to nod and grin at her.

"Well, I think we *had* better be going, Mr. Palfrey," said the mother, rising more slowly.

Mr. Freely, whose complexion had become decidedly yellower during the last half hour, did not resist this proposition. He hoped they should meet again "under happier circumstances."

"It's my belief the man's his brother," said Letitia, when they were all on their way home.

"Letty, it's very ill-natured of you," said Penny, beginning to cry.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Palfrey. "Freely's got no brother; he's said so many and many a time. He's an orphan; he's got nothing but uncles — leastwise one. What's it matter what an idiot says? What call had Freely to tell lies?"

Letitia tossed her head and was silent.

Mr. Freely, left alone with his affectionate brother Jacob, brooded over the possibility of luring him out of the town early the next morning, and getting him conveyed to Gilsbrook without further betrayals. But the thing was difficult. He saw clearly that if he took Jacob away himself, his absence, conjoined with the disappearance of the stranger, would either cause the conviction that he was really a relative, or would oblige him to the dangerous course of inventing a story to account for his disappearance and his own absence at the same time. David groaned. There come occasions when falsehood is felt to be inconvenient. It would, perhaps, have been a longer-headed device if he had never told any of those clever fibs about his uncles, grand and otherwise; for the Palfreys were simple people, and shared the popular prejudice against lying. Even if he could get Jacob away this time, what security was there that he would not come again, having once found the way? O guineas! O lozenges! what enviable people

those were who had never robbed their mothers and had never told fibs! David spent a sleepless night, while Jacob was snoring close by. Was this the upshot of traveling to the Indies, and acquiring experience combined with anecdote?

He rose at break of day, as he had once before done when he was in fear of Jacob, and took all gentle means to rouse him from his deep sleep; he dared not be loud, because his apprentice was in the house, and would report everything. But Jacob was not to be roused. He fought out with his fist at the unknown cause of disturbance, turned over, and snored again. He must be left to wake as he would. David, with a cold perspiration on his brow, confessed to himself that Jacob could not be got away that day.

Mr. Palfrey came over to Grimworth before noon, with a natural curiosity to see how his future son-in-law got on with the stranger to whom he was so benevolently inclined. He found a crowd round the shop. All Grimworth by this time had heard how Freely had been fastened on by an idiot, who called him "Brother Zavy"; and the younger population seemed to find the singular stranger an unwearying source of fascination, while the householders dropped in one by one to inquire into the incident.

"Why don't you send him to the workhouse?" said Mr. Prettyman. "You'll have a row with him and the children presently, and he'll eat you up. The workhouse is the proper place for him; let his kin claim him, if he's got any."

"Those may be *your* feelings, Mr. Prettyman," said David, his mind quite enfeebled by the torture of his position.

"What, *is* he your brother, then?" said Mr. Prettyman, looking at his neighbor Freely rather sharply.

"All men are our brothers, and idiots particular so," said Mr. Freely, who, like many other men of extensive knowledge, was not master of the English language.

"Come, come, if he's your brother, tell the truth, man," said Mr. Prettyman, with growing suspicion. "Don't be ashamed of your own flesh and blood."

Mr. Palfrey was present, and also had his eye on Freely. It is difficult for a man to believe in the advantage of a truth which will disclose him to have been a liar. In this critical

moment David shrank from this immediate disgrace in the eyes of his future father-in-law.

"Mr. Prettyman," he said, "I take your observations as an insult. I've no reason to be otherwise than proud of my own flesh and blood. If this poor man was my brother more than all men are, I should say so."

A tall figure darkened the door, and David, lifting his eyes in that direction, saw his eldest brother, Jonathan, on the door-sill.

"I'll stay wi' Zavy," shouted Jacob, as he, too, caught sight of his eldest brother, and running behind the counter he clutched David hard.

"What, he *is* here?" said Jonathan Faux, coming forward. "My mother would have no nay, as he'd been away so long, but I must see after him. And it struck me he was very like come after you, because we'd been talking of you o' late, and where you lived."

David saw there was no escape; he smiled a ghastly smile.

"What, is this a relation of yours, sir?" said Mr. Palfrey to Jonathan.

"Ay, it's my innicent of a brother, sure enough," said honest Jonathan. "A fine trouble and cost he is to us in th' eating and other things, but we must bear what's laid on us."

"And your name's Freely, is it?" said Mr. Prettyman.

"Nay, nay, my name's Faux; I know nothing o' Freelys," said Jonathan, curtly. "Come," he added, turning to David, "I must take some news to mother about Jacob. Shall I take him with me, or will you undertake to send him back?"

"Take him, if you can make him loose his hold of me," said David, feebly.

"Is this gentleman here in the confectionery line your brother, then, sir?" said Mr. Prettyman, feeling that it was an occasion on which formal language must be used.

"*I* don't want to own him," said Jonathan, unable to resist a movement of indignation that had never been allowed to satisfy itself. "He run away from home with good reasons in his pocket years ago; he didn't want to be owned again, I reckon."

Mr. Palfrey left the shop; he felt his own pride too severely wounded by the sense that he had let himself be fooled to feel

curiosity for further details. The most pressing business was to go home and tell his daughter that Freely was a poor sneak, probably a rascal, and that her engagement was broken off.

Mr. Prettyman stayed, with some internal self-gratulation that *he* had never given in to Freely, and that Mr. Chaloner would see now what sort of fellow it was that he had put over the heads of older parishioners. He considered it due from him (Mr. Prettyman) that, for the interests of the parish, he should know all that was to be known about this "interloper." Grimworth would have people coming from Botany Bay to settle in it, if things went on in this way.

It soon appeared that Jacob could not be made to quit his dear brother David except by force. He understood, with a clearness equal to that of the most intelligent mind, that Jonathan would take him back to skimmed milk, apple-dumpling, broad-beans, and pork. And he had found a paradise in his brother's shop. It was a difficult matter to use force with Jacob, for he wore heavy, nailed boots; and if his pitchfork had been mastered, he would have resorted without hesitation to kicks. Nothing short of using guile to bind him hand and foot would have made all parties safe.

"Let him stay," said David, with desperate resignation, frightened above all things at the idea of further disturbances in his shop which would make his exposure all the more conspicuous. "*You* go away again, and to-morrow I can, perhaps, get him to go to Gilsbrook with me. He'll follow me fast enough, I dare say," he added, with a half groan.

"Very well," said Jonathan, gruffly. "I don't see why *you* shouldn't have some trouble and expense with him as well as the rest of us. But mind you bring him back safe and soon, else mother'll never rest."

On this arrangement being concluded, Mr. Prettyman begged Mr. Jonathan Faux to go and take a snack with him — an invitation which was quite acceptable; and as honest Jonathan had nothing to be ashamed of, it is probable that he was very frank in his communications to the civil draper, who, pursuing the benefit of the parish, hastened to make all the information he could gather about Freely common parochial property. You may imagine that the meeting of the club at the Wool-

pack that evening was unusually lively. Every member was anxious to prove that he had never liked Freely, as he called himself. Faux was his name, was it? Fox would have been more suitable. The majority expressed a desire to see him hooted out of the town.

Mr. Freely did not venture over his door-sill that day, for he knew Jacob would keep at his side, and there was every probability that they would have a train of juvenile followers. He sent to engage the Woolpack gig for an early hour the next morning; but this order was not kept religiously a secret by the landlord. Mr. Freely was informed that he could not have the gig till seven; and the Grimworth people were early risers. Perhaps they were more alert than usual on this particular morning; for when Jacob, with a bag of sweets in his hand, was induced to mount the gig with his brother David, the inhabitants of the market-place were looking out of their doors and windows, and at the turning of the street there was even a muster of apprentices and schoolboys, who shouted as they passed in what Jacob took to be a very merry and friendly way, nodding and grinning in return. "Huzzay, David Faux, how's your uncle?" was their morning's greeting. Like other pointed things, it was not altogether impromptu.

Even this public derision was not so crushing to David as the horrible thought, that though he might succeed now in getting Jacob home again, there would never be any security against his coming back, like a wasp to the honey-pot. As long as David lived at Grimworth, Jacob's return would be hanging over him. But could he go on living at Grimworth — an object of ridicule, discarded by the Palfreys, after having reveled in the consciousness that he was an envied and prosperous confectioner? David liked to be envied; he minded less about being loved.

His doubts on this point were soon settled. The mind of Grimworth became obstinately set against him and his viands, and the new school being finished, the eating-room was closed. If there had been no other reason, sympathy with the Palfreys, that respectable family who had lived in the parish time out of mind, would have determined all well-to-do people to decline Freely's goods. Besides, he had absconded with his mother's

guineas: who knew what else he had done, in Jamaica or elsewhere, before he came to Grimworth, worming himself into families under false pretenses? Females shuddered. Dire suspicions gathered round him: his green eyes, his bow-legs, had a criminal aspect. The rector disliked the sight of a man who had imposed upon him; and all boys who could not afford to purchase hooted "David Faux" as they passed his shop. Certainly no man now would pay anything for the "good-will" of Mr. Freely's business, and he would be obliged to quit it without a peculium so desirable towards defraying the expense of moving.

In a few months the shop in the market-place was again to let, and Mr. David Faux, *alias* Edward Freely, had gone — nobody at Grimworth knew whither. In this way the demoralization of Grimworth women was checked. Young Mrs. Steene renewed her efforts to make light mince-pies, and having at last made a batch so excellent that Mr. Steene looked at her with complacency as he ate them, and said they were the best he had ever eaten in his life, she thought less of bulbuls and renegades ever after. The secrets of the finer cookery were revived in the breasts of matronly housewives, and daughters were again anxious to be initiated in them.

You will further, I hope, be glad to hear that some purchases of drapery made by pretty Penny, in preparation for her marriage with Mr. Freely, came in quite as well for her wedding with young Towers as if they had been made expressly for the latter occasion. For Penny's complexion had not altered, and blue always became it best.

Here ends the story of Mr. David Faux, confectioner, and his brother Jacob. And we see in it, I think, an admirable instance of the unexpected forms in which the great Nemesis hides herself.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Born in Boston, Massachusetts, May 25, 1803; died at Concord, Massachusetts, April 27, 1882. Author of "Nature," "The Conservative," "The American Scholar," "The Transcendentalist," "Man the Reformer," "History," "Self-reliance," "Compensation," "Circles," "The Over-Soul," "The Poet," "Experience," "Art," "Representative Men," "Works and Days," "The Conduct of Life," "English Traits," "Society and Solitude," "Poems."

Of all American writers, Emerson is the most quoted and the most quotable.

Emerson was a most benignant spirit, a teacher of good cheer, of courtesy, of loyalty, of heroism, of self-reliance, and the abiding qualities of whatever is sweet and noble in human life. His phraseology is commonly transparent, and he had a wonderful power of crystallizing thought in short sentences.

At first, and during many years, the sale of his books did not pay for their printing, but in recent years more than two million copies of his works have been sold. His influence on the upbuilding of character and the cherishing of lofty ideals in every land in which his writings have been read is incalculable.

(The following selections are used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, the publishers.)

GOOD–BY

GOOD-BY, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone, —
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

(From "Monadnoc")

Complement of human kind,
Holding us at vantage still,
Our sumptuous indigence,
O barren mound, thy plenties fill!
We fool and prate;
Thou art silent and sedate.
To myriad kinds and times one sense
The constant mountain doth dispense;
Shedding on all its snows and leaves,
One joy it joys, one grief it grieves.
Thou seest, O watchman tall,
Our towns and races grow and fall,
And imagest the stable good
For which we all our lifetime grope,
In shifting form the formless mind,
And though the substance us elude,
We in thee the shadow find.
Thou, in our astronomy
An opaquer star,

MOUNT MONADNOC, NEW HAMPSHIRE

COMPLEMENT of human kind,
Holding us at vantage still,
Our sumptuous indigence,
Barren mound, thy plenties fill!
We fool and prate:
Thou art silent and sedate.
To myriad kinds and times one sense

Seen haply from afar,
Above the horizon's hoop,
A moment, by the railway troop,
As o'er some bolder height they speed, —
By circumspect ambition,
By errant gain,
By feasters and the frivolous, —
Recallest us,
And makest sane.
Mute orator! well skilled to plead,
And send conviction without phrase,
Thou dost succor and remede
The shortness of our days,
And promise, on thy Founder's truth,
Long morrow to this mortal youth.

TERMINUS

It is time to be old,
To take in sail: —
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: "No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.
Fancy departs: no more invent;
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, — fault of novel germs, —

Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins, —
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

BOSTON HYMN

THE word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel, — his name is Freedom, —
Choose him to be your king;

He shall cut pathways east and west
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best;

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and plowmen
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest
And trim the straightest boughs;
Cut down trees in the forest
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest-field,
Hireling and him that hires;

And here in a pine state-house
They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty,
In church and state and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
Can govern the land and sea

And make just laws below the sun,
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave:
Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow:
As much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound!

Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long, —

Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North,
By races, as snow-flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

CONCORD HYMN

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

(From "Society and Solitude")

WORKS AND DAYS

Our nineteenth century is the age of tools. They grew out of our structure. "Man is the meter of all things," said Aris-

totle; "the hand is the instrument of instruments, and the mind is the form of forms." The human body is the magazine of inventions, the patent office, where are the models from which every hint was taken. All the tools and engines on earth are only extensions of its limbs and senses. One definition of man is "an intelligence served by organs." Machines can only second, not supply, his unaided senses. The body is a meter. The eye appreciates finer differences than art can expose. The apprentice clings to his foot-rule; a practised mechanic will measure by his thumb and his arm with equal precision; and a good surveyor will pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man can measure them by tape. The sympathy of eye and hand by which an Indian or a practised slinger hits his mark with a stone, or a wood-chopper or a carpenter swings his ax to a hair-line on his log, are examples; and there is no sense or organ which is not capable of exquisite performance.

Men love to wonder, and that is the seed of our science; and such is the mechanical determination of our age, and so recent are our best contrivances, that use has not dulled our joy and pride in them; and we pity our fathers for dying before steam and galvanism, sulphuric ether and ocean telegraphs, photograph and spectroscope arrived, as cheated out of half their human estate. These arts open great gates of a future, promising to make the world plastic and to lift human life out of its beggary to a godlike ease and power.

Our century to be sure had inherited a tolerable apparatus. We had the compass, the printing-press, watches, the spiral spring, the barometer, the telescope. Yet so many inventions have been added that life seems almost made over new; and as Leibnitz said of Newton, that "if he reckoned all that had been done by mathematicians from the beginning of the world down to Newton, and what had been done by him, his would be the better half," so one might say that the inventions of the last fifty years counterpoise those of the fifty centuries before them. For the vast production and manifold application of iron is new; and our common and indispensable utensils of house and farm are new; the sewing-machine, the power-loom, the McCormick reaper, the mowing-machines, gaslight, lucifer matches, and the immense productions of the laboratory,

are new in this century, and one franc's worth of coal does the work of a laborer for twenty days.

Why need I speak of steam, the enemy of space and time, with its enormous strength and delicate applicability, which is made in hospitals to bring a bowl of gruel to a sick man's bed, and can twist beams of iron like candy-braids, and vies with the forces which upheaved and doubled over the geologic strata? Steam is an apt scholar and a strong-shouldered fellow, but it has not yet done all its work. It already walks about the field like a man, and will do anything required of it. It irrigates crops, and drags away a mountain. It must sew our shirts, it must drive our gigs; taught by Mr. Babbage, it must calculate interest and logarithms. Lord Chancellor Thurlow thought it might be made to draw bills and answers in chancery. If that were satire, it is yet coming to render many higher services of a mechanico-intellectual kind, and will leave the satire short of the fact.

How excellent are the mechanical aids we have applied to the human body, as in dentistry, in vaccination, in the rhinoplastic treatment; in the beautiful aid of ether, like a finer sleep; and in the boldest promiser of all, — the transfusion of the blood, — which, in Paris, it was claimed, enables a man to change his blood as often as his linen!

What of this dapper caoutchouc and gutta-percha, which make water-pipes and stomach-pumps, belting for mill-wheels, and diving-bells, and rain-proof coats for all climates which teach us to defy the wet, and put every man on a footing with the beaver and the crocodile? What of the grand tools with which we engineer, like kobolds and enchanters, tunneling Alps, canalling the American Isthmus, piercing the Arabian desert? In Massachusetts we fight the sea successfully with beach-grass and broom, and the blowing sand-barrens with pine plantations. The soil of Holland, once the most populous in Europe, is below the level of the sea. Egypt, where no rain fell for three thousand years, now, it is said, thanks Mehemet Ali's irrigations and planted forests for late-returning showers. The old Hebrew king said, "He makes the wrath of man to praise him." And there is no argument of theism better than the grandeur of ends brought about by paltry means. The

chain of Western railroads from Chicago to the Pacific has planted cities and civilization in less time than it costs to bring an orchard into bearing.

What shall we say of the ocean telegraph, that extension of the eye and ear, whose sudden performance astonished mankind as if the intellect were taking the brute earth itself into training, and shooting the first thrills of life and thought through the unwilling brain?

There does not seem any limit to these new informations of the same Spirit that made the elements at first, and now, through man, works them. Art and power will go on as they have done, — will make day out of night, time out of space, and space out of time.

Invention breeds invention. No sooner is the electric telegraph devised than gutta-percha, the very material it requires, is found. The aëronaut is provided with guncotton, the very fuel he wants for his balloon. When commerce is vastly enlarged, California and Australia expose the gold it needs. When Europe is over-populated, America and Australia crave to be peopled; and so throughout, every chance is timed, as if Nature, who made the lock, knew where to find the key.

Another result of our arts is the new intercourse which is surprising us with new solutions of the embarrassing political problems. The intercourse is not new, but the scale is new. Our selfishness would have held slaves, or would have excluded from a quarter of the planet all that are not born on the soil of that quarter. Our politics are disgusting; but what can they help or hinder when from time to time the primal instincts are impressed on masses of mankind, when the nations are in exodus and flux? Nature loves to cross her stocks, — and German, Chinese, Turk, Russ, and Kanaka were putting out to sea, and intermarrying race with race; and commerce took the hint, and ships were built capacious enough to carry the people of a county.

This thousand-handed art has introduced a new element into the state. The science of power is forced to remember the power of science. Civilization mounts and climbs. Malthus, when he stated that the mouths went on multiplying geometrically and the food only arithmetically, forgot to say that

the human mind was also a factor in political economy, and that the augmenting wants of society would be met by an augmenting power of invention.

Yes, we have a pretty artillery of tools now in our social arrangements: we ride four times as fast as our fathers did; travel, grind, weave, forge, plant, till, and excavate better. We have new shoes, gloves, glasses, and gimlets; we have the calculus; we have the newspaper, which does its best to make every square acre of land and sea give an account of itself at your breakfast table; we have money, and paper money; we have language, — the finest tool of all, and nearest to the mind. Much will have more. Man flatters himself that his command over Nature must increase. Things begin to obey him. We are to have the balloon yet, and the next war will be fought in the air. We may yet find a rose water that will wash the negro white. He sees the skull of the English race changing from its Saxon type under the exigencies of American life.

Tantalus, who in old times was seen vainly trying to quench his thirst with a flowing stream which ebbed whenever he approached it, has been seen again lately. He is in Paris, in New York, in Boston. He is now in great spirits; thinks he shall reach it yet; thinks he shall bottle the wave. It is however getting a little doubtful. Things have an ugly look still. No matter how many centuries of culture have preceded, the new man always finds himself standing on the brink of chaos, always in a crisis. Can anybody remember when the times were not hard, and money not scarce? Can anybody remember when sensible men, and the right sort of men, and the right sort of women, were plentiful? Tantalus begins to think steam a delusion, and galvanism no better than it should be.

Many facts concur to show that we must look deeper for our salvation than to steam, photographs, balloons, or astronomy. These tools have some questionable properties. They are reagents. Machinery is aggressive. The weaver becomes a web, the machinist a machine. If you do not use the tools, they use you. All tools are in one sense edge-tools, and dangerous. A man builds a fine house; and now he has a master, and a task for life: he is to furnish, watch, show it, and keep it in repair, the rest of his days. A man has a reputation, and is no

longer free, but must respect that. A man makes a picture or a book, and, if it succeeds, 'tis often the worse for him. I saw a brave man the other day, hitherto as free as the hawk or the fox of the wilderness, constructing his cabinet of drawers for shells, eggs, minerals, and mounted birds. It was easy to see that he was amusing himself with making pretty links for his own limbs.

Then the political economist thinks "'tis doubtful if all the mechanical inventions that ever existed have lightened the day's toil of one human being." The machine unmakes the man. Now that the machine is so perfect, the engineer is nobody. Every new step in improving the engine restricts one more act of the engineer, — unteaches him. Once it took Archimedes; now it only needs a fireman, and a boy to know the coppers, to pull up the handles or mind the water-tank. But when the engine breaks, they can do nothing.

What sickening details in the daily journals! I believe they have ceased to publish the Newgate Calendar and the Pirate's Own Book since the family newspapers, namely the *New York Tribune* and the *London Times*, have quite superseded them in the freshness as well as the horror of their records of crime. Politics were never more corrupt and brutal; and Trade, that pride and darling of our ocean, that educator of nations, that benefactor in spite of itself, ends in shameful defaulting, bubble and bankruptcy, all over the world.

Of course we resort to the enumeration of his arts and inventions as a measure of the worth of man. But if, with all his arts, he is a felon, we cannot assume the mechanical skill or chemical resources as the measure of worth. Let us try another gauge.

What have these arts done for the character, for the worth of mankind? Are men better? 'Tis sometimes questioned whether morals have not declined as the arts have ascended. Here are great arts and little men. Here is greatness begotten of paltriness. We cannot trace the triumphs of civilization to such benefactors as we wish. The greatest meliorator of the world is selfish, huckstering Trade. Every victory over matter ought to recommend to man the worth of his nature. But now one wonders who did all this good. Look up the inventors.

Each has his own knack; his genius is in veins and spots. But the great, equal, symmetrical brain, fed from a great heart, you shall not find. Every one has more to hide than he has to show, or is lamed by his excellence. 'Tis too plain that with the material power the moral progress has not kept pace. It appears that we have not made a judicious investment. Works and days were offered us, and we took works.

The new study of the Sanskrit has shown us the origin of the old names of God, — Dyaus, Deus, Zeus, Zeu pater, Jupiter, — names of the sun, still recognizable through the modifications of our vernacular words, importing that the Day is the Divine Power and Manifestation, and indicating that those ancient men, in their attempts to express the Supreme Power of the universe, called him the Day, and that this name was accepted by all the tribes.

Hesiod wrote a poem which he called "Works and Days," in which he marked the changes of the Greek year, instructing the husbandman at the rising of what constellation he might safely sow, when to reap, when to gather wood, when the sailor might launch his boat in security from storms, and what admonitions of the planets he must heed. It is full of economies for Grecian life, noting the proper age for marriage, the rules of household thrift and of hospitality. The poem is full of piety as well as prudence, and is adapted to all meridians by adding the ethics of works and of days. But he has not pushed his study of days into such inquiry and analysis as they invite.

A farmer said "he should like to have all the land that joined his own." Bonaparte, who had the same appetite, endeavored to make the Mediterranean a French lake. Czar Alexander was more expansive, and wished to call the Pacific *my ocean;* and the Americans were obliged to resist his attempts to make it a close sea. But if he had the earth for his pasture and the sea for his pond, he would be a pauper still. He only is rich who owns the day. There is no king, rich man, fairy, or demon who possesses such power as that. The days are ever divine as to the first Aryans. They are of the least pretension and of the greatest capacity of anything that exists. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures, sent from a distant friendly

party; but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.

How the day fits itself to the mind, winds itself round it like a fine drapery, clothing all its fancies! Any holiday communicates to us its color. We wear its cockade and favors in our humor. Remember what boys think in the morning of "Election day," of the Fourth of July, of Thanksgiving or Christmas. The very stars in their courses wink to them of nuts and cakes, bonbons, presents, and fire-works. Cannot memory still descry the old school-house and its porch, somewhat hacked by jack-knives, where you spun tops and snapped marbles; and do you not recall that life was then calendared by moments, threw itself into nervous knots of glittering hours, even as now, and not spread itself abroad an equable felicity? In college terms, and in years that followed, the young graduate, when the Commencement anniversary returned, though he were in a swamp, would see a festive light and find the air faintly echoing with plausive academic thunders. In solitude and in the country, what dignity distinguishes the holy time! The old Sabbath, or Seventh Day, white with the religions of unknown thousands of years, when this hallowed hour dawns out of the deep, — a clean page, which the wise may inscribe with truth, whilst the savage scrawls it with fetishes, — the cathedral music of history breathes through it a psalm to our solitude.

So, in the common experience of the scholar, the weathers fit his moods. A thousand tunes the variable wind plays, a thousand spectacles it brings, and each is the frame or dwelling of a new spirit. I used formerly to choose my time with some nicety for each favorite book. One author is good for winter, and one for the dog-days. The scholar must look long for the right hour for Plato's Timæus. At last the elect morning arrives, the early dawn, — a few lights conspicuous in the heaven, as of a world just created and still becoming, — and in its wide leisures we dare open that book.

There are days when the great are near us, when there is no frown on their brow, no condescension even; when they take us by the hand, and we share their thought. There are days which are the carnival of the year. The angels assume flesh, and repeatedly become visible. The imagination of the

gods is excited and rushes on every side into forms. Yesterday not a bird peeped; the world was barren, peaked, and pining: to-day 'tis inconceivably populous; creation swarms and meliorates.

The days are made on a loom whereof the warp and woof are past and future time. They are majestically dressed, as if every god brought a thread to the skyey web. 'Tis pitiful the things by which we are rich or poor, — a matter of coins, coats, and carpets, a little more or less stone, or wood, or paint, the fashion of a cloak or hat; like the luck of naked Indians, of whom one is proud in the possession of a glass bead or a red feather, and the rest miserable in the want of it. But the treasures which Nature spent itself to amass, — the secular, refined, composite anatomy of man, which all strata go to form, which the prior races, from infusory and saurian, existed to ripen; the surrounding plastic natures; the earth with its foods; the intellectual, temperamenting air; the sea with its invitations; the heaven deep with worlds; and the answering brain and nervous structure replying to these; the eye that looketh into the deeps, which again look back to the eye, abyss to abyss; — these, not like a glass bead, or the coins or carpets, are given immeasurably to all.

This miracle is hurled into every beggar's hands. The blue sky is a covering for a market and for the cherubim and seraphim. The sky is the varnish or glory with which the Artist has washed the whole work, — the verge or confines of matter and spirit. Nature could no farther go. Could our happiest dream come to pass in solid fact, — could a power open our eyes to behold "millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth," — I believe I should find that mid-plain on which they moved floored beneath and arched above with the same web of blue depth which weaves itself over me now, as I trudge the streets on my affairs.

It is singular that our rich English language should have no word to denote the face of the world. *Kinde* was the old English term, which, however, filled only half the range of our fine Latin word, with its delicate future tense, — *natura, about to be born,* or what German philosophy denotes as a *becoming.* But nothing expresses that power which seems to work for beauty

alone. The Greek *Kosmos* did; and therefore, with great propriety, Humboldt entitles his book, which recounts the last results of science, *Cosmos*.

Such are the days, — the earth is the cup, the sky is the cover, of the immense bounty of Nature which is offered us for our daily aliment; but what a force of *illusion* begins life with us and attends us to the end! We are coaxed, flattered, and duped from morn to eve, from birth to death; and where is the old eye that ever saw through the deception? The Hindus represent Maia, the illusory energy of Vishnu, as one of his principal attributes. As if, in this gale of warring elements which life is, it was necessary to bind souls to human life as mariners in a tempest lash themselves to the mast and bulwarks of a ship, and Nature employed certain illusions as her ties and straps, — a rattle, a doll, an apple, for a child; skates, a river, a boat, a horse, a gun, for the growing boy; and I will not begin to name those of the youth and adult, for they are numberless. Seldom and slowly the mask falls and the pupil is permitted to see that all is one stuff, cooked and painted under many counterfeit appearances. Hume's doctrine was that the circumstances vary, the amount of happiness does not; that the beggar cracking fleas in the sunshine under a hedge, and the duke rolling by in his chariot; the girl equipped for her first ball, and the orator returning triumphant from the debate, had different means, but the same quantity of pleasant excitement.

This element of illusion lends all its force to hide the values of present time. Who is he that does not always find himself doing something less than his best task? "What are you doing?" "O, nothing; I have been doing thus, or I shall do so or so, but now I am only —" Ah! poor dupe, will you never slip out of the web of the master juggler, — never learn that as soon as the irrecoverable years have woven their blue glory between to-day and us these passing hours shall glitter and draw us as the wildest romance and the homes of beauty and poetry? How difficult to deal erect with them! The events they bring, their trade, entertainments, and gossip, their urgent work, all throw dust in the eyes and distract attention. He is a strong man who can look them in the eye, see through this

juggle, feel their identity, and keep his own; who can know surely that one will be like another to the end of the world, nor permit love, or death, or politics, or money, war or pleasure to draw him from his task.

The world is always equal to itself, and every man in moments of deeper thought is apprised that he is repeating the experiences of the people in the streets of Thebes or Byzantium. An everlasting Now reigns in Nature, which hangs the same roses on our bushes which charmed the Roman and the Chaldæan in their hanging gardens. "To what end, then," he asks, "should I study languages, and traverse countries, to learn so simple truths?"

History of ancient art, excavated cities, recovery of books and inscriptions, — yes, the works were beautiful, and the history worth knowing; and academies convene to settle the claims of the old schools. What journeys and measurements, — Niebuhr and Müller and Layard, — to identify the plain of Troy and Nimroud town! And your homage to Dante costs you so much sailing; and to ascertain the discoverers of America needs as much voyaging as the discovery cost. Poor child! that flexile clay of which these old brothers molded their admirable symbols was not Persian, nor Memphian, nor Teutonic, nor local at all, but was common lime and silex and water and sunlight, the heat of the blood and the heaving of the lungs; it was that clay which thou heldest but now in thy foolish hands, and threwest away to go and seek in vain in sepulchers, mummy-pits, and old book-shops of Asia Minor, Egypt, and England. It was the deep to-day which all men scorn; the rich poverty which men hate; the populous, all-loving solitude which men quit for the tattle of towns. He lurks, *he* hides, — *he* who is success, reality, joy, and power. One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday. 'Tis the old secret of the gods that they come in low disguises. 'Tis the vulgar great who come dizened with gold and jewels. Real kings hide away their crowns in their wardrobes, and affect a plain and poor exterior. In the Norse legend of our ancestors, Odin dwells in a fisher's hut and patches a boat.

In the Hindu legends, Hari dwells a peasant among peasants. In the Greek legend, Apollo lodges with the shepherds of Admetus, and Jove liked to rusticate among the poor Ethiopians. So, in our history, Jesus is born in a barn, and his twelve peers are fishermen. 'Tis the very principle of science that Nature shows herself best in leasts; it was the maxim of Aristotle and Lucretius; and, in modern times, of Swedenborg and of Hahnemann. The order of changes in the egg determines the age of fossil strata. So it was the rule of our poets, in the legends of fairy lore, that the fairies largest in power were the least in size. In the Christian graces, humility stands highest of all, in the form of the Madonna; and in life, this is the secret of the wise. We owe to genius always the same debt, of lifting the curtain from the common, and showing us that divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming gang of gipsies and peddlers. In daily life, what distinguishes the master is the using those materials he has, instead of looking about for what are more renowned, or what others have used well. "A general," said Bonaparte, "always has troops enough, if he only knows how to employ those he has, and bivouacs with them." Do not refuse the employment which the hour brings you, for one more ambitious. The highest heaven of wisdom is alike near from every point, and thou must find it, if at all, by methods native to thyself alone.

That work is ever the more pleasant to the imagination which is not now required. How wistfully, when we have promised to attend the working committee, we look at the distant hills and their seductions!

The use of history is to give value to the present hour and its duty. That is good which commends to me my country, my climate, my means and materials, my associates. I knew a man in a certain religious exaltation who "thought it an honor to wash his own face." He seemed to me more sane than those who hold themselves cheap.

Zoölogists may deny that horse-hairs in the water change to worms, but I find that whatever is old corrupts, and the past turns to snakes. The reverence for the deeds of our ancestors is a treacherous sentiment. Their merit was not to reverence the old, but to honor the present moment; and we falsely

make them excuses of the very habit which they hated and defied.

Another illusion is that there is not time enough for our work. Yet we might reflect that though many creatures eat from one dish, each, according to its constitution, assimilates from the elements what belongs to it, whether time, or space, or light, or water, or food. A snake converts whatever prey the meadow yields him into snake; a fox, into fox; and Peter and John are working up all existence into Peter and John. A poor Indian chief of the Six Nations of New York made a wiser reply than any philosopher, to some one complaining that he had not enough time. "Well," said Red Jacket, "I suppose you have all there is."

A third illusion haunts us, that a long duration, as a year, a decade, a century, is valuable. But an old French sentence says, "God works in moments," — "*En peu d'heure Dieu labeure.*" We ask for long life, but 'tis deep life, or grand moments, that signify. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical. Life is unnecessarily long. Moments of insight, of fine personal relation, a smile, a glance, — what ample borrowers of eternity they are! Life culminates and concentrates; and Homer said, "The gods ever give to mortals their apportioned share of reason only on one day."

I am of the opinion of the poet Wordsworth, that "there is no real happiness in this life but in intellect and virtue." I am of the opinion of Pliny that "whilst we are musing on these things, we are adding to the length of our lives." I am of the opinion of Glauco, who said, "The measure of life, O Socrates, is, with the wise, the speaking and hearing such discourses as yours."

He only can enrich me who can recommend to me the space between sun and sun. 'Tis the measure of a man, — his apprehension of a day. For we do not listen with the best regard to the verses of a man who is only a poet, nor to his problems if he is only an algebraist; but if a man is at once acquainted with the geometric foundations of things and with their festal splendor, his poetry is exact and his arithmetic musical. And him I reckon the most learned scholar, not who can unearth for me the buried dynasties of Sesostris and Ptolemy, the Sothiac

era, the Olympiads and consulships, but who can unfold the theory of this particular Wednesday. Can he uncover the ligaments concealed from all but piety, which attach the dull men and things we know to the First Cause? These passing fifteen minutes, men think, are time, not eternity; are low and subaltern, are but hope or memory; that is, the way *to* or the way *from* welfare, but not welfare. Can he show their tie? That interpreter shall guide us from a menial and eleemosynary existence into riches and stability. He dignifies the place where he is. This mendicant America, this curious, peering, itinerant, imitative America, studious of Greece and Rome, of England and Germany, will take off its dusty shoes, will take off its glazed traveler's cap and sit at home with repose and deep joy on its face. The world has no such landscape, the æons of history no such hour, the future no equal second opportunity. Now let poets sing! now let arts unfold!

One more view remains. But life is good only when it is magical and musical, a perfect timing and consent, and when we do not anatomize it. You must treat the days respectfully, you must be a day yourself, and not interrogate it like a college professor. The world is enigmatical, — everything said, and everything known or done, — and must not be taken literally, but genially. We must be at the top of our condition to understand anything rightly. You must hear the bird's song without attempting to render it into nouns and verbs. Cannot we be a little abstemious and obedient? Cannot we let the morning be?

Everything in the universe goes by indirection. There are no straight lines. I remember well the foreign scholar who made a week of my youth happy by his visit. "The savages in the islands," he said, "delight to play with the surf, coming in on the top of the rollers, then swimming out again, and repeat the delicious manœuver for hours. Well, human life is made up of such transits. There can be no greatness without abandonment. But here your very astronomy is an espionage. I dare not go out of doors and see the moon and stars, but they seem to measure my tasks, to ask how many lines or pages are finished since I saw them last. Not so, as I told you, was it in Belleisle. The days at Belleisle were all different, and only joined by a perfect love of the same object. Just to fill the hour, — that is

happiness. Fill my hour, ye gods, so that I shall not say, whilst I have done this, 'Behold, also, an hour of my life is gone,' — but rather, 'I have lived an hour.'"

We do not want factitious men, who can do any literary or professional feat, as, to write poems, or advocate a cause, or carry a measure, for money; or turn their ability indifferently in any particular direction by the strong effort of will. No, what has been best done in the world, — the works of genius, — cost nothing. There is no painful effort, but it is the spontaneous flowing of the thought. Shakespeare made his Hamlet as a bird weaves its nest. Poems have been written between sleeping and waking, irresponsibly. Fancy defines herself: —

> "Forms that men spy
> With the half-shut eye
> In the beams of the setting sun, am I."

The masters painted for joy, and knew not that virtue had gone out of them. They could not paint the like in cold blood. The masters of English lyric wrote their songs so. It was a fine efflorescence of fine powers; as was said of the letters of the Frenchwoman, — "the charming accident of their more charming existence." Then the poet is never the poorer for his song. A song is no song unless the circumstance is free and fine. If the singer sing from a sense of duty or from seeing no way of escape, I had rather have none. Those only can sleep who do not care to sleep; and those only write or speak best who do not too much respect the writing or the speaking.

The same rule holds in science. The savant is often an amateur. His performance is a memoir to the Academy on fish-worms, tadpoles, or spiders' legs; he observes as other academicians observe; he is on stilts at a microscope, and his memoir finished and read and printed, he retreats into his routinary existence, which is quite separate from his scientific. But in Newton, science was as easy as breathing; he used the same wit to weigh the moon that he used to buckle his shoes; and all his life was simple, wise, and majestic. So was it in Archimedes, — always self-same, like the sky. In Linnæus, in Franklin, the like sweetness and equality, — no stilts, no tiptoe; and their results are wholesome and memorable to all men.

In stripping time of its illusions, in seeking to find what is the heart of the day, we come to the quality of the moment, and drop the duration altogether. It is the depth at which we live and not at all the surface extension that imports. We pierce to the eternity, of which time is the flitting surface; and, really, the least acceleration of thought and the least increase of power of thought, make life to seem and to be of vast duration. We call it time; but when that acceleration and that deepening take effect, it acquires another and a higher name.

There are people who do not need much experimenting; who, after years of activity, say, We knew all this before; who love at first sight and hate at first sight; discern the affinities and repulsions; who do not care so much for conditions as others, for they are always in one condition and enjoy themselves; who dictate to others and are not dictated to; who in their consciousness of deserving success constantly slight the ordinary means of attaining it; who have self-existence and self-help; who are suffered to be themselves in society; who are great in the present; who have no talents, or care not to have them, — being that which was before talent, and shall be after it, and of which talent seems only a tool: this is character, the highest name at which philosophy has arrived.

'Tis not important how the hero does this or this, but what he is. What he is will appear in every gesture and syllable. In this way the moment and the character are one.

It is a fine fable for the advantage of character over talent, the Greek legend of the strife of Jove and Phœbus. Phœbus challenged the gods, and said, "Who will outshoot the far-darting Apollo?" Zeus said, "I will." Mars shook the lots in his helmet, and that of Apollo leaped out first. Apollo stretched his bow and shot his arrow into the extreme west. Then Zeus rose, and with one stride cleared the whole distance, and said, "Where shall I shoot? there is no space left." So the bowman's prize was adjudged to him who drew no bow.

And this is the progress of every earnest mind; from the works of man and the activity of the hands to a delight in the faculties which rule them; from a respect to the works to a wise wonder at this mystic element of time in which he is conditioned; from local skills and the economy which reckons the

amount of production *per* hour to the finer economy which respects the quality of what is done, and the right we have to the work, or the fidelity with which it flows from ourselves; then to the depth of thought it betrays, looking to its universality, or that its roots are in eternity, not in time. Then it flows from character, that sublime health which values one moment as another, and makes us great in all conditions, and as the only definition we have of freedom and power.

(From "Essays")

FRIENDSHIP

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry and in common speech the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt towards others are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering, are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good-will, they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend, — and forthwith troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. See, in any house where virtue and self-respect abide, the palpitation which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected and announced, and an uneasiness betwixt pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into

their places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont. We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects into the conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the last, and best he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension, are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress, and the dinner, — but the throbbing of the heart and the communications of the soul, no more.

Pleasant are these jets of affection which make a young world for me again. Delicious is a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling. How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed: there is no winter and no night: all tragedies, all *ennuis* vanish, — all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine, — a possession for all time. Nor is nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads

of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by and by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditionary globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather not I but the Deity in me and in them both deride and cancel the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex, circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are not stark and stiffened persons, but the newborn poetry of God,—poetry without stop,—hymn, ode, and epic, poetry still flowing and not yet caked in dead books with annotation and grammar, but Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these, too, separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and the Genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to "crush the sweet poison of misused wine" of the affections. A new person is to me always a great event and hinders me from sleep. I have had such fine fancies lately about two or three persons which have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend's accomplishments as if they were mine,—wild, delicate, throbbing property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We overestimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his, his name, his form, his dress, books and instruments, fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

Yet the systole and diastole of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the

immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form for which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect men as it respects itself. In strict science all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by facing the fact, by mining for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of the bald fact amidst these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force, can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moonlike ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that, for all his purple cloaks, I shall not like him unless he is at last a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee also in its pied and painted immensity, — thee also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is, — thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak. Is it not that the soul puts forth friends as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation for evermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and

it goes alone for a season that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal relations, the instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this to each new candidate for his love.

Dear Friend,

If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise: my moods are quite attainable: and I respect thy genius: it is to me as yet unfathomed: yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity and not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere, and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly, but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of

animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest, instantly the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum.

> "The valiant warrior famoused for fight,
> After a hundred victories, once foiled,
> Is from the book of honor razed quite
> And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is protected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the *naturlangsamkeit* which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards; but the austerest worth; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and

peace which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation and honor its law! It is no idle bond, no holiday engagement. He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of this beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the hap in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those most undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who under a certain religious frenzy cast off this drapery, and omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man

was constrained by so much sincerity to face him, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility, requires to be humored; — he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring me to stoop, or to lisp, or to mask myself. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being, in all its height, variety, and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

The other element of friendship is Tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author says, "I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it walks over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet on the other hand we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his

EMERSON'S HOUSE AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

thread too fine and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity, and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of plowboys and tin peddlers to the silken and perfumed amity which only celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricle, and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.

For perfect friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, so well tempered each and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired), that very seldom can its satisfaction be realized. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of *one to one* peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company the individuals at once merge their

egotism into a social soul exactly coextensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other; will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation, — no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word or a look, his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine, is that the *not mine* is *mine*. It turns the stomach, it blots the daylight; where I looked for a manly furtherance, or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. To be capable that high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which, beneath these disparities, unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous. He must be so to know its law. He must be one who is sure that greatness

and goodness are always economy. He must be one who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not dare to intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We must not be wilful, we must not provide. We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course if he be a man he has merits that are not yours, and that you cannot honor if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside. Give those merits room. Let them mount and expand. Be not so much his friend that you can never know his peculiar energies, like fond mammas who shut up their boy in the house until he is almost grown a girl. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons, or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure, instead of the pure nectar of God.

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him, I want, but not news, nor pottage. I can get politics and chat and neighborly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard. That great defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enhance. Worship his superiorities. Wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy great counterpart; have a princedom to thy friend. Let him be to thee forever a sort of beautiful enemy, untamable, devoutly

revered, and not a trivial conveniency to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond, are not to be seen if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. Me it suffices. It is a spiritual gift, worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

Respect so far the holy laws of this fellowship as not to prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for its opening. We must be our own before we can be another's. There is at least this satisfaction in crime, according to the Latin proverb; you can speak to your accomplice on even terms. *Crimen quos inquinat, æquat.* To those whom we admire and love, at first we cannot. Yet the least defect of self-possession vitiates, in my judgment, the entire relation. There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until in their dialogue each stands for the whole world.

What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent, — so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or to say anything to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland. There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, and for you to say aught is to be frivolous. Wait, and thy soul shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips. The only money of God is God. He pays never with anything less, or anything else. The only reward of virtue is virtue: the only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall catch never a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off, and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late, — very late, — we perceive that no arrangements, no introductions, no consuetudes or habits of society would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire, — but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them: then shall we meet as water with

water: and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they. In the last analysis, love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. Men have sometimes exchanged names with their friends, as if they would signify that in their friend each loved his own soul.

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us and which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage, of follies, of blunders, and of shame, is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands. Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no God attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little you gain the great. You become pronounced. You demonstrate yourself, so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the first-born of the world, — those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as specters and shadows merely.

It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whatever correction of our popular views we make from insight, nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it seem to rob us of some joy, will repay us with a greater. Let us feel if we will the absolute insulation of man. We are sure that we have all in us. We go to Europe, or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instinctive faith that these will call it out and reveal us to ourselves. Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the Europe, an old faded garment of dead persons; the books, their ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us give over this mendicancy. Let us even bid our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying: "Who are you? Unhand me: I will be dependent no more." Ah! seest thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to meet again on a higher platform, and only be more each other's because we are more our

own? A friend is Janus-faced: he looks to the past and the future. He is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet of those to come. He is the harbinger of a greater friend. It is the property of the divine to be reproductive.

I do then with my friends as I do with my books; I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them. We must have society on our own terms, and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friend. If he is great, he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the great days, presentiments hover before me, far before me in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that I may seize them, I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods. It is true, next week I shall have languid times, when I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign objects; then I shall regret the lost literature of your mind, and wish you were by my side again. But if you come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with new visions; not with yourself but with your lusters, and I shall not be able any more than now to converse with you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent intercourse. I will receive from them not what they have but what they are. They shall give me, that which properly they cannot give me, but which emanates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations less subtle and pure. We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not.

It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly, on one side, without due correspondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with the poor fact that the receiver is not capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold companion. If he is unequal, he will

presently pass away; but thou art enlarged by thy own shining, and, no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost soar and burn with the goods of the empyrean. It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited. True love transcends instantly the unworthy object and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth and feels its independency the surer. Yet these things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH. Born in Philadelphia, June 29, 1819; died 1902. Author of "American Ballads," 1882, and of many miscellaneous pieces. His famous song, "Ben Bolt," was written in 1843.

BEN BOLT

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? —
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown!
In the old churchyard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone!

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,

And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze,
  Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
  At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
  Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
  The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
  Grow grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
  With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook by the running brook,
  Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
  The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
  There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
  They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
  There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
  Since first we were friends — yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
  Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale!

EPICTETUS

Epictetus. Born at Hierapolis, Phrygia, about 50 A.D. At first a Greek slave, he eventually became a Roman citizen. A bed, a lamp, and one dish comprised his entire household furniture.

His maxims are found in his "Discourses," "Enchiridion," and "Commentaries." They relate to such topics as "The Divine Supervision," "Con-

cerning Providence," "Concerning Parentage," "Concerning Difficulties," "Words and Deeds," "Of Tranquillity." Most of his discourses were written down from dictation by his disciple Arrian, a man of the highest reputation both as a philosopher and biographer. Marcus Aurelius ranked Epictetus with Socrates for the nobility of his character and his lofty ethical teaching. The date and circumstances of his death are unknown.

(From the "Discourses")

TO A PERSON WHO WAS ONE OF THOSE WHO WERE NOT VALUED BY HIM

A certain person said to him (Epictetus): Frequently I desired to hear you and came to you, and you never gave me any answer: and now, if it is possible, I entreat you to say something to me. Do you think, said Epictetus, that as there is an art in anything else, so there is also an art in speaking, and that he who has the art, will speak skilfully, and he who has not, will speak unskilfully? I do think so. He then who by speaking receives benefit himself, and is able to benefit others, will speak skilfully: but he who is rather damaged by speaking and does damage to others, will he be unskilled in this art of speaking? And you may find that some are damaged and others benefited by speaking. And are all who hear benefited by what they hear? Or will you find that among them also some are benefited and some damaged? There are both among these also, he said. In this case also then those who hear skilfully are benefited, and those who hear unskilfully are damaged? He admitted this. Is there then a skill in hearing also, as there is in speaking? It seems so. If you choose, consider the matter in this way also. The practice of music, to whom does it belong? To a musician. And the proper making of a statue, to whom do you think that it belongs? To a statuary. And the looking at a statue skilfully, does this appear to you to require the aid of no art? This also requires the aid of art. Then if speaking properly is the business of the skilful man, do you see that to hear also with benefit is the business of the skilful man? Now as to speaking and hearing perfectly, and usefully, let us for the present, if you please, say no more, for both of us are a long way from everything of the kind. But I think that every man will allow

this, that he who is going to hear philosophers requires some amount of practice in hearing. Is it not so?

Tell me then about what I should talk to you: about what matter are you able to listen? About good and evil. Good and evil in what? In a horse? No. Well, in an ox? No. What then? In a man? Yes. Do we know then what a man is, what the notion is that we have of him, or have we our ears in any degree practised about this matter? But do you understand what nature is? or can you even in any degree understand me when I say, I shall use demonstration to you? How? Do you understand this very thing, what demonstration is, or how anything is demonstrated, or by what means; or what things are like demonstration, but are not demonstration? Do you know what is true or what is false? What is consequent on a thing, what is repugnant to a thing, or not consistent, or inconsistent? But must I excite you to philosophy, and how? Shall I show to you the repugnance in the opinions of most men, through which they differ about things good and evil, and about things which are profitable and unprofitable, when you know not this very thing, what repugnance (contradiction) is? Show me then what I shall accomplish by discoursing with you; excite my inclination to do this. As the grass which is suitable, when it is presented to a sheep, moves its inclination to eat, but if you present to it a stone or bread, it will not be moved to eat; so there are in us certain natural inclinations also to speak, when the hearer shall appear to be somebody, when he himself shall excite us: but when he shall sit by us like a stone or like grass, how can he excite a man's desire (to speak)? Does the vine say to the husbandman, Take care of me? No, but the vine by showing in itself that it will be profitable to the husbandman, if he does take care of it, invites him to exercise care. When children are attractive and lively, whom do they not invite to play with them, and crawl with them, and lisp with them? But who is eager to play with an ass or to bray with it? for though it is small, it is still a little ass.

Why then do you say nothing to me? I can only say this to you, that he who knows not who he is, and for what purpose he exists, and what is this world, and with whom he is asso-

ciated, and what things are the good and the bad, and the beautiful and the ugly, and who neither understands discourse nor demonstration, nor what is true nor what is false, and who is not able to distinguish them, will neither desire according to nature nor turn away nor move upward, nor intend (to act), nor assent, nor dissent nor suspend his judgment: to say all in a few words, he will go about dumb and blind, thinking that he is somebody, but being nobody. Is this so now for the first time? Is it not the fact that ever since the human race existed, all errors and misfortunes have arisen through this ignorance? Why did Agamemnon and Achilles quarrel with one another? Was it not through not knowing what things are profitable and not profitable? Does not the one say it is profitable to restore Chryseis to her father, and does not the other say that it is not profitable? does not the one say that he ought to take the prize of another, and does not the other say that he ought not? Did they not for these reasons forget, both who they were and for what purpose they had come there? Oh, man, for what purpose did you come? to gain mistresses or to fight? To fight. With whom? the Trojans or the Hellenes? With the Trojans. Do you then leave Hector alone and draw your sword against your own king? And do you, most excellent Sir, neglect the duties of the king, you who are the people's guardian and have such cares; and are you quarreling about a little girl with the most warlike of your allies, whom you ought by every means to take care of and protect? and do you become worse than (inferior to) a well-behaved priest who treats these fine gladiators with all respect? Do you see what kind of things ignorance of what is profitable does?

But I also am rich. Are you then richer than Agamemnon? But I am also handsome. Are you then more handsome than Achilles? But I have also beautiful hair. But had not Achilles more beautiful hair and gold-colored? and he did not comb it elegantly nor dress it. But I am also strong. Can you then lift so great a stone as Hector or Ajax? But I am also of noble birth. Are you the son of a goddess mother? are you the son of a father sprung from Zeus? What good then do these things do to him, when he sits and weeps for a girl? But I am an orator. And was he not? Do you not see how he handled the

most skilful of the Hellenes in oratory, Odysseus and Phœnix? how he stopped their mouths?

This is all that I have to say to you; and I say even this not willingly. Why? Because you have not roused me. For what must I look to in order to be roused, as men who are expert in riding are roused by generous horses? Must I look to your body? You treat it disgracefully. To your dress? That is luxurious. To your behavior, to your look? That is the same as nothing. When you would listen to a philosopher, do not say to him, You tell me nothing; but only show yourself worthy of hearing or fit for hearing; and you will see how you will move the speaker.

THAT LOGIC IS NECESSARY

When one of those who were present said, Persuade me that logic is necessary, he replied, Do you wish me to prove this to you? The answer was, Yes. Then I must use a demonstrative form of speech. This was granted. How then will you know if I am cheating you by argument? The man was silent. Do you see, said Epictetus, that you yourself are admitting that logic is necessary, if without it you cannot know so much as this, whether logic is necessary or not necessary?

(From the "Fragments")

What we ought not to do, we should not even think of doing.

Deliberate much before saying or doing anything, for you will not have the power of recalling what has been said or done.

Every place is safe to him who lives with justice.

The man who gives advice ought first to have regard to the modesty and character (reputation) of those whom he advises; for those who have lost the capacity of blushing are incorrigible.

To admonish is better than to reproach: for admonition is mild and friendly, but reproach is harsh and insulting; and admonition corrects those who are doing wrong, but reproach only convicts them.

Give of what you have to strangers and to those who have need: for he who gives not to him who wants, will not receive himself when he wants.

A pirate had been cast on the land and was perishing through the tempest. A man took clothing and gave it to him, and brought the pirate into his house, and supplied him with everything else that was necessary. When the man was reproached by a person for doing kindness to the bad, he replied, I have shown this regard not to the man, but to mankind.

A man should choose (pursue) not every pleasure, but the pleasure which leads to goodness.

It is the part of a wise man to resist pleasures, but of a foolish man to be a slave to them.

EURIPIDES

EURIPIDES, one of the greatest of tragic poets and a contemporary of the other famous Greek dramatists, Sophocles, Æschylus, and Aristophanes. Born on the island of Salamis in Greece, 480 B.C.; died 406 B.C. Author of ninety-two dramas, among them: "Andromache," "Electra," "Hippolytus," "Alcestis," "Hecube," "Helena," "Medea," "Bacchæ," "Cyclops," "The Mad Hercules," "Ion," "Orestes," "The Trojan Women," "Iphigenia."

(From the "BACCHÆ")

Dionysus. Thou art mad to see that which thou shouldst not see,
And covetous of that thou shouldst not covet.
Pentheus! I say, come forth! Appear before me,
Clothed in the Bacchic Mænads' womanly dress;
Spy on thy mother and her holy crew,
Come like in form to one of Cadmus' daughters.

Pentheus. Ha! now indeed two suns I seem to see,
A double Thebes, two seven-gated cities;
Thou, as a bull, seemest to go before me,
And horns have grown upon thine head. Art thou
A beast indeed? Thou seem'st a very bull.

Dionysus. The god is with us; unpropitious once,
But now at truce: now seest thou what thou shouldst see?

Pentheus. What see I? Is not that the step of Ino?
And is not Agave there, my mother?
Dionysus. Methinks 'tis even they whom thou behold'st;
But lo! this tress hath strayed out of its place,
Not as I braided it, beneath thy bonnet.
Pentheus. Tossing it this way now, now tossing that,
In Bacchic glee, I have shaken it from its place.
Dionysus. But we, whose charge it is to watch o'er thee,
Will braid it up again. Lift up thy head.
Pentheus. Braid as thou wilt, we yield ourselves to thee.
Dionysus. Thy zone is loosened, and thy robe's long folds
Droop outward, nor conceal thine ankles now.
Pentheus. Around my right foot so it seems, yet sure
Around the other it sits close and well.
Dionysus. Wilt thou not hold me for thy best of friends,
Thus strangely seeing the coy Bacchanals?
Pentheus. The thyrsus — in my right hand shall I hold it?
Or thus am I more like a Bacchanal?
Dionysus. In thy right hand, and with thy right foot raise it.
I praise the change of mind now come o'er thee.
Pentheus. Could I not now bear up upon my shoulders
Cithæron's crag, with all the Bacchanals?
Dionysus. Thou couldst if 'twere thy will. In thy right mind
Erewhile thou wast not; now thou art as thou shouldst be.
Pentheus. Shall I take levers, pluck it up with my hands,
Or thrust mine arm or shoulder 'neath its base?
Dionysus. Destroy thou not the dwellings of the nymphs,
The seats where Pan sits piping in his joy.
Pentheus. Well hast thou said; by force we conquer not
These women. I'll go hide in yonder ash.
Dionysus. Within a fatal ambush wilt thou hide thee,
Stealing, a treacherous spy, upon the Mænads.
Pentheus. And now I seem to see them there like birds
Couching on their soft beds amid the fern.
Dionysus. Art thou not therefore set as watchman o'er them?
Thou'lt seize them — if they do not seize thee first.
Pentheus. Lead me triumphant through the land of Thebes!
I, only I, have dared a deed like this.

Dionysus. Thou art the city's champion, thou alone.
Therefore a strife thou wot'st not of awaits thee.
Follow me! thy preserver goes before thee;
Another takes thee hence.
Pentheus. Mean'st thou my mother?
Dionysus. Aloft shalt thou be borne.
Pentheus. O the soft carriage!
Dionysus. In thy mother's hands.
Pentheus. Wilt make me thus luxurious?
Dionysus. Strange luxury, indeed!
Pentheus. 'Tis my desert.
Dionysus. Thou art awful! — awful! Doomed to awful end!
Thy glory shall soar up to the high heavens!
Stretch forth thine hand, Agave! — ye her kin,
Daughters of Cadmus! To a terrible grave
Lead I this youth! Myself shall win the prize —
Bromius and I; the event will show the rest.
Chorus. Ho! fleet dogs and furious, to the mountains, ho!
Where their mystic revels Cadmus' daughters keep.
Rouse them, goad them out,
'Gainst him, in woman's mimic garb concealed,
Gazer on the Mænads in their dark rites unrevealed.
First his mother shall behold him on his watch below,
From the tall tree's trunk or from the wild scaur steep;
Fiercely will she shout —
"Who the spy upon the Mænads on the rocks that roam
To the mountain, to the mountain, Bacchanals, has come?"
Who hath borne him?
He is not of woman's blood —
The lioness!
Or the Lybian Gorgon's brood?
Come, vengeance, come, display thee!
With thy bright sword array thee!
The bloody sentence wreak
On the dissevered neck
Of him who god, law, justice hath not known,
Echion's earth-born son.

He, with thought unrighteous and unholy pride,
'Gainst Bacchus and his mother, their orgies' mystic mirth
Still holds his frantic strife,
And sets him up against the god, deeming it light
To vanquish the invincible of might.
Hold thou fast the pious mind; so, only so, shall glide
In peace with gods above, in peace with men on earth,
Thy smooth, painless life.
I admire not, envy not, who would be otherwise:
Mine be still the glory, mine be still the prize,
By night and day
To live of the immortal gods in awe;
Who fears them not
Is but the outcast of all law.

Come, vengeance, come display thee!
With thy bright sword array thee!
The bloody sentence wreak
On the dissevered neck
Of him who god, law, justice has not known,
Echion's earth-born son.

Appear! appear!
Or as the stately steer!
Or many-headed dragon be!
Or the fire-breathing lion, terrible to see.
Come, Bacchus, come 'gainst the hunter of the Bacchanals,
Even now, now as he falls
Upon the Mænads' fatal herd beneath,
With smiling brow,
Around him throw
The inexorable net of death.

Messenger. O house most prosperous once throughout all Hellas!
House of the old Sidonian! — in this land
Who sowed the dragon's serpent's earth-born harvest —
How I deplore thee! I a slave, for still
Grieve for their master's sorrows faithful slaves.

Chorus. What's this? Aught new about the Bacchanals?

Messenger. Pentheus hath perished, old Echion's son.

Chorus. King Bromius, thou art indeed a mighty god!
Messenger. What sayst thou? How is this? Rejoicest thou,
O woman, in my master's awful fate?
Chorus. Light chants the stranger her barbarous strains;
I cower not in fear for the menace of chains.
Messenger. All Thebes thus void of courage deemest thou?
Chorus. O Dionysus! Dionysus! Thebes
Hath o'er me now no power.
Messenger. 'Tis pardonable, yet it is not well,
Woman, in others' miseries to rejoice.
Chorus. Tell me, then, by what fate died the unjust —
The man, the dark contriver of injustice?
Messenger. Therapnæ having left the Theban city,
And passed along Asopus' winding shore,
We 'gan to climb Cithæron's upward steep —
Pentheus and I (I waited on my lord),
And he that led us on our quest, the stranger —
And first we crept along a grassy glade,
With silent footsteps, and with silent tongues
Slow moving, as to see, not being seen.
There was a rock-walled glen, watered by a streamlet,
And shadowed o'er with pines; the Mænads there
Sate, all their hands busy with pleasant toil;
And some the leafy thyrsus, that its ivy
Had dropped away, were garlanding anew;
Like fillies some, unharnessed from the yoke;
Chanted alternate all the Bacchic hymn.
Ill-fated Pentheus, as he scarce could see
That womanly troop, spake thus: "Where we stand, stranger,
We see not well the unseemly Mænad dance:
But, mounting on a bank, or a tall tree,
Clearly shall I behold their deeds of shame."
A wonder then I saw that stranger do.
He seized an ash-tree's high heaven-reaching stem,
And dragged it down, dragged, dragged to the low earth;
And like a bow it bent. As a curved wheel
Becomes a circle in the turner's lathe,
The stranger thus that mountain tree bent down

To the earth, a deed of more than mortal strength.
Then seating Pentheus on those ash-tree boughs,
Upward he let it rise, steadily, gently
Through his hands, careful lest it shake him off;
And slowly rose it upright to its height,
Bearing my master seated on its ridge.
There was he seen, rather than saw the Mænads,
More visible he could not be, seated aloft.
The stranger from our view had vanished quite.
Then from the heavens a voice, as it should seem
Dionysus, shouted loud, "Behold! I bring,
O maidens, him that you and me, our rites,
Our orgies laughed to scorn; now take your vengeance."
And as he spake, a light of holy fire
Stood up, and blazed from earth straight up to heaven.
Silent the air, silent the verdant grove
Held its still leaves; no sound of living thing.
They, as their ears just caught the half-heard voice,
Stood up erect, and rolled their wondering eyes.
Again he shouted. But when Cadmus' daughters
Heard manifest the god's awakening voice,
Forth rushed they, fleeter than the wingéd dove,
Their nimble feet quick coursing up and down.
Agave first, his mother, then her kin,
The Mænads, down the torrents' bed, in the grove,
From crag to crag they leaped, mad with the god.
And first with heavy stones they hurled at him,
Climbing a rock in front; the branches some
Of the ash-tree darted; some like javelins
Sent their sharp thyrsi through the sounding air,
Pentheus their mark: but yet they struck him not;
His height still baffled all their eager wrath.
There sat the wretch, helpless in his despair.
The oaken boughs, by lightning as struck off,
Roots torn from the earth, but with no iron wedge,
They hurled, but their wild labors all were vain.
Agave spake, "Come all, and stand around,
And grasp the tree, ye Mænads; soon we will seize
The beast that rides thereon. He will ne'er betray

The mysteries of our god." A thousand hands
Were on the ash, and tore it from the earth:
And he that sat aloft, down, headlong, down
Fell to the ground, with thousand piteous shrieks,
Pentheus, for well he knew his end was near.
His mother first began the sacrifice,
And fell on him. His bonnet from his hair
He threw, that she might know and so not slay him,
The sad Agave. And he said, her cheek
Fondling, "I am thy child, thine own, my mother!
Pentheus, whom in Echion's house you bare.
Have mercy on me, mother! For his sins,
Whatever be his sins, kill not thy son."
She, foaming at the mouth, her rolling eyeballs
Whirling around, in her unreasoning reason,
By Bacchus all possessed, knew, heeded not.
She caught him in her arms, seized his right hand,
And, with her feet set on his shrinking side,
Tore out the shoulder — not with her own strength:
The god made easy that too cruel deed.
And Ino labored on the other side,
Rending the flesh: Autonoë, all the rest,
Pressed fiercely on, and there was one wild din —
He groaning deep, while he had breath to groan,
They shouting triumph; and one bore an arm,
One a still-sandalled foot; and both his sides
Lay open, rent. Each in her bloody hand
Tossed wildly to and fro lost Pentheus' limbs.
The trunk lay far aloof, 'neath the rough rocks
Part, part amid the forest's thick-strewn leaves
Not easy to be found. The wretched head,
Which the mad mother, seizing in her hands
Had on a thyrsus fixed, she bore aloft
All o'er Cithæron, as a mountain lion's,
Leading her sisters in their Mænad dance.
And she comes vaunting her ill-fated chase
Unto these walls, invoking Bacchus still,
Her fellow-hunter, partner in her prey,
Her triumph — triumph soon to end in tears!

I fled the sight of that dark tragedy,
Hastening, ere yet Agave reached the palace.
Oh! to be reverent, to adore the gods,
This is the noblest, wisest course of man,
Taking dread warning from this dire event.

Chorus. Dance and sing
In Bacchic ring,
Shout, shout the fate, the fate of gloom,
Of Pentheus, from the dragon born;
He the woman's garb hath worn,
Following the bull, the harbinger, that led him to his doom.
O ye Theban Bacchanals!
Attune ye now the hymn victorious,
The hymn all glorious,
To the tear, and to the groan!
Oh game of glory!
To bathe the hands besprent and gory,
In the blood of her own son.
But I behold Agave, Pentheus' mother,
Nearing the palace with distorted eyes.
Hail we the ovation of the Evian god.

Agave. O ye Asian Bacchanals!

Chorus. Who is she on us who calls?

Agave. From the mountains, lo! we bear
To the palace gate
Our new-slain quarry fair.

Chorus. I see, I see! and on thy joy I wait.

Agave. Without a net, without a snare,
The lion's cub, I took him there.

Chorus. In the wilderness, or where?

Agave. Cithæron —

Chorus. Of Cithæron what?

Agave. Gave him to slaughter.

Chorus. O blest Agave!

Agave. In thy song extol me.

Chorus. Who struck him first?

Agave. Mine, mine, the glorious lot.

Chorus. Who else?

Agave. Of Cadmus —

Chorus. What of Cadmus' daughter?

Agave. With me, with me, did all the race
Hound the prey.
Chorus. O fortunate chase!
Agave. The banquet share with me!
Chorus. Alas! what shall our banquet be?
Agave. How delicate the kid and young!
The thin locks have but newly sprung
Over his forehead fair.
Chorus. 'Tis beauteous as the tame beasts' cherished hair.
Agave. Bacchus, hunter known to fame!
Did he not our Mænads bring
On the track of this proud game?
A mighty hunter is our king!
Praise me! praise me!
Chorus. Praise I not thee?
Agave. Soon with the Thebans all, the hymn of praise
Pentheus my son will to his mother raise:
For she the lion prey hath won,
A noble deed and nobly done.
Chorus. Dost thou rejoice?
Agave. Ay, with exulting voice
My great, great deed I elevate,
Glorious as great.
Chorus. Sad woman, to the citizens of Thebes
Now show the conquered prey thou bearest hither.
Agave. Ye that within the high-towered Theban city
Dwell, come and gaze ye all upon our prey,
The mighty beast by Cadmus' daughter ta'en;
Nor with Thessalian sharp-pointed javelins,
Nor nets, but with the white and delicate palms
Of our own hands. Go ye, and make your boast,
Trusting to the spear-maker's useless craft:
We with these hands have ta'en our prey, and rent
The mangled limbs of this grim beast asunder.
Where is mine aged sire? Let him draw near!
And where is my son Pentheus? Let him mount
On the broad stairs that rise before our house;
And on the triglyph nail this lion's head,
That I have brought him from our splendid chase.

Cadmus. Follow me, follow, bearing your sad burthen,
My servants — Pentheus' body — to our house;
The body that with long and weary search
I found at length in lone Cithæron's glens;
Thus torn, not lying in one place, but wide
Scattered amid the dark and tangled thicket.
Already, as I entered in the city
With old Tiresias, from the Bacchanals,
I heard the fearful doings of my daughter.
And back returning to the mountain, bear
My son, thus by the furious Mænads slain.
Her who Actæon bore to Aristæus,
Autonoë, I saw, and Ino with her
Still in the thicket goaded with wild madness.
And some one said that on her dancing feet
Agave had come hither — true he spoke;
I see her now — O most unblessed sight!

Agave. Father, 'tis thy peculiar peerless boast
Of womanhood the noblest t' have begot —
Me — me the noblest of that noble kin.
For I the shuttle and the distaff left
For mightier deeds — wild beasts with mine own hands
To capture. Lo! I bear within mine arms
These glorious trophies, to be hung on high
Upon thy house: receive them, O my father!
Call thy friends to the banquet feast! Blest thou!
Most blest, through us who have wrought such splendid deeds.

Cadmus. Measureless grief! Eye may not gaze on it,
The slaughter wrought by those most wretched hands.
Oh! what a sacrifice before the gods!
All Thebes, and us, thou callest to the feast.
Justly — too justly, hath King Bromius
Destroyed us, fatal kindred to our house.

Agave. Oh! how morose is man in his old age,
And sullen in his mien. Oh! were my son
More like his mother, mighty in his hunting,
When he goes forth among the youth of Thebes

Wild beasts to chase! But he is great alone,
In warring on the gods. We two, my sire,
Must counsel him against his evil wisdom.
Where is he? Who will call him here before us
That he may see me in my happiness?

Cadmus. Woe! woe! When ye have sense of what ye have done,
With what deep sorrow, sorrow ye! To th' end,
Oh! could ye be, only as now ye are,
Nor happy were ye deemed, nor miserable.

Agave. What is not well? For sorrow what the cause?

Cadmus. First lift thine eyes up to the air around.

Agave. Behold! Why thus commandest me to gaze?

Cadmus. Is all the same? Appears there not a change?

Agave. 'Tis brighter, more translucent than before.

Cadmus. Is there the same elation in thy soul?

Agave. I know not what thou mean'st; but I become
Conscious — my changing mind is settling down.

Cadmus. Canst thou attend, and plainly answer me?

Agave. I have forgotten, father, all I said.

Cadmus. Unto whose bed wert thou in wedlock given?

Agave. Echion's, him they call the Dragon-born.

Cadmus. Who was the son to thy husband thou didst bear?

Agave. Pentheus, in commerce 'twixt his sire and me.

Cadmus. And whose the head thou holdest in thy hands?

Agave. A lion's; thus my fellow-hunters said.

Cadmus. Look at it straight: to look on't is no toil.

Agave. What see I? Ha! what's this within my hands?

Cadmus. Look on't again, again: thou wilt know too well.

Agave. I see the direst woe that eye may see.

Cadmus. The semblance of a lion bears it now?

Agave. No: wretch, wretch that I am; 'tis Pentheus' head!

Cadmus. Even ere yet recognized thou might'st have mourned him.

Agave. Who murdered him? How came he in my hands?

Cadmus. Sad truth! Untimely dost thou ever come!

Agave. Speak; for my heart leaps with a boding throb.

Cadmus. 'Twas thou didst slay him, thou and thine own sisters.

Agave. Where died he? In his palace? In what place?
Cadmus. There where the dogs Actæon tore in pieces.
Agave. Why to Cithæron went the ill-fated man?
Cadmus. To mock the god, to mock the orgies there.
Agave. But how and wherefore had we thither gone?
Cadmus. In madness! — the whole city maddened with thee.
Agave. Dionysus hath destroyed us! Late I learn it.
Cadmus. Mocked with dread mockery; no god ye held him.
Agave. Father! Where's the dear body of my son?
Cadmus. I bear it here, not found without much toil.
Agave. Are all the limbs together, sound and whole?
And Pentheus, shared he in my desperate fury?
Cadmus. Like thee he was, he worshiped not the god.
All, therefore, are enwrapt in one dread doom.
You, he, in whom hath perished all our house,
And I who, childless of male offspring, see
This single fruit — O miserable! — of thy womb
Thus shamefully, thus lamentably dead —
Thy son, to whom our house looked up, the stay
Of all our palace he, my daughter's son,
The awe of the whole city. None would dare
Insult the old man when thy fearful face
He saw, well knowing he would pay the penalty.
Unhonored now, I am driven from out mine home;
Cadmus the great, who all the race of Thebes
Sowed in the earth, and reaped that harvest fair.
O best beloved of men, thou art now no more,
Yet still art dearest of my children thou!
No more, this gray beard fondling with thine hand,
Wilt call me thine own grandsire, thou sweet child,
And fold me round and say, "Who doth not honor thee?
Old man, who troubles or afflicts thine heart?
Tell me, that I may 'venge thy wrong, my father!"
Now wretchedest of men am I. Thou pitiable —
More pitiable thy mother — sad thy kin.
O if there be who scorneth the great gods,
Gaze on this death, and know that there are gods.
Chorus. Cadmus, I grieve for thee. Thy daughter's son
Hath his just doom — just, but most piteous.

Agave. Father, thou seest how all is changed with me:
I am no more the Mænad dancing blithe,
I am but the feeble, fond, and desolate mother.
I know, I see — ah, knowledge best unknown!
Sight best unseen! — I see, I know my son,
Mine only son! — alas! no more my son.
O beauteous limbs, that in my womb I bare!
O head, that on my lap wast wont to sleep!
O lips, that from my bosom's swelling fount
Drained the delicious and soft-oozing milk!
O hands, whose first use was to fondle me!
O feet, that were so light to run to me!
O gracious form, that men wondering beheld!
O haughty brow, before which Thebes bowed down!
O majesty! O strength! by mine own hands—
By mine own murderous, sacrilegious hands —
Torn, rent asunder, scattered, cast abroad!
O thou hard god! was there no other way
To visit us? Oh! if the son must die,
Must it be by the hand of his own mother?
If the impious mother must atone her sin,
Must it be but by murdering her own son?

Dionysus. Now hear ye all, Thebes' founders, what is woven
By the dread shuttle of the unerring Fates.
Thou, Cadmus, father of this earth-born race,
A dragon shalt become; thy wife shalt take
A brutish form, and sink into a serpent,
Harmonia, Ares' daughter, whom thou wedd'st,
Though mortal, as Jove's oracle declares.
Thou in a car by heifers drawn shalt ride,
And with thy wife, at the Barbarians' head:
And many cities with their countless host
Shall they destroy, but when they dare destroy
The shrine of Loxias, back shall they return
In shameful flight; but Ares guards Harmonia
And thee, and bears you to the Isles of the Blest.
This say I, of no mortal father born,
Dionysus, son of Jove. Had ye but known

To have been pious when ye might, Jove's son
Had been your friend; ye had been happy still.

Agave. Dionysus, we implore thee! We have sinned!

Dionysus. Too late ye say so; when ye should, ye would not.

Agave. That know we now; but thou'rt extreme in vengeance.

Dionysus. Was I not outraged, being a god, by you?

Agave. The gods should not be like to men in wrath.

Dionysus. This Jove, my father, long hath granted me.

Agave. Alas, old man! Our exile is decreed.

Dionysus. Why then delay ye the inevitable?

Cadmus. O child, to what a depth of woe we have fallen!
Most wretched thou, and all thy kin beloved!
I too to the Barbarians must depart,
An aged denizen. For there's a prophecy,
'Gainst Hellas a Barbaric mingled host
Harmonia leads, my wife, daughter of Ares.
A dragon I, with dragon nature fierce,
Shall lead the stranger spearmen 'gainst the altars
And tombs of Hellas, nor shall cease my woes —
Sad wretch! — not even when I have ferried o'er
Dark Acheron, shall I repose in peace.

Agave. Father! to exile go I without thee?

Cadmus. Why dost thou clasp me in thine arms, sad child,
A drone among the bees, a swan worn out?

Agave. Where shall I go, an exile from my country?

Cadmus. I know not, child; thy sire is a feeble aid.

Agave. Farewell, mine home! Farewell, my native Thebes!
My bridal chamber! Banished, I go forth.

Cadmus. To the house of Aristæus go, my child.

Agave. I wait for thee, my father!

Cadmus. I for thee!
And for thy sisters.

Agave. Fearfully, fearfully, this deep disgrace,
Hath Dionysus brought upon our race.

Dionysus. Fearful on me the wrong that ye had done;
Unhonored was my name in Thebes alone.

Agave. Father, farewell!

Cadmus. Farewell, my wretched daughter!

Agave. So lead me forth — my sisters now to meet,

Sad fallen exiles.
Let me, let me go
Where cursed Cithæron ne'er may see me more,
Nor I the cursed Cithæron see again.
Where there's no memory of the thyrsus dance.
The Bacchic orgies be the care of others.

JOHN EVELYN

JOHN EVELYN. Born at Wotton in Surrey, England, October 31, 1620; died February 27, 1706. He kept a diary for half a century, covering the period from the rise of the Civil War till the crowning of Queen Anne. It is valued for its frank judgments and intimate disclosures. He also wrote books upon tree culture, architecture, and engraving.

(From the "DIARY")

2nd September. This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire, near Fish-street, in London.

3rd. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the waterside; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames-street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned, exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place; and saw the whole south part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower-street, Fenchurch-street, Gracious-street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's church, to which the scaffolds, contrib-

uted exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency, or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard, or seen, but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments; leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other. For the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here, we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other side, the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round-about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus, I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage — *non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem:* the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4th September. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten

as far as the Inner Temple. All Fleet-street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate-hill, Warwick-lane, Newgate, Paul's-chain, Watling-street, now flaming and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like grenados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse, nor man, was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them; for vain was the help of man.

5*th*. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh! the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased his Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter-lane end, to preserve (if possible) that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part, and some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines. This some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, etc., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was, therefore, now commended to be practised; and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, when almost all was lost, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield, north: but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair. It also brake out again in the Temple; but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as, with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet

no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood-wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, etc., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and published, giving warning what probably might be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the City was looked upon as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

7th. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was: the ground under my feet so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime, his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which, being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church, St. Paul's — now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of large stones split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced! It was astonishing to see what

immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone, flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end, was untouched, and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, ironwork, bells, plate, etc., melted, the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke; so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow.

The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather, in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces. Also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the City streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapor, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrow streets were quite filled up

with rubbish; nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church, or Hall, that had some remarkable tower, or pinnacle remaining.

I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people of all ranks and degrees dispersed, and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in, and refresh them with provisions.

In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the City. There was, in truth, some days before, great suspicion of those two nations joining; and now that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they run from their goods, and, taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamor and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole Court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty, reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards, to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the City, where such as had friends, or opportunity, got shelter for the present; to which his Majesty's proclamation also invited them.

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22nd October. Hence, we went to Swallowfield; this house is after the ancient building of honorable gentlemen's houses, when they kept up ancient hospitality, but the gardens and waters as elegant as it is possible to make a flat by art and industry, and no mean expense, my lady being so extraordinarily skilled in the flowery part, and my lord, in diligence of

planting; so that I have hardly seen a seat which shows more tokens of it than what is to be found here, not only in the delicious and rarest fruits of a garden, but in those innumerable timber trees in the ground about the seat, to the greatest ornament and benefit of the place. There is one orchard of a thousand golden, and other cider pippins; walks and groves of elms, limes, oaks, and other trees. The garden is so beset with all manner of sweet shrubs, that it perfumes the air. The distribution also of the quarters, walks, and parterres, is excellent. The nurseries, kitchen-garden full of the most desirable plants; two very noble orangeries well furnished; but, above all, the canal and fish ponds, the one fed with a white, the other with a black running water, fed by a quick and swift river, so well and plentifully stored with fish, that for pike, carp, bream, and tench, I never saw anything approaching it. We had at every meal carp and pike of a size fit for the table of a Prince, and what added to the delight was, to see the hundreds taken by the drag, out of which, the cook standing by, we pointed out what we had most mind to, and had carp that would have been worth at London twenty shillings a-piece. The waters are flagged about with *Calamus aromaticus*, with which my lady has hung a closet, that retains the smell very perfectly. There is also a certain sweet willow and other exotics: also a very fine bowling-green, meadow, pasture, and wood; in a word, all that can render a country-seat delightful. There is besides a well-furnished library in the house.

26th October. We returned to London, having been treated with all sorts of cheer and noble freedom by that most religious and virtuous lady. She was now preparing to go for Ireland with her husband, made Lord-Deputy, and went to this country-house and ancient seat of her father and family, to set things in order during her absence; but never were good people and neighbors more concerned than all the country (the poor especially) for the departure of this charitable woman; every one was in tears, and she as unwilling to part from them. There was amongst them a maiden of primitive life, the daughter of a poor laboring man, who had sustained her parents (some time since dead) by her labor, and has for many years refused marriage, or to receive any assistance from the parish, besides the little

hermitage my lady gives her rent-free; she lives on fourpence a day, which she gets by spinning; says she abounds and can give alms to others, living in great humility and content, without any apparent affectation, or singularity; she is continually working, praying, or reading, gives a good account of her knowledge in religion, visits the sick; is not in the least given to talk; very modest, of a simple not unseemly behavior; of a comely countenance, clad very plain, but clean and tight. In sum, she appears a saint of an extraordinary sort, in so religious a life, as is seldom met with in villages nowadays.

10*th February.* I went this evening to see the order of the boys and children at Christ's Hospital. There were near eight hundred boys and girls so decently clad, cleanly lodged, so wholesomely fed, so admirably taught, some the mathematics, especially the forty of the late King's foundation, that I was delighted to see the progress some little youths of thirteen or fourteen years of age had made. I saw them at supper, visited their dormitories, and much admired the order, economy, and excellent government of this most charitable seminary. Some are taught for the Universities, others designed for seamen, all for trades and callings. The girls are instructed in all such work as becomes their sex and may fit them for good wives, mistresses, and to be a blessing to their generation. They sung a psalm before they sat down to supper in the great Hall, to an organ which played all the time, with such cheerful harmony, that it seemed to me a vision of angels. I came from the place with infinite satisfaction, having never seen a more noble, pious, and admirable charity. All these consisted of orphans only. The foundation was of that pious Prince King Edward VI, whose picture (held to be an original of Holbein) is in the court where the Governors meet to consult on the affairs of the Hospital, and his statue in white marble stands in a niche of the wall below, as you go to the church, which is a modern, noble, and ample fabric. This foundation has had, and still has, many benefactors.

16*th March.* I saw a trial of those devilish, murdering, mischief-doing engines called bombs, shot out of the mortar-piece on Blackheath. The distance that they are cast, the destruction they make where they fall, is prodigious.

JOHANNES EWALD

JOHANNES EWALD, a famous Danish poet. Born in Copenhagen, November 18, 1743; died March 17, 1781. Author of "The Temple of Fortune"; the drama, "Adam and Eve"; "Rolf Krage," "The Bachelors," "The Brutal Claqueurs," "Harlequin the Patriot," and the tragedy, "Balder's Death."

(The following translation, by H. W. Longfellow, is used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, the publishers.)

KING CHRISTIAN

NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!

Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

Frederick William Faber. Born in Calverley, Yorkshire, England, June 28, 1814; died at the Oratory, Brompton, London, September 26, 1863. As a hymn writer he is known throughout the Christian world.

In spite of bodily weakness, Faber was most devoted to his clerical calling; an eloquent preacher, of saintly life, and universally beloved. His hymns are characterized by nobility of thought and simplicity in expression.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

Yes, there is less to try our faith
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth,
In these our hours of need.

Workmen of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA

The Land beyond the Sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea?

The Land beyond the Sea!
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and dreams!
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen towards night?
Dear Land! look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR

Frederic William Farrar, Dean of Canterbury. Born in Bombay, India, August 7, 1831; died March 22, 1903. Author of "The Witness of History to Christ," "Life and Works of St. Paul," "The Early Days of Christianity," "Eternal Hope," "The Origin of Language," "Chapters on Language," "Families of Speech," "Language and Languages," and "The Life of Christ," which had an immense circulation.

(From "The Early Days of Christianity")

THE CORRUPTION OF ROME

The epoch which witnessed the early growth of Christianity was an epoch of which the horror and the degradation have rarely been equaled, and perhaps never exceeded, in the annals of mankind. Were we to form our sole estimate of it from the lurid picture of its wickedness, which St. Paul in more than one passage has painted with a few powerful strokes, we might suppose that we were judging it from too lofty a standpoint. We might be accused of throwing too dark a shadow upon the crimes of Paganism, when we set it as a foil to the luster of an ideal holiness. But even if St. Paul had never paused amid his sacred reasonings to affix his terrible brand upon the pride of Heathenism, there would still have been abundant proofs of the abnormal wickedness which accompanied the decadence of ancient civilization. They are stamped upon its coinage, cut on its gems, painted upon its chamber-walls, sown broadcast over the pages of its poets, satirists, and historians. "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant!" Is there any age which stands so instantly condemned by the bare mention of its rulers as that which recalls the successive names of Tiberius, Gaius, Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, and which after a brief gleam of better examples under Vespasian and Titus, sank at last under the hideous tyranny of a Domitian? Is there any age of which the evil characteristics force themselves so instantaneously upon the mind as that of which we mainly learn the history and moral condition from the relics of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the satires of Persius and Juvenal, the epigrams of Martial, and the

terrible records of Tacitus, Suetonius, and Dion Cassius? And yet even beneath this lowest deep, there is a lower deep; for not even on their dark pages are the depths of Satan so shamelessly laid bare to human gaze as they are in the sordid fictions of Petronius and of Apuleius. But to dwell upon the crimes and the retributive misery of that period is happily not my duty. I need but make a passing allusion to its enormous wealth; its unbounded self-indulgence; its coarse and tasteless luxury; its greedy avarice; its sense of insecurity and terror; its apathy, debauchery, and cruelty; its hopeless fatalism; its unspeakable sadness and weariness; its strange extravagances alike of infidelity and of superstition.

At the lowest extreme of the social scale were millions of slaves, without family, without religion, without possessions, who had no recognized rights, and towards whom none had any recognized duties, passing normally from a childhood of degradation to a manhood of hardship, and an old age of unpitied neglect. Only a little above the slaves stood the lower classes, who formed the vast majority of the free-born inhabitants of the Roman Empire. They were, for the most part, beggars and idlers, familiar with the grossest indignities of an unscrupulous dependence. Despising a life of honest industry, they asked only for bread and the games of the circus, and were ready to support any government, even the most despotic, if it would supply these needs. They spent their mornings in lounging about the Forum, or in dancing attendance at the levees of patrons, for a share in whose largesses they daily struggled. They spent their afternoons and evenings in gossiping at the Public Baths, in listlessly enjoying the polluted plays of the theater, or looking with fierce thrills of delighted horror at the bloody sports of the arena. At night they crept up to their miserable garrets in the sixth and seventh stories of the huge *insulæ* — the lodging-houses of Rome — into which, as into the low lodging-houses of the poorer quarters of London, there drifted all that was most wretched and most vile. Their life, as it is described for us by their contemporaries, was largely made up of squalor, misery, and vice.

Immeasurably removed from these needy and greedy freemen, and living chiefly amid crowds of corrupted and obsequious slaves, stood the constantly diminishing throng of the wealthy

and the noble. Every age in its decline has exhibited the spectacle of selfish luxury side by side with abject poverty; of —

"Wealth, a monster gorged
Mid starving populations": —

but nowhere, and at no period, were these contrasts so startling as they were in Imperial Rome. There a whole population might be trembling lest they should be starved by the delay of an Alexandrian corn-ship, while the upper classes were squandering a fortune at a single banquet, drinking out of myrrhine and jeweled vases worth hundreds of pounds, and feasting on the brains of peacocks and the tongues of nightingales. As a consequence, disease was rife, men were short-lived, and even women became liable to gout. Over a large part of Italy most of the free-born population had to content themselves, even in winter, with a tunic, and the luxury of the toga was reserved only, by way of honor, to the corpse. Yet at this very time the dress of Roman ladies displayed an unheard-of splendor. The elder Pliny tells us that he himself saw Lollia Paulina dressed for a betrothal feast in a robe entirely covered with pearls and emeralds, which had cost forty million sesterces, and which was known to be less costly than some of her other dresses. Gluttony, caprice, extravagance, ostentation, impurity, rioted in the heart of a society which knew of no other means by which to break the monotony of its weariness, or alleviate the anguish of its despair.

"On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.
In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad in furious guise
Along the Appian Way;
He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crowned his hair with flowers —
No easier nor no quicker past
The impracticable hours."

At the summit of the whole decaying system — necessary, yet detested — elevated indefinitely above the very highest, yet living

in dread of the very lowest, oppressing a population which he terrified, and terrified by the population which he oppressed — was an Emperor, raised to the divinest pinnacle of autocracy, yet conscious that his life hung upon a thread; — an Emperor who, in the terrible phrase of Gibbon, was at once a priest, an atheist, and a god.

The general condition of society was such as might have been expected from the existence of these elements. The Romans had entered on a stage of fatal degeneracy from the first day of their close intercourse with Greece. Greece learnt from Rome her cold-blooded cruelty; Rome learnt from Greece her voluptuous corruption. Family life among the Romans had once been a sacred thing, and for five hundred and twenty years divorce had been unknown among them. Under the Empire marriage had come to be regarded with disfavor and disdain. Women, as Seneca says, married in order to be divorced, and were divorced in order to marry; and noble Roman matrons counted the years not by the Consuls, but by their discarded or discarding husbands.

To have a family was regarded as a misfortune, because the childless were courted with extraordinary assiduity by crowds of fortune-hunters. When there were children in a family, their education was left to be begun under the tutelage of those slaves who were otherwise the most decrepit and useless, and was carried on, with results too fatally obvious, by supple, accomplished, and abandoned Greeklings. But, indeed, no system of education could have eradicated the influence of the domestic circle. No care could have prevented the sons and daughters of a wealthy family from catching the contagion of the vices of which they saw in their parents a constant and unblushing example.

Literature and art were infected with the prevalent degradation. Poetry sank in great measure into exaggerated satire, hollow declamation, or frivolous epigrams. Art was partly corrupted by the fondness for glare, expensiveness, and size, and partly sank into miserable triviality, or immoral prettinesses, such as those which decorated the walls of Pompeii in the first century, and the Parc aux Cerfs in the eighteenth. Greek statues of the days of Phidias were ruthlessly decapitated, that their heads

might be replaced by the scowling or imbecile features of a Gaius or a Claudius. Nero, professing to be a connoisseur, thought that he improved the Alexander of Lysimachus by gilding it from head to foot. Eloquence, deprived of every legitimate aim, and used almost solely for purposes of insincere display, was tempted to supply the lack of genuine fire by sonorous euphony and theatrical affectation. A training in rhetoric was now understood to be a training in the art of emphasis and verbiage, which was rarely used for any loftier purpose than to make sycophancy plausible, or to embellish sophistry with speciousness. The Drama, even in Horace's days, had degenerated into a vehicle for the exhibition of scenic splendor or ingenious machinery. Dignity, wit, pathos, were no longer expected on the stage, for the dramatist was eclipsed by the swordsman or the rope-dancer. The actors who absorbed the greatest part of popular favor were pantomimists, whose insolent prosperity was generally in direct proportion to the infamy of their character. And while the shamelessness of the theater corrupted the purity of all classes from the earliest age, the hearts of the multitude were made hard as the nether millstone with brutal insensibility, by the fury of the circus, the atrocities of the amphitheater, and the cruel orgies of the games. Augustus, in the document annexed to his will, mentioned that he had exhibited eight thousand gladiators and three thousand five hundred and ten wild beasts. The old warlike spirit of the Romans was dead among the gilded youth of families in which distinction of any kind was certain to bring down upon its most prominent members the murderous suspicion of irresponsible despots. The spirit which had once led the Domitii and the Fabii "to drink delight of battle with their peers" on the plains of Gaul and in the forests of Germany, was now satiated by gazing on criminals fighting for dear life with bears and tigers, or upon bands of gladiators who hacked each other to pieces on the encrimsoned sand. The languid enervation of the delicate and dissolute aristocrat could only be amused by magnificence and stimulated by grossness or by blood. Thus the gracious illusions by which true Art has ever aimed at purging the passions of terror and pity, were extinguished by the realism of tragedies ignobly horrible, and comedies intolerably base. Two phrases sum up the characteristics

of Roman civilization in the days of the Empire — heartless cruelty, and unfathomable corruption.

If there had been a refuge anywhere for the sentiments of outraged virtue and outraged humanity, we might have hoped to find it in the Senate, the members of which were heirs of so many noble and austere traditions. But — even in the days of Tiberius — the Senate, as Tacitus tells us, had rushed headlong into the most servile flattery, and this would not have been possible if its members had not been tainted by the prevalent deterioration. It was before the once grave and pure-minded senators of Rome — the greatness of whose state was founded on the sanctity of family relationships — that the Censor Metellus had declared in A.U.C. 602, without one dissentient murmur, that marriage could only be regarded as an intolerable necessity. Before that same Senate, at an earlier period, a leading consular had not scrupled to assert that there was scarcely one among them all who had not ordered one or more of his own infant children to be exposed to death. In the hearing of that same Senate in A.D. 59, not long before St. Paul wrote his letter to Philemon, C. Cassius Longinus had gravely argued that the only security for the life of masters was to put into execution the sanguinary Silanian law, which enacted that, if a master was murdered, every one of his slaves, however numerous, however notoriously innocent, should be indiscriminately massacred. It was the senators of Rome, who thronged forth to meet with adoring congratulations the miserable youth who came to them with his hands reeking with the blood of matricide. They offered thanksgivings to the gods for his worst cruelties, and obediently voted Divine honors to the dead infant, four months old, of the wife whom he afterwards killed with a brutal kick.

And what was the religion of a period which needed the sanctions and consolations of religion more deeply than any age since the world began? It is certain that the old Paganism was — except in country places — practically dead. The very fact that it was necessary to prop it up by the buttress of political interference shows how hollow and ruinous the structure of classic Polytheism had become. The decrees and reforms of Claudius were not likely to reassure the faith of an age which had wit-

nessed in contemptuous silence, or with frantic adulation, the assumption by Gaius of the attributes of deity after deity, had tolerated his insults against their sublimest objects of worship, and encouraged his claim to a living apotheosis. The upper classes were "destitute of faith, yet terrified at skepticism." They had long learnt to treat the current mythology as a mass of worthless fables, scarcely amusing enough for even a schoolboy's laughter, but they were the ready dupes of every wandering quack who chose to assume the character of a *mathematicus* or a *mage*. Their official religion was a decrepit Theogony; their real religion was a vague and credulous fatalism, which disbelieved in the existence of the gods, or held with Epicurus that they were careless of mankind. The mass of the populace either accorded to the old beliefs a nominal adherence which saved them the trouble of giving any thought to the matter, and reduced their creed and their morals to a survival of national habits; or else they plunged with eager curiosity into the crowd of foreign cults — among which a distorted Judaism took its place — such as made the Romans familiar with strange names like Sabazius and Anchialus, Agdistis, Isis, and the Syrian goddess. All men joined in the confession that "the oracles were dumb." It hardly needed the wail of mingled lamentations as of departing deities which swept over the astonished crew of the vessel off Palodes to assure the world that the reign of the gods of Hellas was over — that "Great Pan was dead."

Such are the scenes which we must witness, such are the sentiments with which we must become familiar, the moment that we turn away our eyes from the spectacle of the little Christian churches, composed chiefly as yet of slaves and artisans, who had been taught to imitate a Divine example of humility and sincerity, of purity and love. There were, indeed, a few among the Heathen who lived nobler lives, and professed a purer ideal than the Pagans around them. Here and there in the ranks of the philosophers a Demetrius, a Musonius Rufus, an Epictetus; here and there among Senators an Helvidius Priscus, a Pætus Thrasea, a Barea Soranus; here and there among literary men a Seneca or a Persius — showed that virtue was not yet extinct. But the Stoicism on which they leaned for support amid the terrors and temptations of that awful epoch utterly failed to

provide a remedy against the universal degradation. It aimed at cherishing an insensibility which gave no real comfort, and for which it offered no adequate motive. It aimed at repressing the passions by a violence so unnatural that with them it also crushed some of the gentlest and most elevating emotions. Its self-satisfaction and exclusiveness repelled the gentlest and sweetest natures from its communion. It made a vice of compassion, which Christianity inculcated as a virtue; it cherished a haughtiness which Christianity discouraged as a sin. It was unfit for the task of ameliorating mankind, because it looked on human nature in its normal aspects with contemptuous disgust. Its marked characteristic was a despairing sadness, which became specially prominent in its most sincere adherents. Its favorite theme was the glorification of suicide, which wiser moralists had severely reprobated, but which many Stoics belauded as the one sure refuge against oppression and outrage. It was a philosophy which was indeed able to lacerate the heart with a righteous indignation against the crimes and follies of mankind, but which vainly strove to resist, and which scarcely even hoped to stem, the ever swelling tide of vice and misery. For wretchedness it had no pity; on vice it looked with impotent disdain. Thrasea was regarded as an antique hero for walking out of the Senate-house during the discussion of some decree which involved a servility more than usually revolting. He gradually drove his few admirers to the conviction that, even for those who had every advantage of rank and wealth, nothing was possible but a life of crushing sorrow ended by a death of complete despair. St. Paul and St. Peter, on the other hand, were at the very same epoch teaching in the same city, to a few Jewish hucksters and a few Gentile slaves, a doctrine so full of hope and brightness that letters, written in a prison with torture and death in view, read like idylls of serene happiness and pæans of triumphant joy. The graves of these poor sufferers, hid from the public eye, in the catacombs, were decorated with an art, rude indeed, yet so triumphant as to make their subterranean squalor radiant with emblems of all that is brightest and most poetic in the happiness of man. While the glimmering taper of the Stoics was burning pale, as though amid the vapors of a charnel-house, the torch of Life upheld by the hands of the Tarsian tent-maker

and the Galilæan fisherman had flashed from Damascus to Antioch, from Antioch to Athens, from Athens to Corinth, from Corinth to Ephesus, from Ephesus to Rome.

FRANÇOIS DE LA MOTHE FÉNELON

François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon. Born August 6, 1651, in the château of Fénelon, province of Périgord, France; died at Chambrai, January 17, 1715. Educated at Plessis College, Paris, he entered the seminary of St. Sulpice and became an ardent ecclesiastic of breadth and power, eventually attaining the bishopric of Chambrai. His works were voluminous, including such subjects as theology, philosophy, history, literature, and oratory.

His "Telemachus" was regarded as a satire on the French court, so that he was forced to retire from public prominence and spend the remainder of his life in pious benevolence in his see.

(From "Telemachus")

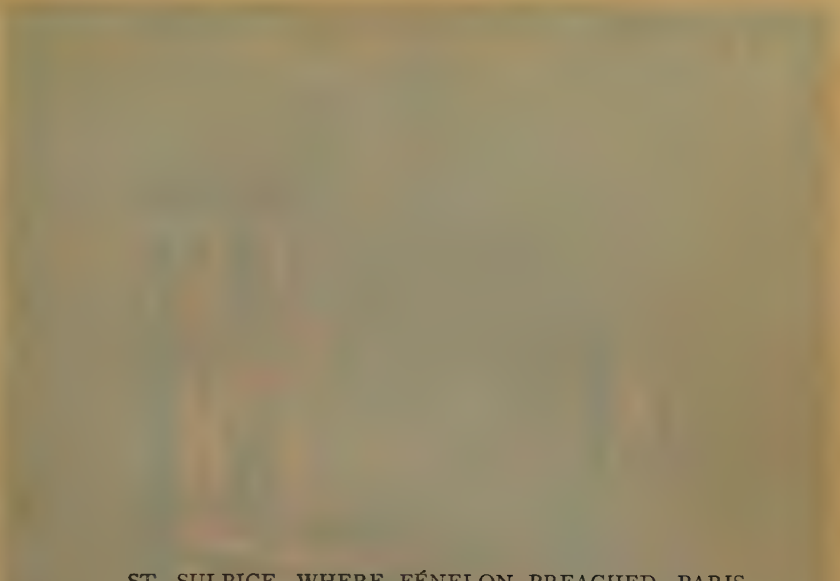
When Telemachus had concluded the relation of his adventures, the nymphs, whose eyes had till then been immovably fixed upon him, looked at each other with a mixture of astonishment and delight. "What men," said they, "are these! In the fortunes of whom else would the gods have taken part? and of whom else could such wonders have been related? Ulysses is already surpassed in eloquence, in wisdom, and in courage, by his son. What an aspect! what manly beauty! what a mixture of dignity and complacence, of firmness and modesty! If he was not known to be born of a mortal, he might easily be mistaken for a god, for Bacchus, for Mercury, or, perhaps, even for Apollo himself! But who is this Mentor? his first appearance is that of a man obscurely born, and of a mean condition; but when he is examined with attention, something inexpressible is discovered, something that is more than mortal!"

Calypso heard these exclamations with a confusion she could not hide; and her eyes were incessantly glancing from Mentor

to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor: she was often about to request a repetition of the story to which she had listened with so much delight, and as often suppressed her desire. At length, she rose hastily from her seat; and, taking Telemachus with her, retired to a neighboring grove of myrtle, where she labored, with all her art, to learn from him, whether Mentor was not a deity, concealed under human form: it was not, however, in the power of Telemachus to satisfy her curiosity; for Minerva, who accompanied him in the likeness of Mentor, thought him too young to be trusted with the secret, and made the confidant of her designs: she was, besides, desirous to prove him in the greatest dangers; and no fortitude would have been necessary to sustain him against any evil, however dreadful and however near, if he had known himself to be under the immediate protection of Minerva. As Telemachus, therefore, mistook his divine companion for Mentor, all the artifices of Calypso to discover what she wished to know, were ineffectual.

In the meantime, the nymphs who had been left with Mentor, gathered round him, and amused themselves by asking him questions: one inquired the particulars of his journey into Ethiopia, another desired to know what he had seen at Damascus, and a third asked him, whether he had known Ulysses before the siege of Troy. Mentor answered them all with complacence and affability; and, though he used no studied ornaments of speech, yet his expression was not only significant, but graceful. The return of Calypso soon put an end to this conversation: her nymphs then began to gather flowers, and to sing for the amusement of Telemachus; and she took Mentor aside, that she might, if possible, discover who he was, from his own discourse.

The words of Calypso were wont to steal upon the heart, as sleep steals upon the eyes of the weary, with a sweet and gentle, though irresistible influence: but, in Mentor, there was something which defeated her eloquence, and eluded her beauty; something as much superior to the power of Calypso, as the rock, that hides its foundation in the center, and its summit in the clouds, is superior to the wind that beats against it. He stood immovable in the purposes of his own wisdom, and suffered the goddess to exert all her arts against him, with the



ST. SULPICE, WHERE FÉNELON PREACHED, PARIS

utmost indifference and security: sometimes he would let her deceive herself, with the hope of having embarrassed him by her questions, and betrayed him into the involuntary discovery of himself; but just as she thought her curiosity was on the point of being gratified, her expectations were suddenly disappointed, all her conjectures were overthrown, and by some short and unexpected answer, she was again overwhelmed in perplexity and doubt.

In this manner Calypso passed one day after another; sometimes endeavoring to gain the heart of Telemachus by flattery, and sometimes laboring to alienate him from Mentor, of whom she no longer hoped to obtain the intelligence she desired. She employed the most beautiful of her nymphs to inflame the breast of the young hero with desire; and she was assisted in her designs against him by a deity, whose power was superior to her own.

Venus burned with resentment against Mentor and Telemachus, for having treated the worship she received at Cyprus with disdain; and their escape from the tempest, which had been raised against them by Neptune, filled her breast with indignation and grief; she, therefore, complained of her disappointment and her wrongs to Jupiter, and from his superior power she hoped more effectual redress. But the Father of the Gods only smiled at her complaint; and, without acquainting her that Telemachus had been preserved by Minerva in the likeness of Mentor, he left her at liberty to gratify her resentment as she could. The goddess immediately quitted Olympus; and thoughtless of all the rich perfumes that were rising from her altars at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos, mounted her chariot, and called her son: the grief which was diffused over her countenance rather increased than diminished her beauty, and she addressed the god of love in these terms: "Who, my son, shall henceforth burn incense upon our altars, if those, who despise our power, escape unpunished? The wretches, who have thus offended with impunity, are before thee; make haste, therefore, to secure our honor, and let thy arrows pierce them to the heart: go down with me to that island, and I will speak to Calypso." The Goddess shook the reins as she spoke; and, gliding through the air, surrounded by a cloud which the sun

had tinged with a golden hue, she presented herself before Calypso, who was sitting pensive and alone by the side of a fountain, at some distance from her grotto.

"Unhappy Goddess!" said she; "thou hast already been despised and deserted by Ulysses, whom the ties, not only of love, but of gratitude, should have bound to thee; and the son, yet more obdurate than the father, is now preparing to repeat the insult. But Love is come, in person, to avenge thee: I will leave him with thee; and he shall remain among the nymphs of this island, as Bacchus did once among those of the island of Naxos, who cherished him in his infancy. Telemachus will regard him, not as a deity, but as a child; and not being upon his guard against him, will be soon sensible of his power." The Queen of Beauty then turning from Calypso, reascended to Olympus, in the golden cloud from which she had alighted upon the earth; and left behind her a train of celestial fragrance, which, expanding by degrees, filled all the groves of Calypso with perfume.

Cupid remained in the arms of Calypso; and, though she was herself a Deity, yet she felt his fires diffused in her breast. It happened that a nymph, whose name was Eucharis, was now near her; and Calypso put the boy in her arms. This was a present relief; but, alas! it was purchased too dear. The boy seemed at first to be harmless, gentle, lovely, and engaging: his playful caresses, and perpetual smiles, might well have persuaded all about him, that he was born only to delight; but the moment the heart is opened to his endearments, it feels that they have a malignant power. He is, beyond conception, deceitful and malicious; his caresses have no view, but to betray; and his smiles have no cause, but the mischiefs that he has perpetrated, or that he meditates. But, with all his power, and all his subtilty, he did not dare to approach Mentor: in Mentor, there was a severity of virtue, that intimidated and kept him at a distance; he knew also, by a secret sensation, that this inscrutable stranger could not be wounded by his arrows. The nymphs, indeed, were soon sensible of his power; but the wound which they could not cure, they were very careful to conceal.

In the meantime, Telemachus, who saw the boy playing

sometimes with one of these nymphs, and sometimes with another, was surprised at his sweetness and beauty; he sometimes pressed him to his bosom, sometimes set him on his knee, and frequently took him in his arms. It was not long before he became sensible of a certain disquietude, of which he could not discover the cause; and the more he endeavored to remove it by innocent amusements, the more restless and enervated he grew. He observed to Mentor, that the nymphs of Calypso were very different from the women they had seen in the island of Cyprus, whose indecent behavior rendered them disgusting in spite of their charms: "In these immortal beauties," says he, "there is an innocence, a modesty, a simplicity, which it is impossible not to admire and love." The youth blushed as he spoke, though he knew not why; he could neither forbear speaking, nor go on with his discourse, which was interrupted and incoherent, always obscure, and sometimes quite unintelligible. "O, Telemachus," said Mentor, "the dangers to which you were exposed in the isle of Cyprus, were nothing in comparison of those which you do not now suspect. As vice, when it is undisguised, never fails to excite horror; we are alarmed at the wanton, who has thrown off all restraint: but our danger is much greater, when the appearance of modesty remains; we then persuade ourselves, that virtue only has excited our love, and give ourselves up to a deceitful passion, of which beauty is, indeed, the object; and which we seldom learn to distrust, till it is too strong to be subdued. Fly, therefore, my dear Telemachus, from these fatal beauties, who appear to be virtuous, only that they may deceive the confidence they raise; fly from the dangers to which you are here exposed by your youth: but, above all, fly from this boy, whom you do not dread, only because you do not know him. This boy is Cupid, whom his mother has brought into this island, to punish us for treating her worship at Cyprus with contempt: he has already pierced the heart of *Calypso*, who is enamored of you; he has inflamed all the beauties of her train; and his fires have reached even thy breast, O unhappy youth! although thou knowest it not!" Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, during this admonition; "Why," said he, "should we not continue in this island? Ulysses is no longer a sojourner upon the earth; he has, without doubt,

been long buried in the deep, and Penelope, after waiting in vain, not only for his return, but for mine, must have yielded to the importunities of some fortunate suitor, among the number that surrounds her; especially as it can scarce be supposed, but that her father Icarus must have exerted his parental authority, to oblige her to accept another husband. For what, then, can I return to Ithaca, but to see her disgraced by a new alliance; and be witness to the violation of that truth, which she plighted to my father? and if Penelope has thus forgotten Ulysses, it cannot be thought that he is remembered by the people: neither, indeed, can we hope to get alive into the island; for her suitors will certainly have placed, at every port, a band of ruffians, sufficient to cut us off at our return." "All that you have said," replied Mentor, "is only another proof that you are under the influence of a foolish and fatal passion. You labor with great subtilty to find every argument that can favor it, and to avoid all those by which it would be condemned; you are ingenious only to deceive yourself, and to secure forbidden pleasures from the intrusion of remorse. Have you forgot that the gods themselves have interposed to favor your return? Was not your escape from Sicily supernatural? were not the misfortunes that you suffered in Egypt converted into sudden and unexpected prosperity? and were not the dangers which threatened you at Tyre averted by an invisible hand? Is it possible, that, after so many miracles, you should still doubt to what end you have been preserved? But why do I remonstrate! Of the good fortune which was designed for thee, thou art unworthy! As for myself, I make no doubt but I shall find means to quit this island; and if here thou art determined to stay, here am I determined to leave thee. In this place, let the degenerate son of the great Ulysses hide himself, among women, in the shameful obscurity of voluptuousness and sloth; and stoop, even in spite of Heaven, to that which his father disdained."

This reproach, so forcible and so keen, pierced Telemachus to the heart; he was melted with tenderness and grief; but his grief was mingled with shame, and his shame with fear. He dreaded the resentment of Mentor; and the loss of that companion, to whose sagacity and kindness he was so much indebted: but, at the same time, the passion, which had just

taken possession of his breast, and to which he was himself a stranger, made him still tenacious of his purpose. "What!" said he to Mentor, with tears in his eyes, "do you reckon as nothing, that immortality which I may now share with Calypso?" "I hold as nothing," replied Mentor, "all that is contrary to the dictates of virtue, and to the commands of Heaven. Virtue now calls you back to your country, to Ulysses, and to Penelope; virtue forbids you to give up your heart to an unworthy passion; and the Gods, who have delivered you from so many dangers, that your name might not be less illustrious than that of Ulysses, command you to quit this island, where only the tyranny of love could detain you; a tyranny, which, to resist, is to subdue; and which, therefore, it is infamous to suffer. Immortality! alas, what is immortality without liberty, without virtue, and without honor? is it not a state of misery, without hope; still more deplorable, as it can never end?"

To this expostulation, Telemachus replied only by sighs. Sometimes he almost wished that Mentor would force him from the island, in spite of himself; sometimes he was impatient to be left behind, that he might be at liberty to gratify his wishes, without fearing to be reproached for his weakness: a thousand different wishes and desires maintained a perpetual conflict in his breast, and were predominant by turns; his mind, therefore, was in a state of tumult and fluctuation, like the sea, when it is at once urged by different winds of equal force. Sometimes he threw himself on the ground near the sea, and remained all along extended motionless on the beach: sometimes he hid himself in the gloomy recesses of a wood, where he wept in secret, and uttered loud and passionate complaints: his body was emaciated, and his eyes were grown hollow and eager; he was pale and dejected, and in every respect so much altered, as scarcely to be known: his beauty, sprightliness, and vigor, had forsaken him; all the grace and dignity of his deportment were lost; and life itself suffered by a swift and silent decay. As a flower blows in the morning, fills the air with fragrance, and then gradually fades at the approach of night, loses the vivid brightness of its colors, droops, withers, and at length falls with its own weight; so, the son of Ulysses was sinking insensibly into the grave.

Mentor, perceiving that all his virtue and resolution was irresistibly borne down by the violence of his passion, had recourse to an artifice, which he hoped might preserve him from its most pernicious effects. He had remarked, that Calypso was enamored of Telemachus, and Telemachus of Eucharis; for as Cupid is always busy to give pain under the appearance of pleasure, it seldom happens, that, by those whom we love, we are beloved again: he, therefore, resolved to make Calypso jealous; and it having been agreed between Eucharis and Telemachus, that they would go out together a-hunting, Mentor took that opportunity to alarm her. "I have observed," said he, "that Telemachus has of late been more fond of the chase, than I ever knew him before; he seems now to take pleasure in nothing else; and is in love only with mountains and forests. Is the chase also thy favorite pleasure, O Goddess? and has he caught this ardor from thee?" Calypso was so stung by this question, that she could neither dissemble her emotion, nor hide the cause. "This Telemachus," said she, "whose heroic virtue despised the pleasures that were offered him in the isle of Cyprus, has not been able to withstand the charms of one of my nymphs, who is not remarkable for beauty. How did he dare to boast of having achieved so many wonders! a wretch, whom luxury has rendered sordid and effeminate, and who seems to have been intended by nature for a life of indolence and obscurity among women!" Mentor observed, with pleasure, that Calypso suffered great anguish from her jealousy; and, therefore, said nothing more to inflame it at that time, lest she should suspect his design: but he assumed a look that expressed dejection and concern. The goddess discovered, without reserve, her uneasiness at all that she saw, and incessantly entertained him with new complaints: the hunting match, to which Mentor had called her attention, exasperated her beyond all bounds; for she knew that Telemachus had nothing in view, but to draw Eucharis from the rest of her nymphs, that he might speak to her in private. A second hunting match was proposed soon afterwards, and Calypso knew that it was intended for the same purpose as the first; which being determined to disappoint, she declared that she would be of the party; but her emotion being too violent to be

concealed, she suddenly broke out into this reproachful expostulation: "Is it thus, then, presumptuous boy! that thou hast made my dominions an asylum for the resentment of Neptune, and the righteous vengeance of the Gods? Hast thou entered this island, which mortals are forbidden to approach, only to defy my power, and despise my love? Hear me, ye Gods of the celestial and the infernal world! let the sufferings of an injured deity awaken your vengeance! overtake this perfidious, this ungrateful, this impious mortal with swift destruction! Since thy obduracy and injustice are greater than thy father's, may thy sufferings also be longer and more severe; may thy country be forever hidden from thy eyes, that wretched, that despicable country, which, in the folly of thy presumption, thou hast, without a blush, preferred to immortality with me! or rather, mayst thou perish, when in the distant horizon it first rises before thee; mayst thou then, plunged in the deep, be driven back, the sport of the waves, and cast, lifeless, upon these sands, which shall deny thee burial! May my eyes see the vultures devour thee! they shall see them; and she whom thou lovest, shall see them also; she shall see them with despair and anguish, and her misery shall be my delight!"

While Calypso was thus speaking, her whole countenance was suffused with rage; there was a gloomy fierceness in her looks, which continually hurried from one object to another; her lips trembled, a livid circle surrounded them, and her color, which was sometimes pale as death, changed every moment; her tears, which she had been used to shed in great plenty, now ceased to flow, as if despair and rage had dried up their source; and her voice was hoarse, tremulous, and interrupted. Mentor remarked all the changes of her emotion, but said nothing more to Telemachus: he treated him as a man infected with an incurable disease, to whom it was in vain to administer remedies; but he frequently regarded him with a look that strongly expressed his compassion.

Telemachus was sensible of his weakness, and conscious that he was unworthy the friendship of Mentor: he kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, not daring to look up, lest he should meet those of his monitor, by whose very silence he was condemned: he was often ready to throw himself upon his neck,

and at once to confess and renounce his folly; but he was sometimes restrained by a false shame, and sometimes by a consciousness that his profession would not be sincere; and a secret fondness for a situation, which, though he knew to be dangerous, was yet so pleasing, that he could not resolve to quit it.

In the meantime, the deities, assembled upon Olympus, kept their eyes fixed, in silent suspense, upon the island of Calypso, to see the issue of this contest between Venus and Minerva. Cupid, who, like a playful child, had been caressed by all the nymphs in their turns, had set every breast on fire; Minerva, under the form of Mentor, had availed herself of that jealousy which is inseparable from love, to preclude its effects; and Jupiter resolved to sit neuter between them.

Eucharis, who feared that Telemachus might escape from her chains, practised a thousand arts to detain him: she was now ready to go out with him to the second chase, as had been agreed upon between them, and had dressed herself like Diana; and the Deities of love and beauty had, by a mutual effort, improved her charms, which were now superior even to those of Calypso. Calypso beheld her at a distance; and seeing her own reflection also in a fountain near which she stood, the comparison filled her with grief and shame; she hid herself in the innermost recess of her grotto, and gave herself up to these reflections: "I have then vainly endeavored to interrupt the pleasure of these lovers, by declaring that I would go with them to the chase: shall I still go? alas, shall I be a foil to her beauties? shall I increase her triumph and his passion? Wretch that I am, what have I done! I will not go; nor shall they: I know well how to prevent them. If I entreat Mentor to quit the island with his friend, he will immediately conduct him to Ithaca. But what do I say! when Telemachus is departed, what will become of Calypso! Where am I! what shall I do! O cruel Venus! O Venus, thou hast deceived me; thou hast betrayed me with a fatal gift! Pernicious boy! I opened my heart to thee, seduced by the pleasing hope that thou wouldst introduce felicity; but thou hast perfidiously filled it with anguish and despair. My nymphs have combined against me; and my divinity serves only to perpetuate my sufferings. O that

I could put an end to my being and my sufferings together! But I cannot die; and, therefore, Telemachus, thou shalt not live! I will revenge myself of thy ingratitude; the nymph, who is the partner of thy crime, shall be the witness of thy punishment: and, in her presence, will I strike thee to the heart. But I rave: O unhappy Calypso! what wouldst thou do? wouldst thou destroy the guiltless youth, whom thou hast already made wretched? It is I that have kindled, in the chaste bosom of Telemachus, a guilty flame: how pure was his innocence, and how uniform his virtue; how noble his detestation of vice, how heroic his disdain of inglorious pleasure! Why did I taint so immaculate a breast? He would have left me, alas! and must he not leave me now? or, since he lives but for my rival, if he stays, must he not stay only to despise me? But I have merited the misery that I suffer! Go then, Telemachus! again let the seas divide us; go, and leave Calypso without consolation, unable to sustain the burden of life, unable to lay it down in the grave! leave me, without consolation, overwhelmed with shame and despoiled of hope; the victim of remorse, and the scorn of Eucharis!"

Thus she sighed alone in the obscurity of her grotto; but, the next moment, starting suddenly from her seat, she ran out with a furious impetuosity. "Where art thou, Mentor?" says she, "is it thus that thy wisdom sustains Telemachus against the mischief that is even now ready to overwhelm him? thou sleepest while Love is vigilant against thee. I can bear this slothful indifference no longer: wilt thou always see the son of the great Ulysses dishonor his birth, and forego the advantages of his fortune, with this negligent tranquillity? It is to thy care, and not mine, that his friends have committed him; wilt thou, then, sit idle, while I am busy for his preservation? The remotest part of this forest abounds in tall poplars, of which a commodious vessel may easily be built: in that place, Ulysses himself built the vessel, in which he set sail from this island; and, in that place, you will find a deep cave which contains all the implements that are necessary for the work." She had no sooner given Mentor this intelligence, than she repented of it; but he lost not a moment to improve it: he hasted immediately to the cave, found the implements, felled the trees, and

in one day constructed a vessel fit for the sea; for, to Minerva, a short time was sufficient for a great work.

Calypso, in the meantime, suffered the most tormenting anxiety and suspense: she was at the same time impatient to know what Mentor would do in consequence of her information; and unable to bear the thought of leaving Telemachus and Eucharis at full liberty, by quitting the chase. Her jealousy would not permit her to lose sight of the lovers: and therefore, she contrived to lead the hunters towards that part of the forest, where she supposed Mentor would be at work: she soon thought she heard the strokes of the ax and the mallet; she listened, and every blow that she heard made her tremble; yet she was distracted, in the very moment of attention, by her fears, that some amorous intimation, some sign, or some glance, between Telemachus and Eucharis, might escape her notice.

Eucharis, at the same time, thought fit to rally her lover: "Are not you afraid," says she, "that Mentor will chide you for going to the chase without him: what a pity it is, that you have so severe a master! he has an austerity that nothing can soften; he affects to despise pleasure himself, and therefore interdicts it to you, not excepting even the most innocent amusements. It might, indeed, be proper for you to submit to his direction, before you were able to govern yourself; but after you have given such proofs of wisdom, you ought no longer to suffer yourself to be treated like a child."

This subtle reproach stung Telemachus to the heart; he felt a secret indignation against Mentor, and an impatient desire to throw off his yoke: yet he was still afraid to see him; and his mind was in such agitation, that he made the nymph no reply. The hunt, during which all parties had felt equal constraint and uneasiness, being now over, they returned home by that part of the forest where Mentor had been all day at work: Calypso saw the vessel finished at a distance, and a thick cloud, like the shades of death, fell instantly upon her eyes; her knees trembled, she was covered with a cold sweat, and obliged to support herself by leaning on the nymphs that surrounded her, among whom Eucharis pressing to assist her, she pushed her back with a frown of indignation and disdain.

Telemachus, who saw the vessel, but not Mentor, who had

finished his work and was retired, asked Calypso to whom it belonged, and for what purpose it was intended: she could not answer him immediately; but at length she told him, it was to send away Mentor whom she had directed to build it for that purpose: "You," said she, "shall be no longer distressed by the austerity of that severe censor, who opposes your happiness, and would become jealous of your immortality." "To send away Mentor!" said Telemachus; "if he forsakes me, I am undone: if he forsakes me, whom shall I have left, Eucharis, but thee?" Thus, in the unguarded moment of surprise and love, the secret escaped him in words, which his heart prompted, and of which he did not consider the import: he discovered his indiscretion, the moment it was too late; the whole company were struck dumb with confusion; Eucharis blushed, and fixing her eyes upon the ground, stood behind the crowd, not daring to appear: but though shame glowed upon her cheek, yet joy revelled at her heart. Telemachus so far lost his recollection, that he scarce knew what he had done; the whole appeared to him like a dream; but it was like a dream of confusion and trouble.

Calypso instantly quitted the place; and, transported with rage, made her way through the forest with a hasty and disordered pace, following no track, and not knowing whither she was going: at length, however, she found herself at the entrance of her grotto, where Mentor was awaiting her return. "Begone," said she, "from this island, O stranger, who art come hither only to interrupt my peace! Begone, thou hoary dotard, with that infatuated boy! and be assured, that, if he is found another hour within my dominions, thou shalt know the power of a deity to punish. I will see him no more; nor will I suffer my nymphs to have any farther intercourse with him: this I swear by the waters of Styx, an oath at which the inhabitants of eternity tremble! But thou, Telemachus, shalt know that thy sufferings are yet but begun. I dismiss thee from this island; but it is only to new misfortunes: I will be revenged, and thou shalt regret the abuse of my bounty in vain. Neptune still resents the injury which he received from thy father in Sicily; and, solicited by Venus, whose worship thou hast since despised in the isle of Cyprus, he is now preparing to excite

new tempests against thee. Thou shalt see thy father, who is not dead; but, when thou seest him, thou shalt not know him: and though thou shalt meet him in Ithaca, thou shalt first suffer the severest persecutions of fortune. Begone! I conjure the celestial deities to revenge me! Mayst thou be suspended in the middle of the deep, by the crag of some solitary and naked rock! There may the thunder strike thee from above; and there mayst thou invoke Calypso, who shall scorn thy repentance, and enjoy thy punishment!" But the rage of Calypso evaporated with the very breath that expressed it, and the desire of retaining Telemachus revived in her bosom. "Let him live," said she to herself, "and let him live here! perhaps, in time, he will learn to set a just value upon my friendship; and reflect, that Eucharis has no immortality to bestow. But, alas! I have ensnared myself by an inviolable oath; it has bound me with everlasting bonds; and the irremeable waters of Styx, by which I have sworn, preclude forever the return of hope!" While these thoughts passed silently in her bosom, the characteristics of all the furies were impressed upon her countenance, and all the pestilential vapors of Cocytus seemed to exhale from her heart.

Her whole appearance struck Telemachus with horror; she instantly perceived it, for what is hidden from the perspicacity of love? and the discovery added new violence to her frenzy. She suddenly started away from the place where she stood, with all the fury that inspires the votaries of Bacchus, when their shouts echo from the mountains of Thrace; she rushed into the woods with a javelin in her hand, calling all her nymphs to follow her, and threatening to pierce those who should stay behind: terrified at this menace, they thronged round her; and Eucharis among the rest, her eyes swimming in tears, and her last look directed to Telemachus, to whom she did not dare to speak. The goddess trembled when she approached her; and was so far from being softened by her submission, that she burned with new rage, when she perceived that affliction itself only heightened her beauty.

Telemachus was now left alone with Mentor; and, after a short interval of silence and confusion, he threw himself on the ground, and embraced his knees: he knew not what he ought

to do, what he did, or what he would do: but at length he cried out, "O more than father! O Mentor! deliver me from the evils that surround me. I can neither forsake nor follow you: deliver me from myself, put an end to my being."

Mentor embraced him, comforted, and encouraged him; and, without soothing his passion, reconciled him to life.

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

GUGLIELMO FERRERO. Born 1872. Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome." If Ferrero has not revolutionized the method of approaching ancient history, he has at least shown that the elder world resembled the modern in the underlying motives of life. Instead of looking from afar at Roman heroes and statesmen posing in statuesque attitudes, we behold them in his volumes near at hand, and find them not essentially unlike ourselves.

(The following selection, from "THE GREATNESS AND DECLINE OF ROME," is used by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, the publishers.)

EMPIRE BUILDING

MEANWHILE all over Italy the rapid progress of luxury went on unchecked. On his return from the East Lucullus had almost, if not absolutely, withdrawn from politics, and as though he felt that he had carried one great historic task to conclusion, set out to work with all his powers upon another. After having excited in his countrymen the passion and the daring for the indefinite extension of Empire, he was now teaching them, the unconscious possessors of the greatest treasure house in the world, how to employ the riches which he had placed in their hands. With an energy which seemed to grow rather than diminish with his years, the man who had lived till fifty in conditions of old-fashioned frugality, and had then, late in middle life, overrun the kingdoms and despoiled the treasures of two great Oriental monarchs, was now dazzling Italy with his display of Asiatic magnificence as he had formerly dazzled her with the risks and the romance of his campaigns.

Out of the spoils of Mithridates and Tigranes he constructed

on that part of the Pincian now called La Trinita dei Monti, between the Via Sistina, the Via Due Macelli, and the Via Capo le Case, a magnificent palace with halls, loggias, gardens, and libraries and embellished throughout with the finest works of art. He purchased the Island of Nisida and spent huge sums in turning it into a delightful summer resort. He built a villa at Baiæ, and bought vast estates at Frascati, where he employed a large number of Greek architects, in the construction, not of ordinary farm-houses, but of splendid mansions on each of the properties, with luxurious banqueting halls and every artistic embellishment. Here he invited all the learned and artistic Greeks of the day, together with troops of his personal friends, to sumptuous feasts prepared by the best cooks in Rome to satisfy the gluttony which was the one sensual indulgence that appealed to the veteran who had come to his enjoyments so late in life. Aphrodite herself never deigned to cross the threshold so impatiently thrown open to the ministrations of pleasure. As he sat installed at these magnificent repasts, the thought can surely never have crossed his mind that, while the glory of the policy, which he had conceived and initiated, was to fall almost entirely to a younger disciple, his own name would survive upon the lips of men associated only with the memories of luxurious entertainment; that posterity would forget that he had given Italy the cherry tree, and misconstrue the historic importance of his conquests, to linger and moralize in half-envious disgust over the prodigious Sybaritic hospitality of his dinners. And yet this strange mania for building and banqueting was itself but the sequel to the work which Lucullus had inaugurated in Pontus, when he ransacked its treasures and took captive its inhabitants. All that he had achieved in the East was one long protest against the simpler traditions of Italian life; and it was by a true if unconscious instinct that at the close of his life, on his return and retirement, he became the apostle of the civilization of the Hellenized Orient, with all its refinement and all its depravity.

Nor indeed was his teaching neglected by his countrymen. Society was being transformed with almost dizzy rapidity. The assimilation of Orientals into the Italian population, the special characteristic of the great imperialist era, was already far advanced. Never before had Italy been so crowded with slaves.

The conquests of the two Luculli and of Pompey, the continual warfare and raiding on the frontiers, and the familiar traffic in men sold by their creditors or kidnapped by the pirates, had already brought, and were still bringing, to Italy a vast multitude of men and women. They formed a strange and motley assortment. There were architects, engineers, doctors, painters, goldsmiths, weavers and metal-workers from Asia, singers and dancers from Syria, hucksters and fortune-tellers from Palestine, sellers of medicinal and poisonous herbs, shepherds from Gaul, Germany, Scythia, and Spain, all equally and indiscriminately dispersed among the houses of the upper and middle classes in Rome and Italy. Every one of these immigrants had been robbed of home and fortune by the stress of the struggle between man and man, and had been obliged, whether young or old, to begin his life over again.

Gradually, as time went on, a division of labor was formed in their ranks. Some refused to submit and were done away with by their masters. Some escaped from their captors and turned to brigandage and piracy, or were lost in the metropolis or on the roads of Italy, or met their death in a brawl or a rising or some natural accident. Others succumbed to disease or exhaustion, or were unable to survive the degradation of their state and the loss of all that was dear to them. In every great migration of the human family from one part of the earth to another, whether freely or forcibly undertaken, there are thousands of stragglers who fall thus by the way.

But these, after all, were but an insignificant minority. There still remained a large body of immigrants, including most of those drawn from the civilized lands of the East, who were skilful workers in the arts and slowly became acclimatized to the inhabitants and the conditions of their new country. As the memory of their home died out of their souls, they consented to acquire the language of their conquerors and taught them in their turn what they had to teach. Sometimes they were allowed to exercise their profession in a shop opened by their patron, partly for their own profit and partly for his. Sometimes they even obtained complete liberty on condition that they paid over to their patron a part of their earnings. They began to be regarded as the natural free workers of the community, who surrendered a

portion of their profits to their superiors to maintain upper and middle class Italians in a luxurious idleness. Their ranks were being continually swollen by recruits from below: for with the improvement in the relations between the slaves and their masters it became customary before long to grant liberty to faithful and skilled slaves after six years of servitude. Thus was formed the nucleus of a new freedman class, with definite rights in the Roman courts; for the laws regarding the moral and economic position of freedmen were gradually modified, as definite decisions were given upon particular cases which arose.

The slave immigrants found a ready outlet for their abilities in the engrossing speculations of their adopted countrymen. Many Italians bought skilled slaves with the object of using them to instruct their fellows; and there were upper and middle class households in Rome and throughout Italy which had become regular schools of arts and crafts. To take but one instance, a perfumer of Mithridates who had been the slave and then the freedman of a certain Lutatius, opened a shop at Rome, where he prepared his perfumes, no longer for the harem of an Eastern Sultan, but for the fashionable ladies of Rome. All over Italy in the houses of the rich and well-to-do there were slaves and freedmen acting as blacksmiths, carpenters, weavers, tapestry workers, master masons, painters, and upholsterers, who were employed for their owners and for an outside public whose necessities increased as the years went on. Out on the countryside the same process might be witnessed. Men who had started life as peasants in the Cyclades and Syria, were busy perfecting the cultivation of the vine and the olive, teaching improvements in the preparation of oil and wine and in the scientific raising and feeding of stock.

Thus among all classes of the Italian community there was an increasing variety and refinement of demand and a progressive specialization in the employments of skilled laborers and brain workers. The spread of education through the whole of the middle class provided openings for hundreds of rhetoricians and grammarians; the humble but hard-working profession of teaching was rapidly crowded with quick-witted freedmen. But this by no means exhausted the intellectual occupations. There was a large class of slaves living upon the ignorance and the

weaknesses of masters who had failed, or refused, to outgrow the old-fashioned Italian simplicity. The men among them became accountants, land-agents, major-domos, confidants, librarians, copyists, translators, secretaries, or intermediaries, while the women found open still easier pathways to becoming at once the servants and the rulers of their masters. The houses of politicians like Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar were miniature government offices where numberless freedmen and slaves from the East were engaged on their masters' work, organizing their festivals, answering their correspondence, and keeping up to date the ledgers, the lists of dependents, and the family archives.

Side by side with this enormous influx of immigrants from the provinces into Italy, there was a very large emigration of Italians into the newly annexed parts of the Empire. Just as small colonies of Englishmen and Germans are to be found at the present day in every corner of the world, so countless Italians had by now become established all over the Mediterranean basin, not only in Greece and in the province of Asia, but on the recently conquered coast-line of the Adriatic, as at Salona and Alessio, in Narbonese Gaul, in Spanish towns such as Cordova and Seville, at Utica, Hadrumetum and Thapsus in Africa, at Antioch and other towns in Syria, whither numerous adventurers and traders from Italy had followed in the wake of Pompey's army. These Italians engaged in the most manifold employments. They were contractors to the army, farmers of the taxes, dealers in slaves or the other produce of the country, managers, sub-managers or employees in big financial companies, agents of rich Italians who had lands or money invested in the provinces, landowners or occupiers of public land, and finally and most frequently, professional usurers. Leaving home, as a rule, utterly planless and penniless, whatever the corner of the Empire to which fortune had led them, these Italian settlers soon became living and integral portions of that single and spreading organism which was slowly drawing its tentacles over the whole coast-line of the Mediterranean. They organized themselves into clubs or associations regulated by statute, called *Conventus Civium Romanorum;* and they were the natural escort and Council of governors, who, despatched at short notice to an unknown country, always ended by becoming either their tools or

their accomplices. Thus they came to regard themselves as a select and limited aristocracy among the indigenous population, protected and privileged by their wealth, their rights as Roman citizens, and the patronage of the governors. Autocrats in their own small sphere, they despoiled and maltreated the natives and rode roughshod over the laws: though sometimes too they would leave records of a more benevolent régime. Thus the two great migrations of conquered and conquerors met and crossed face to face on the high roads of Empire, each moving foredoomed to a historic destiny; the one with its gaze toward the West, seeking service for a quick hand and a ready brain with the arts and the education, the wisdom and the depravity of the Orient: the other hastening Eastward to use and abuse all the powers of Empire, with arms and authority and riches, and the blind pride of a master who little knows what a future lies ambushed in the docility of his slaves.

But both, in their new homes, looked to the same metropolis; and Rome, the mother of conquerors, had changed with her children. The imperial metropolis still preserved a few landmarks of the old capital of Latium: venerable and unsightly temples of worm-eaten timber, patrician houses in the old Latin style, basilicas and monuments decorated with rude Etruscan terra-cottas. But the old order was passing, both in spirit and appearance. The modest provincial city, with its restricted working-class quarter and wide strips of field and grove pleasantly diversified by the little detached houses of the patricians, each with its small garden like an English cottage, was now everywhere outgrowing the old circuit of her walls. The disorder of the slums now encumbered and encroached upon the rich. The immense and towering lodging-houses, which formed the principal dwelling of the poor, were packed together in great numbers one against the other, fastened on to the slopes or raised upon the summits of the seven hills. The careful and almost monastic combination of instruction and example, of mutual supervision and discipline, which had taught the old Roman nobility to conquer the world by apprenticeship in the school of self-control and responsibility, had now long since become obsolete. Ambition and avarice and all the minions of Lust, Aphrodite and Dionysus, the nine Muses and the Philosophy of Greece, had

burst in upon the city like a troop of Bacchanals; and from Rome they had won their way through the Peninsula, filling men's hearts, wherever they passed by, with an unsatisfied longing for wealth and power and pleasure and knowledge. The proud and mighty Empire disdained to recall the obscurity of its origin, as the conqueror of Pontus, amid the splendid opulence which distracted his last years in his villa on the Pincian, just dimly remembered, as from some former existence, the austere young aristocrat who had gone to his first battle by the side of the great Sulla.

Yet reflection such as this would have availed but little. Contemporaries who had been at once spectators and actors in the great transformation spoke of it as a "corruption of ancient manners," as a disease inevitable from the frailty of mankind, whose amazing and ominous progress no foresight of statesmen could stay. But we, who have a longer and riper experience of human nature and history, can form a clearer and less clouded vision; across the gulf of intervening centuries the lamentation and invective of the ancients fall strangely familiar on our ears; and by listening faithfully to their echoes, and meditating on their meaning, we may penetrate at last to the very heart of their complaint. Only so shall we comprehend the true nature of Roman Imperialism.

When they spoke of "corruption," Roman writers were thinking of the upheaval occasioned in the aristocratic, agricultural, and military society of ancient Italy by the progress of Imperial expansion. The transformation which was thus brought about is analogous to that effected by the progress of industry in England and France during the nineteenth century, in North Italy and Germany since 1848, and in America between the days of Washington and Franklin and the time of the War of Secession. Almost identically the same effects which have been produced in these countries by the increase of wealth and the progress of industry were produced in ancient society by the extension of the Roman power over the whole of the Mediterranean basin.

The symptoms are almost too familiar to need recapitulation. An increasing percentage of the nation abandoned labor in the fields for commerce, money-lending, and speculation. Agriculture itself became an industry requiring capital and constantly

demanding speedier and more skilful methods. The expense of living, and the standard of comfort and luxury, went up in all classes of the community, and rose from generation to generation with progressive rapidity. There was an increase of the artisan population in all the cities and an increasing variety of professions in which it was employed. The old territorial nobility fell into decay, while the rich merchants and capitalists gradually developed into a powerful, numerous, and exclusive caste. The middle class grew steadily in wealth and independence. Education, once the luxury and prerogative of a small aristocracy, was eagerly sought after by its rivals from below, as an instrument for the acquisition of power and riches, and for the revival and adaptation to the needs of a new age of the ancient traditions in all departments of life, whether public or private, from law, education, and medicine, to agriculture, politics, and war. Money and brains became synonymous with power. Rome grew at the same rate as Paris and Berlin, New York and Milan, in the nineteenth century; and the widespread inclination for urban life was causing even the smaller towns to increase in size and improve in appearance.

Thus Italy was no longer a nation of thrifty and hard-working peasants, but the conqueror and usurer of the Mediterranean world. She was now a united and homogeneous community in which, with the exception of a few miserable outcasts, all ranks in the State, nobility, financiers, and merchants, had been drawn together into a single bourgeois class, living in ease and comfort on its invested capital: on the quick profits derived from Imperial expansion, and on the labor and services of multitudinous slaves, who worked in their fields, or looked after their houses, filled the intellectual professions, or engaged in commerce, administration, and politics. The suspense and depression which had provoked the disorders of the Catilinarian agitation had been removed by the vast treasure which Pompey and his men had brought back to the West, and by the taxes and exploitation of the newly conquered provinces. Once more precious metals were cheap and abundant; and trade and speculation were proportionately brisk.

And Italy, of course, bore marks of the change. All over the country the virgin forest was disappearing before the ax, and

the primitive farm-buildings, with which even the larger landowners had once been content, were being rapidly demolished. The hideous slave-shelters or compounds, with their gangs of forced laborers, vanished from the scene, together with the huge desolate tracts of pasture where they had spent their days, to be replaced by vineyards, olive groves, and orchards, now planted in all parts of the Peninsula. All round the great cities, there was a gay belt of villas and gardens, surrounded by larger estates on which the new slave immigrants contentedly cultivated the vine or the olive, or bred animals for the stable or transport, under the direction of a Greek or Oriental bailiff; while the countryside was dotted with the pleasant cottages of landlords, who farmed their own holdings with the help of a few slaves. The ancient townships of Italy, still engirdled with walls of Cyclopean masonry from the old days of incessant and ubiquitous warfare, hastening to don the adornments of a new era of peace, planned temples and squares, handsome basilicas and sumptuous palaces, to the designs and direction of Eastern architects. To match the changeless beauty of her sky and sea, Italy eagerly cast off her old barbaric trappings of corn and woodland for a more smiling vesture of vine and olive, fine cities and bright gardens, the gifts or the plunder of the bounteous East.

Italy was thus passing through the same period of rejuvenation as Europe and the United States at the present day. She was being transformed from a caste aristocracy of nobles and peasants into a homogeneous democracy of merchants and bourgeois. We might expect her then to encounter some of our characteristic modern problems by the way. And indeed we discover that she was faced with the same three torturing contradictions which baffle the wisdom of twentieth-century statesmanship. There is the contradiction between the sentiment of democracy and the unequal distribution of wealth; between elective institutions and the political indifference of the upper and middle classes; and lastly between the weakening of the military spirit and the heightening of the national pride, between ambitious dreams of war and conquest and the distaste among all classes for active fighting.

The decadence of the ancient nobility and the loosening of its control over the lower ranks of society: the growing pride

and independence and authority of the middle class, and the diffusion of education and political discussion: and the formation in the capital of a numerous intractable and irresponsible proletariat, meant the close of the old era of efficient if narrow-minded aristocratic administration, when the nobles monopolized the offices, sat together in the Senate House, and imposed their own harmonious will and policy upon a submissive Italy. The idea that government should be by the people and for the people, that politics were subject to the criticism of public opinion, that the State officials were not the masters but the servants and Ministers of the nation, had become as prevalent in Italy then as in twentieth-century Europe. And yet, as in Europe and the United States at the present time, the great bulk of the upper and middle classes took but a languid interest in public affairs; they preferred to spend their time upon commerce or agriculture, study or pleasure, and were unwilling to take part in political conflicts or accept official responsibilities, to suffer the hardships of military service or even the inconvenience of voting.

Yet these political anchorites and abstainers lived no idle or careless lives. It was they who painfully imported and planted the trees of the East on their native hills, who labored to increase and improve the vines, the olives, and the cattle of Italy, who studied and wrote on the philosophy of Greece, who acclimatized the arts and the industries of Asia, who reformed the architecture of temples, houses, and cities, and learnt to apply works of art in their decoration — who were the first, in short, to change an uncouth and agricultural country into what Italy has been for mankind ever since, a joy and admiration to generations of beholders. It is now sixteen centuries since the disappearance of the Roman Empire, and though in the pages of too many modern historians the mighty host of the workers lies concealed and contemned behind the dominant personality of a few soldiers and politicians, their work has lived after them. On the plains and hillsides of Italy to-day vineyards, orchards, and olive groves shake out to the wind the last surviving trophies of the world-conquest of Rome.

Yet these were the men who gave the death-blow to the ancient spirit of Roman citizenship, and allowed the elective insti-

tutions of the State to sink into the hands of the ambitious dilettanti and grasping adventurers who disputed for the suffrages, and controlled the organizations, of the Roman proletariat. For the proletariat was the only part of the population which was still passionately interested in its rulers; it found in politics a pleasant and gratuitous entertainment, as absorbing as the more expensive diversions of the rich; and eking out as it did a precarious livelihood on the margin of subsistence, it had the largest stake and interest in the policy of the State. To have no politics would for the Roman poor have meant to have no bread. It was their politics that supplied them with deep draughts of good wine and feasts of pork and thrushes on the big State holidays, with the easy and well-paid labor on public works or the excitements of the gladiatorial show, or the petty cash to gamble at dice or recoup them for an evening's pleasure.

Does not all this correspond, in however rudimentary a form, to the growing power enjoyed to-day in all States which have elective institutions by the Socialist party, drawing its recruits amongst the urban laborers, who stand in especial need of the protection of government? And is there not a suggestive parallel between the well-to-do public of Italy and our modern bourgeoisie, which, dispensing more easily with direct help from the State, distracted by its own private interests and occupations, enervated by the succession and variety of its pleasures, satisfied with the influential privileges of education and riches, and the helpless, if well-directed, criticisms of a congenial irritation, seems everywhere to be making a dignified withdrawal from the arena of politics? The political revolution of Cæsar's Consulship was only the last phase in a transformation which had long been taking place. In this department of his activity Cæsar may perhaps fitly be compared with a modern Socialist leader, or rather with a Tammany Boss in New York. Roman politics had become debased into an open and world-wide market for laws and appointments, kingdoms and provinces, exemptions and sinecures and the deals of financiers: a frenzied cockpit of intrigue and swindling, assassination and blackmail: the resort not only of the vilest and most violent of the men of the time, but of the corruptest and most insidious of the women: where, if any honest Roman strayed in by accident, he was

either speedily extinguished or as speedily became soiled with the contagion of his company.

But the new bourgeoisie was losing more than a mere interest in home intrigues and elections; it was forfeiting its old aptitude for a military life. The conquests of Lucullus and Pompey had afforded vast gratification to the Imperialist susceptibilities of the middle class; they had disseminated a sentiment bordering on adoration for Alexander the Great, together with the most fantastic dreams of world-wide domination. But the great majority of the arm-chair strategists who were ready to overrun the world in the footsteps of the great Macedonian, could not have endured a single day of genuine soldiering. The old law according to which all men from seventeen to forty-six were liable to military service was indeed still nominally in force; but merchants and capitalists, landlords and professional men, refused to suffer the interruption of their business or their pleasure by the inconsiderate obligations of military service; and the magistrates who were responsible for the levies now only enrolled volunteers. The arrangement worked not unlike the present system in England. Those who enlisted were generally men who had failed in every other town or country occupation, and gladly entered a profession in which they received the pay of two hundred and twenty-four *denarii* a year, and were not only fed and clothed, but had the chance of winning prize-money from their general or attaining the coveted position of centurion. It was only when there was a dearth of volunteers that the State used its authority of compulsion, and even then it drew its recruits exclusively from amongst the unemployed in the towns or from the free peasants and the smaller proprietors in the mountains, where some relics still survived of the old Roman fighting stock. Yet, even with these resources to draw upon, the ranks were not replenished. Italy was now almost wholly a nation of money-makers and pleasure-seekers; and although the numbers in the armies were comparatively small, it was soon found impossible to maintain them at full strength with Italian recruits. Thus the military organization was gradually extended. It became necessary to keep the soldiers a great many years under arms, and to admit recruits from amongst the more primitive Latins of Cisalpine Gaul, where the original Celtic population had mixed with immigrants from Italy

to form a class of moderate proprietors, who still preserved the large families, the simple manners and morals, and the adventurous temperament, which had beaten back Hannibal six generations before. Indeed, within the very next decade, we shall find the recruiting sergeants of the Republic withdrawing in despair from Southern and Central Italy and trusting to the Po Valley to fill the gaps in their ranks.

Yet from time to time, as in present-day Europe, black storm-clouds of anger would beat up suddenly from the horizon to lash the stagnant waters of civic indifference; and the unsuspected passion of an apathetic electorate would surprise and overwhelm the proud coalitions and their chiefs. The unkingly usurpers, who feared neither the gods in Heaven nor any lord on earth, sat trembling on their thrones before the invisible authority of general opinion, before the pent and gathering indignation of the educated public. The sleeping giant could be master when he willed. No party in the State could do systematic violence to a class which by wealth, numbers, and knowledge was supreme in the community. Their influence can be felt through the whole field of policy. Why else was Pompey, despite his riches and renown, so scrupulous not to offend the Republican sentiment of Italy? Why was the all-powerful Crassus so impatient to obliterate the more discreditable incidents of a doubtful career? Cæsar himself was as greatly under their dominance. When he departed for Gaul the chief idea in his mind was to regain, by a brilliant succession of victories, the respect he had forfeited among a sensitive public by the extravagance and corruption of a disordered youth, the indecent propaganda of his years under Crassus, and the radical and revolutionary policy of his Consulship. It is singular indeed how results clash with motives when the actors are moving in a changing scene.

Yet it would be foolish and misleading to exaggerate the parallel. If our modern civilization is struggling under the burden of very similar problems, we are far less acutely conscious of their incidence. To ancient Italy they were a matter of life and death. The political apathy of the civilized nations and their growing unfitness for a military life do not seem, for the present at any rate, to menace the very existence of white civilization.

There is a very good reason for the difference. The mercantile democracies of our own epoch depend, like all communities, upon sustained effort; but they depend upon an effort in which the struggle of man against nature exerts a more powerful leverage than the struggle of man against man. They depend, that is, upon industry: and the object of industry is to make the forces of Nature subservient to human use. But in the effort which brought a mercantile democracy into being in ancient Italy, the struggle of man against man was far more powerful than the struggle of man against nature. In the face and in defiance of all tempting analogies there remains this great and essential difference between ancient and modern life. It arises from the fact that the world of antiquity was poorer and less populous than the world of to-day, and its knowledge of nature and powers of production thus proportionately curtailed. A mercantile bourgeoisie of the type which circumstances enabled to be developed in ancient Italy can take root almost anywhere in the twentieth-century world — in a small and defenseless territory like Belgium, or a great and conquering sea-power like England, amongst a huge democracy in an almost empty continent, like the United States, or in a warlike monarchy like Germany, established upon some of the most unfertile soil in Europe. All that is required for a country is that a small number of able and active men should form an industrial aristocracy, accumulate a certain amount of capital, lay it out with skill, and offer abundant opportunities for labor. If labor is scarce in the country itself, it will soon come in from abroad. Workers will cross the ocean unasked in the search of employment, and accept it however painful and degrading its conditions; they will descend into the bowels of the earth; they will pass their life on a cockle-shell tumbling on the waves; they will spend their day from sunrise to sunset in Cyclopean caverns before furnaces of molten steel, in obedience to the iron laws of industrial discipline and subordination.

In the workshops of the United States there are busy hordes of cosmopolitan laborers who have voluntarily emigrated from all parts of the world. They find a parallel in ancient society in the multitude of slaves and freedmen from Greece and Asia, Gaul and Germany, Spain and Scythia, who were employed at

Rome and throughout Italy in the possession and for the profit of the bourgeoisie. But these ancient immigrants did not come in freely; all, or almost all, were shipped to Italy as cargoes of human goods. Now we shall see in the sequel that the Roman slave-trade effected no permanent depopulation or damage in the slave-supplying countries of the East. It is clear therefore that there must have been an excess of population in those regions, as there is to-day in those parts of Europe whence the American emigrants chiefly flow. This suggests an interesting question. Why did not the skilled laborers and brain-workers of the East emigrate voluntarily to the West in sufficient numbers to satisfy the Italian demand?

The answer is very simple. Because ancient life was still too simple to draw them from their homes. In the modern civilized world the conditions of life in the different strata of society pass from wealth at the top to poverty at the base through an infinite gradation of intermediate stages of comfort. Thus in every section of the community from the highest to the lowest, but especially among the laboring population, there are minute differences between the standard of man and man, and profession and profession, which are quite as important, in their peculiar function, as the larger differences between class and class. For this delicate and complicated gradation of differences is the never-failing instrument by which the capitalist *bourgeoisie* succeeds in attracting men to its service even across distances of thousands of miles. In a world so populous, and so eager for enjoyment, as our own, it is impossible that capital should ever fail, provided only that it offers a reasonable wage, to find men who, to attain some slightly greater measure of comfort and luxury, will consent to learn and to perform the most repellent or dangerous or exhausting labor.

But in the ancient world this instrument of persuasion was not available; there were practically no gradations between the demands of the workers. From an absolutely unmeasured luxury, which was only possible to the very richest, life passed down, at one step, to a primitive level, where food was of the very simplest and pleasure meant a rare evening of dissipation or inebriety, or a free festival provided by the priests or the plutocrats or the government. Since his needs were so much

fewer, the free laborer in the East was less active and enterprising than the workman of to-day. Even if population increased and life became more difficult, he remained in his own country. Having neither the means nor the desire to improve his position, why should he face the pains and perils of an unknown journey to seek a distant master who would always remain a stranger? Adventurers and vagabonds flocked freely to Rome from every corner of her Empire; but the ordinary laborer remained in the provinces. He required to be brought.

Here at last we have the key to the great problem of ancient slavery. It is vain to regard it, with Loria, as a necessary counterpoise to the attraction of Free Land, for in the Roman Empire at this time there was not a square inch of free land. Rome was a Slave State because slavery was essential to her production and development; because she could only obtain workers by the slave-trade and by conquest. Her slavery and her aggression are inextricably intertwined; for prisoners, to-day a mere incubus of warfare, were then a substantial indemnity for the expenses of a campaign. Every increase in the demand for labor in Italy spurred the ambition and the audacity of the Roman generals; and the glamor of the feats of a Lucullus and a Pompey was enhanced by the workers they carried back to the West.

The same essential difference between ancient and modern life can be observed in another field. Whenever a capitalist and industrial *bourgeoisie* enjoys a period of prosperity, the population increases so fast that the surrounding territory is insufficient to supply its needs. This is happening, of course, all round us in the Europe of to-day; and it was happening in the same way in the Rome of Cæsar's time. Nowadays such a contingency causes no anxiety; for the need is at once met by the private enterprise of merchants. Means of transport are easy and inexpensive; and there are young and fertile countries where men of the same civilization and the same needs as ourselves grow far more corn than they consume, and are glad to sell it for our industrial products. These communities are thus in a position to supply us in such abundance that many industrial countries reject a part of what is offered them by putting an import duty on corn. If one of the ancients were

to come to life again, nothing would be more incomprehensible to him than our modern corn duties. In those days there was hardly a country which had not difficulty in producing the corn necessary for its own maintenance, and even countries like Sicily, Egypt, or the Crimea, which ordinarily enjoyed plenteous harvests, preferred if possible to keep their corn for themselves. The result is obvious. Countries where capital was abundant, so far from putting any check on the import of corn, did all they could to promote it, and they were naturally tempted or even compelled to extend their power over corn-growing regions in order to be able to control the export. Thus, from the moment when Rome became the capital of the world, the question of her food supply became one of the most pressing in her politics. Here again we have a potent and never failing stimulus toward aggression in the civilized societies of the ancient world.

Let us draw the argument together. The progress of a mercantile democracy was decided in antiquity, as it is decided to-day, by the progressive increase in demand from generation to generation, and by the number and character of the persons who are able or anxious to live up to a high standard of comfort. We have watched this progress from generation to generation, for a period of one hundred and fifty years, from the generation which was growing up at the end of the Second Punic War to the generation contemporary with Cæsar. We have only to look round to observe the same phenomena in the civilization of to-day. But the instruments of production at our disposal are so powerful, and the wealth already accumulated so great, that, so long as there is no slackening in the energy of our captains of industry, it is easy to satisfy the increasing demand of new generations by employing part of the wealth already produced, not to satisfy the needs of the present, but to contribute to the production of new wealth for the future. Our industries, in short, will be able to draw out of the ground, as it were, all that is necessary to increase production. They have at their command, not only the precious metals, increasingly employed as exchange becomes more frequent, but also vastly improved means of communication and transport and a growing store of raw material and food-stuffs; precious metals in particular are so abundant and so easily borrowed that any one who under-

takes to pay a small interest and promises repayment never fails to secure them.

In the ancient world, on the other hand, where production was slower and less abundant, appetites increased far faster than the means of their satisfaction; and mercantile democracies suffered from acute temporary crises owing to their periodical inability to increase production and satisfy consumers. Above all they suffered from the scarcity of precious metals. Between 70 and 60 B.C., for instance, at a time when Italy was investing money throughout the Mediterranean countries and Rome had become the London of the ancient world — the center to which the sovereigns and cities of all the world repaired for their loans — Italy was driven almost to distraction owing to the failure of the supply of gold and silver. There were constant complaints about the high rate of interest, accompanied by attempts to prevent the export of bullion, and by a serious agitation for the remission of debt. The demand for money, in fact, grew more rapidly than the supply, so rapidly that it is impossible to say what would have happened if it had not been relieved by the palliative of war, with its expedients of indiscriminate pillage from the treasures of temples, the palaces of kings, and the houses of the wealthy, both among civilized and barbarous populations. Thus war performed a peculiar and valuable function in ancient society by quickening the circulation of capital, which was often too sluggish and immovable for the impatient appetites of a young *bourgeoisie*. Since the modern world has discovered other ways of promoting this object, the economic significance of war has now been entirely reversed.

Thus we see that poverty, scarcity of population, and the comparative want of productive power in the ancient world made it impossible that a capitalist *bourgeoisie* should be formed without warfare — without struggle that is, not between man and nature, but between man and man. Yet the carnage and destruction which war must always entail tended themselves to impede the growth of population, the progress of industry, and the increase of wealth; though the cheapness of ancient armaments made war far less ruinous than to-day. Thus we reach the curious and tragic conclusion that an ancient community could only become wealthy and civilized by preying upon

its neighbors. This was a fundamental contradiction in ancient life which Cæsar and his contemporaries in vain attempted to solve.

But there were lesser difficulties than this which they equally failed to meet. If aggression meant to Rome what industry means to modern Germany, France, and North America, the Romans needed what would correspond to a complex and powerful system of industry; they required an efficient army and a well-organized government. Yet we find that the army and the government and indeed all the public services, from the lowest to the most essential, were at Rome in a state of indescribable confusion. Owing to the fact that every single magistracy was elective, the government lacked what forms the stable foundation of all modern States, a permanent Civil Service, which, amid the struggles of party, can continue almost mechanically to fulfil the most necessary and elementary functions of national life. At Rome houses would catch fire or tumble to pieces while the Ædiles were busy with the organization of games. The supply of water was totally insufficient. The first aqueduct had been constructed in 312, a second in 272, and a third in 144, a fourth in 125, but since that year the State had neglected the needs of an ever growing population. The ships which brought corn for the metropolis were forced to cast anchor in the natural roadstead of Ostia, which was small and insecure and had never been improved, or else to sail up the Tiber, and discharge their merchandise at the docks or *emporium*, which had been constructed in 192 and 174 under the Aventine, on the site of the Lungo Tevere dei Pierleoni and the Lungo Tevere Testaccio. The streets of Rome were as unsafe as a forest full of brigands; besides the cutthroats and the pickpockets who infested them, the passer-by went in terror of his life from crowding wagons and tumbling walls, sudden fires, and ill-built houses.

The disorder of the metropolis was equaled by the anarchy of government. Ever since Italian society had begun to display the variety of tastes and occupations with which we are so familiar in modern life, the Senate had degenerated, like our twentieth-century Parliaments, into a fashionable club for aristocrats and dilettanti, financiers and barristers, men of letters and wire-pullers, who entertained a cordial detestation

for one another and were as various in rank and origin, in breeding and ideas, in occupation and ambition, as was the heterogeneous society out of which they sprang, agreeing only, if agreement it can be called, in the common object of using politics as the safest remedy against penury. It included large landed proprietors like Domitius Ahenobarbus, financial magnates like Crassus, illustrious generals like the two Luculli and Pompey, men of letters like Cicero, lawyers like Hortensius, scholars like Varro, students of astronomy and agriculture like Nigidius Fibulus and Tramellius Scrofa, and solicitors like Sulpicius Rufus — each one of them bent firstly upon his own private aims and ambitions, and next upon those of his class or his party, or his clients and dependants.

Thus the Senate, like so many modern Parliaments, lost its predominant position and degenerated into an instrument of which the complex social forces in the outside world attempted from time to time to make use. It was these powerful outside forces which were struggling together for supremacy, and it is with them that the true interest of the history lies. With the exception of the Civil Service and the great manufacturing interests, these forces were very much the same then as they are to-day. There were the financiers, the large landowners, the moderate proprietors, the surviving representatives of the aristocracy, the middle class with its social and pecuniary ambitions, the influences of militarism, and the demagogues. All were unsparing in the effort to use for their own purposes the powers which the Senate had inherited from the days when it was the organ of a single ruling class. But the change had killed the old Senatorial prestige. Except at moments of general excitement, or when some scandal was in the air, it was but thinly attended. It had practically ceased to govern, and had allowed the actual work of administration to sink into a routine of inefficiency or into the unscrupulous grasp of cliques and factions.

The history of the Roman coinage affords a good instance of its weakness. While Italy had become the financial metropolis of the Mediterranean, the Senate continued to coin nothing but silver money, and the innumerable loans arranged at Rome had to be paid out in a foreign currency or in ingots. The only Roman gold coins which were struck were due to the generals,

who had the right to mint money to pay their soldiers, and used the privilege to put their own titles and effigies on the coins. The State finances were thus in a state of chaos not unlike that in Turkey to-day. No further action was taken against the pirates, whose activity had, it is true, been somewhat curtailed since the fall of Mithridates and the conquest of Crete and Syria; and there was hardly a district in the Empire which was not infested by brigands.

What was stranger still in an Empire that rested on force, the army was completely disorganized. Now that the ancient national militia had been transformed into a mercenary soldiery, it was imperative to establish a regular course of military training for recruits. Yet nobody thought of doing so. The legions which were left upon distant frontiers were often reduced to scarcely half their fighting strength and changed their generals from year to year. It is almost farcical to apply the name of general to politicians who hurried off from the Forum to take command of an army, surrounded by a staff of friends none of whom had the very faintest idea of what they were required to teach their soldiers, beyond what they might happen to have picked up in some Greek military text-book. Moreover, they were far more interested in the discovery of good investments for their capital than in studying the complex problems of tactics or strategy, and were always in a hurry to return to Italy. Cæsar himself went out to take over the command of four legions with no experience of war beyond the siege of Mitylene and the small punitive expeditions which he had directed in Spain in 61. The only men at all skilled in the profession of arms were the centurions, who were chosen from the common militia. Stranger still was the circumstance that the army now consisted entirely of infantry. In the old days the younger members of rich families formed corps of cavalry, but the youth of the new generation preferred to lend money at forty per cent in the provinces or to stay at Rome in the enjoyment of inherited fortunes. Moreover, even if they had all been born soldiers, they could not have supplied the Empire with a sufficient force of cavalry. Roman generals were therefore obliged to levy horsemen from among barbarians in Thrace, Gaul, Germany, Spain, and Numidia, and were actually reduced to giving orders through interpreters.

Surprising indeed are the vagaries of history. Rome achieved her greatest conquests with an utterly disorganized army, which she hurled headlong at the enemy, blindly trusting in its efficiency; and it was these very conquests which completed the military decadence of her people. Ancient militarism, like modern industrialism, sounded the death-knell of the military virtues.

It would not be easy to discover in the whole course of history a State which effected conquests so extensive, with resources so slender and ill-directed, as Rome. Her political institutions matched the weakness of her army. The Senate, the constitutional instrument of foreign policy, had no regular means for securing information, and no servants acquainted with the principles and history of the numerous and difficult questions which came up for settlement. Its habitual expedient was to continue deliberation and postpone decision so long as was decently possible, in faithful adherence to a vague tradition of caution dating from the time of Scipio Africanus. Indeed, for more than a century Rome had only increased her Empire with evident reluctance and in cases where there was no other possible alternative. Though Lucullus and Pompey had clearly demonstrated that this inherited policy no longer corresponded either with the changed conditions of the outside world or with the changed requirements of Rome herself, she still continually allowed herself, as in the case of Gaul, to be surprised and stupefied by the march of events. The numerous tributary or allied States were left to themselves; and no one was charged to watch them or to maintain constant relations with their chiefs. The policy pursued towards allied or independent neighbors varied from one year to the next according to the caprice of the governors sent out to the frontier provinces; and it sometimes happened that at a critical moment the most serious questions were simply left to chance.

This almost incredible want of organization in the sphere of foreign policy explains much of the success of the Democratic party. The attempt made by the Conservatives after the conspiracy of Catiline to restore the failing authority of the Senate had been overcome by the coalition of Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, in the face of an almost incredulous aristocracy. The Consulship of Cæsar seemed to mark the definite conclu-

sion, in favor of the Democratic party, of the battle which had been raging since the year 70. For the government was now no longer administered in the Senate House, but in the vestibule or bedroom of the palaces of Pompey and Crassus and in the tent or litter of Cæsar, as he moved up and down his Gallic province. Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus together concerted measures for the administration of the Empire at home and abroad, for the distribution of offices and the outlay of public money; and their acts were ratified by meetings packed with the tame voters of Clodius and by the few complacent Senators who kept up, in an almost empty house, the sorry pretense of a deliberative assembly. For their correspondence and accounts, their information and intrigues, they fell back on the aid of the most able and skilful of their multitudinous slaves, who became in this way the irresponsible agents of a lawless and irresponsible Government of Three. Thus in spite of their blunders, the Democrats had triumphed in the long party duel; they won because they were quicker than their rivals to seize the importance of Lucullius's work in the East; because they had seen that aggressive imperialism and a policy of personal initiative corresponded better than the pedantry of the constitutionalists with the needs of the day; because they promised to inspire, and had already succeeded in inspiring, Roman foreign policy with the energy in which it had long been lacking.

But could the huge mechanism of Empire continue to be set in motion by the weak leverage of the Workmen's Associations at Rome and the retainers of three far from unanimous politicians? Were the Three so immensely superior to their fellow-citizens as to divide between them with impunity the heritage of many generations of Empire? We have but to look at their characters for an answer.

Pompey was, it is true, the typical grand *seigneur*, and gifted with a considerable measure of ability, but against this must be set some peculiar sources of weakness. The satiety of immense riches and the easy and unprecedented successes of his early career acted as a dead weight upon his spirit: and he was further distracted by the strange passion which seized him in middle life for the young and gracious Julia. A great aristocrat, fully persuaded that he was a great man, he was ready

enough to be responsible for the government of the world, provided only that it in no way interfered with his personal comfort and satisfaction.

Crassus was a man of firmer and less pliable stuff; untiring in his pursuit of power and wealth, he was not to be sated with the mere possession of wealth, with slaves, or houses, or land, or mines, or with the hundreds of debtors whom he held at his mercy; he could never shake off his old dream of a feat of arms which should make him the equal of Lucullus and Pompey and bring compensation for the failures which had lately interrupted his political career. But Crassus after all, except in his family relations, was merely an egoist on a gigantic scale. He was far less concerned for the order or disorder of the Empire as a whole than for the health of his children or for a small mistake in his private accounts.

And Cæsar? Cæsar was the psychological puzzle of his day, for his devious course had driven all his critics off the trail. The fashionable young patrician, with his charming literary gift, his exquisite manner in speech and writing, his amazing quickness of acquisition and omnivorous appetite for study, from astronomy at the one pole to strategy at the other, after entering into politics with such a show of moderation, had strangely falsified the expectations of all friends and observers. They had watched him sinking deeper and deeper into debt, then practically selling his services to the highest bidder, changing his whole program from one day to the next, dragging feminine intrigue into politics and government, exciting the poor and base against the rich and noble, and leaving nothing undone that a cynical and shameless versatility could suggest. How could men forget that the chief of the popular party, who had promised to put an end to the abuses of capitalism, had not scrupled to sell his services for one of the most discreditable transactions of the time, the reduction of the contract for the taxes of Asia? One who treated politics in this way could surely not be considered a serious statesman by the thinking public of his day. He was merely one of those noisy and unscrupulous but shallow-minded politicians, who, finding an unworthy satisfaction in the futile arts of ostentation and notoriety, and gifted with a magnificent and expressive rhetorical style, often make

themselves heard and felt in the disorder of a young mercantile democracy, when men are deaf to the claims of morals or politics, but beginning to be attentive to crude and novel ideas in speech and writing, particularly if expressed in unchastened and vituperative language. There were many, no doubt, who put Cæsar in this class. And now this frivolous young upstart was going off to Gaul. And what for? To make wars and conquests! But he had no experience at all of real warfare; and did not every one at Rome know that he had not even good health, that he was of a delicate and nervous constitution, and a prey to attacks of epilepsy?

Contemporary students of politics, who detected in every event the handiwork of some small clique or party, failed to understand that it was circumstances which had continually been thwarting Cæsar, against his own higher aspirations, in all that he had projected to do. The man whom almost all modern historians naïvely regard as resolved from his earliest youth to undertake, single-handed, the government of the world, and whose life is described as a continuous and calculated effort towards the supreme goal of his ambition, had up to this moment, more than any other distinguished man of his time, been exposed to the merciless buffeting of events. Time after time he had been compelled to act in a manner contrary to his original intentions. With a mind admirably endowed for scientific or artistic achievement, keen, alert, imaginative, and withal ambitious, he was forever searching, even in the sphere of politics, for the power and beauty which spring from harmony and balance. He had begun life as the champion of a distinguished and moderate Democratic party, drawn from the most cultured circles in Rome, with the ambition of becoming the Pericles of his country; and he served his apprenticeship for the government of a great Empire by studying in the schools of eloquence, fashion, and art. But the poverty of his family and the growing apathy of the upper classes had shattered this picturesque illusion. He had been forced to incur debts in order to make a name, and then to sell himself to Crassus just at the moment when democracy was fast sinking into the slough of mob-rule. Exposed in this way to the irreconcilable resentment and relentless persecution of the nobility, he had sought

to shield himself by winning popularity among the poor, and by procuring the money to pay for it. He had thus come to employ the multifarious talents he had inherited from his patrician ancestors as a low-class demagogue, a persistent intriguer, and unscrupulous man of business, as daring in his designs as he was remorseless in their execution. At times, in the heat of the conflict, his nervous and excitable temperament had overborne the moderation habitual to his character, and in his attacks on his assailants he had sometimes been carried far further than he had originally intended to go. But he had never allowed any momentary elation to tempt him to his ruin: he had always recovered his bearings before committing any irreparable blunder. The instinct of prudence was too deeply implanted in his nature to be uprooted by the excitements of those years of storm and stress.

And now once more destiny was at his elbow, urging him, the fourth Caius of the Roman democracy, along the road which its first chief had opened into the future, to complete the age-long task begun by Caius Flaminius and continued by Caius Gracchus and Caius Marius. And yet the only object of which he was conscious in going to Gaul was to regain by a few striking victories the respect which he had lost among the upper classes by the unfortunate and inevitable development of his career. The law of life was the same then as it has been in all ages. The great men of that day were just as ignorant as their fellows of the historic work of which they were at once to be the instruments and the victims. Like all other human beings, they were the plaything of what in history we can name Destiny, though it is nothing more than the unforeseen coincidence of events, the emergence into action of hidden forces which, in a complex and disordered society such as that of Rome or of our own day, no contemporary can be expected to discern. These men had risen to their high position, not through any superhuman powers of will or intellect on their own part, but through the singular conditions of the days in which they lived — because birth and reputation, riches, ambition and ability, and above all chance, had placed in their hands a power that grew resistlessly greater as, through the growing apathy of the upper classes, the old State institutions crumbled steadily to decay.

But the day was at hand when their coveted greatness would become revealed in a tragic and inextricable embarrassment: when it compelled them to assume labors and responsibilities which as far exceeded their strength as the honors they were now enjoying exceeded their deserts. Dark indeed was the issue which Destiny was reserving for each one of the three. Meanwhile, solitary, amidst all the disorder of his time, Lucullus, the strangest and most isolated figure in the whole history of Rome, from his vast and sumptuous gardens on the Pincian, on the height where the Belvedere of the Medici Villa has since been placed, philosophized with the doctors of Greece on the corruption of his countrymen, as he looked quietly down from his calm island refuge over the great city at his feet — a vast and moving ocean forever swept by the tides and tempests of human society. Alone among all the rivals of his power he was to have a gentle passing: Euthanasia, the Greek goddess of a Happy Death, came herself to fetch him home. Not long was to elapse before his wild and soaring spirit, after enjoying for a brief space the late-found happiness of repose, reached the end of its earthly term, having achieved, in ignorance, like all its fellows, one of the mightiest tasks in history; and while the world-tragedy of the new Imperialism which he had created was drawing slowly to its climax, Lucullus, alone of the great men of his day, fell peacefully asleep in the arms of the silent goddess.

OCTAVE FEUILLET

Octave Feuillet. Born at St. Lô, France, August 11, 1821; died in Paris, December 29, 1890. A member of the French Academy. Author of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," "The History of Sibylla," "The Sphinx," "A Marriage in High Life," "Story of a Parisienne," "La Morte."

(From "The Romance of a Poor Young Man")

October 2.

The next day — that is, yesterday — I set out on horseback early in the morning to oversee the felling of some timber in the neighborhood. I was returning, toward four o'clock, in the

direction of the château, when at a sharp turn of the road I found myself face to face with Mlle. Marguerite. She was alone. I bowed, and was about to pass, but she stopped her horse.

"A beautiful autumn day, monsieur," said she.

"Yes, mademoiselle. You are going to ride?"

"As you see, I am using my last moments of independence, and even abusing them, for I feel a little troubled by my solitude. But Alain was wanted down there — my poor Mervyn is lame. You do not wish to replace him by chance?"

"With pleasure. Where are you going?"

"Why — I had the idea of pushing my ride as far as the tower of Elven." She pointed with the end of her riding-whip to a dark summit which rose within sight of the road. "I think," she added, "that you have never made this pilgrimage."

"It is true. It has often tempted me, but I have put it off till now, I hardly know why."

"Well! it is easily found; but it is already late, and we must make a little haste, if you please."

I turned my horse's head and we set out at a gallop.

As we rode I sought to explain to myself this unexpected whim, which I could not but think premeditated. I concluded that time and reflection had weakened in Mlle. Marguerite's mind the first impressions made by the calumnies which had been poured into her ear. She had apparently ended by doubting Mlle. Helouin's veracity, and had contrived to offer me, by chance, under a disguised form, a kind of reparation which might possibly be due me.

In the midst of the thoughts that besieged me I attached slight importance to the particular end we proposed to ourselves in this strange ride. I had often heard this tower of Elven spoken of as one of the most interesting ruins of the country, and I had never traveled over either of the two roads which lead from Rennes, or from Jocelyn, toward the sea, without contemplating with an eager eye, that uncertain mass which one sees towering upward in the middle of distant heaths like an enormous stone bank; but time and occasion had been wanting to me.

A little distance beyond Elven we took a cross-road, which

led us up a barren hill; we saw from its summit, although at some distance from us, the feudal ruin overlooking a wooded height in front of us. The heath where we were, descended sharply toward marshy meadows surrounded with thick young woods. We descended the slope and were soon in the woods. There we took a narrow road, the rough, unbroken pavement of which resounded loudly under our horses' feet. I had ceased for some time to see the tower of Elven, the locality of which I could not even conjecture, when it rose out of the foliage a few steps before us, with the suddenness of an apparition. This tower is not decayed; it has preserved its original height, which exceeds a hundred feet, and the regular layers of granite, which compose this magnificent octagonal structure, give it the aspect of a formidable block, cut yesterday by the purest chisel. Nothing more imposing, more proud and somber, can be imagined than this old dungeon, impassible to the effects of time, and alone in these thick woods. The trees have grown close to its walls, and their tops reach to the openings for the lower windows. This growth of vegetation conceals the base of the edifice, and increases its appearance of fantastic mystery. In this solitude, surrounded by forests, and with this mass of extraordinary architecture in front of us, it was impossible not to think of enchanted castles, where beautiful princesses sleep a hundred years.

"Up to this time," said Mlle. Marguerite, to whom I tried to communicate this idea, "I have seen no more than what we now see; but if you wish to wake the princess, we can enter. As far as I know, there may be in the neighborhood a shepherd or shepherdess, who is furnished with a key. Let us fasten our horses and seek for them — you for the shepherd, and I for the shepherdess."

The horses were accordingly fastened in a little inclosure near the ruin, and we separated for a moment to search around the castle. But we had the vexation to meet neither shepherd nor shepherdess. Our desire to see the interior naturally increased with all the force of attraction which forbidden fruit has for us, and we crossed a bridge thrown over the moat, at a venture. To our great satisfaction, the massive door of the dungeon was not shut; we needed only to push it open in order

to enter a corner, dark and encumbered with rubbish, which was probably the place for the body-guard in former times; from thence we passed into a vast circular hall, the chimney-piece of which still showed, on its coat of arms, the besants of the crusade; a large open window, traversed by the symbolic cross, plainly cut in the stone, lighted distinctly the lower part of this room, while the eye failed to pierce the uncertain shadows of the lofty, broken roof. At the sound of our steps an invisible flock of birds flew out from the darkness, shaking down upon us the dust of centuries.

On mounting up the granite steps, ranged one above the other round the hall, into the embrasure of the window, we could overlook the deep moat and the ruined parts of the fortress; but we had noticed on our entrance a flight of steps cut in the thick wall, and we felt a childish impatience to push our discoveries further. We therefore undertook to ascend this rude staircase; I led the way and Mlle. Marguerite followed bravely, holding up her long skirts as well as she could. From the top of the flat roof the view was vast and delicious. The soft tints of twilight were creeping over the ocean of half-golden autumn foliage, the dark marshes, and the green mossy ground near us, and the distant ranges of hills mingling with and crossing each other. As we gazed down upon this melancholy landscape, infinite in extent, we felt the peace of solitude, the silence of evening, the sadness of the past, descend into our hearts.

This charm was increased, for me at least, by the presence of a beloved being; all who have loved will comprehend this. This hour even of mutual contemplation and emotion, of pure and profound enjoyment, was, without doubt, the last that would be given me to pass near her and with her, and I clung to it with a sad earnestness. For Marguerite, I know not what passed within her; she was seated on the ledge of the parapet, gazing silently at the distance. I heard only the sound of her quickened breath.

I do not know how long we remained thus. When the mists spread over the low meadows and the far-off hills became indistinct in the increasing darkness, Marguerite rose. "Let us go," said she, in a low voice, as if the curtain had fallen on

some regretted pageant; "it is finished!" Then she began to descend the staircase, and I followed her.

When we attempted to leave the castle, to our great surprise we found the door closed. Apparently the young keeper, ignorant of our presence, had turned the key while we were on the roof. Our first impression was that of gaiety. It was actually an enchanted castle! I made vigorous efforts to break the enchantment; but the enormous bolt of the old lock was solidly fastened in the granite, and I was compelled to give up the attempt to unfasten it. I then attacked the door itself; the massive hinges and the oak panels, banded with iron, resisted all my strength. Two or three pieces of rough stone that I found amongst the rubbish and that I threw against this insuperable obstacle to our egress, had no other result than to shake the roof, fragments of which fell at my feet. Mlle. Marguerite would not allow me to pursue an enterprise so evidently hopeless, and which was not without danger. I then ran to the window, and shouted for help, but nobody replied. During the next ten minutes I repeated these cries constantly, but with the same lack of success. We then employed the remaining daylight in exploring minutely the interior of the castle, but we could discover no place of egress except the door, as solid as the wall to us, and the great window, thirty feet above the bottom of the moat.

Night had now fallen over the country, and darkness invaded the old castle. Some rays of moonlight penetrated the window, and fell upon the stone steps beneath it. Mlle. Marguerite, who had gradually lost all appearance of sprightliness, ceased to reply to the conjectures, reasonable or otherwise, with which I endeavored to dispel her anxiety. She sat in the shadow of the window, silent and immovable, but I was in the full light of the moon on the step nearest the window, at intervals sending forth a cry of distress; but, in truth, the more uncertain the success of my efforts became, the more an irresistible feeling of joyfulness seized upon me. I saw suddenly realized the endless and most impossible dream of lovers; I was alone in a desert with the woman whom I loved! For long hours there were only she and I in the world, only her life and mine! I thought of all the marks of sweet protection, of tender respect, that I

should have the right, the duty to lavish upon her; I pictured her fears calmed, her confidence, her sleep; I said to myself that this fortunate night, if it did not give me the love of this dear girl, would at least assure to me her most lasting esteem.

As I abandoned myself with all the egotism of passion to my secret ecstasy, some reflection of which was perhaps painted on my face, I was suddenly roused by these words, addressed to me in the tone of affected tranquillity: "Monsieur le Marquis de Champcey, have there been many cowards in your family, before you?"

I rose, but fell back again upon my stone seat, turning a stupefied look in the direction where I saw the vague outline of the young girl. One idea alone occurred to me, a terrible idea, that fear and anxiety had affected her brain — that she was becoming crazy.

"Marguerite!" I cried, without knowing even that I spoke. This word completed her irritation, doubtless.

"My God! How odious he is! What a coward! Yes, I repeat it, what a coward!"

The truth began to dawn upon me. I descended one of the steps. "Well, what is the matter?" said I, coldly.

"It is you," she replied with vehemence, "you who have bribed this man — or this child — to imprison us in this tower. To-morrow I shall be lost — dishonored in public opinion — and I can belong only to you — such is your calculation, is it not? But this plan, I assure you, will not succeed better than the others. You know me very imperfectly if you think I shall not prefer dishonor, a convent, death — all to the disgrace of uniting my hand, my life, to yours. And when this infamous ruse had succeeded, when I had had the weakness — as certainly I shall not have — to give you my person, and what is of more importance to you, my fortune — in return for this beautiful stroke of policy. What kind of a man are you? to wish for wealth, and a wife, acquired at such a price as this? Ah, thank me still, monsieur, for not yielding to your wishes; they are imprudent, believe me, for if ever shame and public derision shall drive me into your arms, I should have so much contempt for you that I should break your heart! Yes, were it as hard, as cold as stone, I would draw tears of blood from it."

"Mademoiselle," said I, with all the calmness I could assume, "I beg you to recover yourself, your reason. I assure you, upon my honor, that you insult me. Will you please to reflect? Your suspicions have no probable foundation. I could not have possibly arranged the base treachery of which you accuse me, and how have I given you the right to believe me capable of it?"

"All that I know of you gives me this right," cried she, cutting the air with her riding-whip. "I will tell you for once what has been in my soul for a long time. You came to our house under a borrowed name and character. We were happy, we were tranquil, my mother and I. You have brought us trouble, disorder, anxiety, to which we were before strangers. In order to attain your end, to repair the loss of your fortune, you have usurped our confidence — you have been reckless of our repose — you have played with our purest, truest, most sacred feelings. You have broken our hearts, without pity. That is what you have done — or wished to do — it matters little which. I am very weary of it all, I assure you. And when, at this hour, you come and pledge me your honor as a gentleman, I have the right not to believe it — and I do not believe it!"

I was beside myself; I seized both her hands in a transport of vehemence, which controlled her. "Marguerite, my poor child, listen! I love you, it is true, and never did love more ardent, more disinterested, more holy, enter into the heart of man. But you also, you love me; you love me, unfortunate! and you kill me! You speak of a bruised and broken heart. Ah! what have you done with mine? But it is yours; I leave it with you. As to my honor, I will keep it — it is untouched. And soon I will force you to acknowledge it. And upon this honor, I swear to you that, if I die, you will weep for me; that if I live, never, adored as you are — were you on your knees before me — never will I marry you, till you are as poor as I, or I as rich as you! And now pray; ask God for miracles, it is time!"

I pushed her away from the embrasure of the window, and sprang upon the upper step; I had conceived a desperate plan, and I executed it with the precipitation of actual madness.

As I have before said, the tops of the beeches and oaks, growing in the moat, reached the level of the window. With the aid of my bent riding-whip, I drew toward me the extremity of the nearest branches; I seized them on a venture, and leaped into space; I heard above my head my name, "Maximilian!" uttered suddenly, with a distracted cry. The branches to which I was clinging bent with their whole length toward the abyss; then there was a crashing sound; the tree broke under my weight, and I fell heavily to the ground.

The muddy nature of the earth lessened the violence of the shock; for, though I was wounded, I was not killed. One of my arms had struck against the sloping masonry of the tower, and I suffered such sharp pain in it that I fainted. I was roused by Marguerite's frightened voice: "Maximilian! Maximilian! For pity's sake! In the name of the good God, speak to me! Forgive me!"

I rose, I saw her in the opening of the window, in the full moonlight, with her head bare, her hair disheveled, her hand grasping the arm of the cross, and her eyes earnestly fixed upon the ground below.

"Fear nothing," said I to her. "I am not hurt. Only be patient for an hour or two. Give me time to go to the château; it is the surest. Be certain that I will keep your secret, that I will save your honor as I have saved mine."

I got out of the moat with difficulty, and went to mount my horse. I suspended my left arm, which was wholly useless and very painful, with my handkerchief. Thanks to the light of the moon, I easily found my way back, and an hour later I reached the château. I was told Doctor Desmarests was in the saloon: I went in at once, and found there some dozen persons, whose countenances wore an expression of anxiety and alarm.

"Doctor," said I, gaily, on entering, "my horse took fright at his own shadow, and threw me on the road, and I am afraid my left arm is sprained. Will you see?"

"How, sprained!" said M. Desmarests, after unfastening the handkerchief. "Your arm is broken, my poor boy."

Madame Laroque gave a little cry, and approached me. "This is then a night of misfortune," said she.

I feigned surprise. "What else has happened?" I cried.

"Mon Dieu! I fear some accident has happened to my daughter. She went out on horseback at three o'clock, and it is now eight, and she has not yet returned."

"Mademoiselle Marguerite? Why, I saw her —"

"How? Where? At what time? Forgive me, monsieur; it is the egotism of a mother."

"I saw her about five o'clock on the road. We met. She told me she thought of riding as far as the tower of Elven."

"The tower of Elven! She must be lost in the woods. We ought to go there promptly. Let orders be given."

M. de Bévallan at once ordered horses to be brought out. I affected a wish to join the cavalcade, but Madame Laroque and the doctor positively prohibited it, and I allowed myself to be easily persuaded to seek my bed, of which, in truth, I felt great need.

Doctor Desmarests, after having applied a first dressing to my injured arm, took a seat in the carriage with Madame Laroque, who went to the village of Elven, to wait there the result of the diligent search that M. de Bévallan would direct in the neighborhood of the tower.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Alain came to announce to me that Mlle. Marguerite was found. He recounted the history of her imprisonment, without omitting any details, save, be it understood, those which the young girl and I would alone know. The account of the adventure was soon confirmed by the doctor, then by Madame Laroque herself, and I had the satisfaction to see that no suspicion of the exact truth entered the mind of any one.

I have passed the night in repeating, with the most fatiguing perseverance, and with the oddest complications of fever and dreams, my dangerous leap from the old tower window. I cannot become accustomed to it. At each instant the sensation of falling through space rises to my throat, and I awake breathless. At length the day dawned, and I became calmer. At eight o'clock Mlle. de Porhoet came and installed herself by my bedside, her knitting in her hand. She has done the honors of my room to the visitors who have succeeded each other all the day. Madame Laroque came first after my old friend. As she held with a long pressure the hand I had extended to

her, I saw two large tears roll down her cheeks. Has she then been taken into her daughter's confidence?

Mlle. de Porhoet has informed me that M. Laroque has kept his bed since yesterday. He has had a slight attack of paralysis. To-day he cannot speak, and his state causes great anxiety. It has been decided to hasten the marriage. M. Laubepin has been sent for from Paris; he is expected to-morrow, and the marriage contract will be signed the day following, under his supervision.

I have sat up some hours this evening; but if I am to believe M. Desmarests, I am wrong to write with my fever, and I am a great blockhead.

October 3.

It really seems as if some malign power took the trouble to devise the most singular and the cruelest temptations and to offer them by turns to my conscience and my heart! M. Laubepin not having arrived this morning, Madame Laroque asked me for some information which she needed in order to determine upon the preamble of the contract which, as I have said, is to be signed to-morrow. As I am condemned to keep my room for several days longer, I begged Madame Laroque to send me the titles and private papers, which were in the possession of her father-in-law, and which were indispensable to me in order to solve the difficulties that had been pointed out.

They soon brought me two or three drawers filled with them, that had been secretly taken out of M. Laroque's cabinet, while the old man was asleep, for he had always shown himself very jealous of his private papers. In the first which I took up, the repetition of my own family name caught my eye, and appealed to my curiosity with irresistible force. This is the literal text of the paper: —

"TO MY CHILDREN."

"The name that I bequeath to you and that I have honored, is not my own. My father's name was Savage. He was manager of a plantation of considerable size in the island, at that time belonging to France, of Saint-Lucie, owned by a wealthy and noble family of Dauphiny, that of the Champceys d'Hauterives. My father died in 1793, and I inherited, although still

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quite young, the confidence they had placed in him. Toward the close of that sad year, the French Antilles were taken by the English, or were delivered up to them by the insurgent colonists. The Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive (Jacques-Auguste), whom the orders of the Convention had not then attainted, commanded at that time the frigate *Thetis*, which had cruised in these waters for three years.

"A large number of French colonists scattered through the Antilles had acquired large fortunes, with the loss of which they were now daily threatened. They contrived, with the aid of Commandant Champcey, to organize a flotilla of light transports, to which they transferred all their movable property, hoping to return to their native land, protected by the guns of the *Thetis*. I had long before received orders to sell the plantation which I had managed since my father's death, at any price, in view of the impending troubles. On the night of the 14th of November, 1793, I secretly quitted Saint-Lucie, already occupied by the enemy, alone in a boat from Cape Mome-au-Sable. I carried with me the sum for which I had sold the plantation, in English bank-notes and guineas. M. de Champcey, thanks to the minute knowledge he had gained of these coasts, had been able to elude the English cruisers, and had taken refuge in the difficult and obscure channel of the Gros-Ilet. He had ordered me to join him there this very night, and only waited my coming on board before issuing from the channel with the flotilla under his escort, and heading for France. On the way thither, I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the English. My captors, masters in treachery as they are, gave me the choice to be shot immediately, or to sell them, by means of the million which I had in my possession, and which they would abandon to me, the secret of the channel where the flotilla lay. I was young, the temptation was too strong; a half-hour later the *Thetis* was sunk, the flotilla taken, and M. de Champcey grievously wounded. A year passed, a sleepless year. I became mad, and I resolved to revenge myself on the accursed English for the torments which racked me. I went to Guadaloupe, I changed my name, and devoting the greater part of the price of my treason to the purchase of an armed brig, I fell upon the English. For fifteen years I washed

in their blood and my own the stain I had made, in an hour of weakness, on my country's flag. Although more than three-fourths of my real fortune has been acquired in glorious battles, its origin is none the less as I have stated.

"On my return to France, in my old age, I inquired into the situation of the Champceys d'Hauterives; they were happy and rich. I continued, therefore, to hold my peace. May my children forgive me! I could not gain courage to blush before them while I live; but my death will reveal this secret to them; they will use it according to the inspiration of their consciences. For myself, I have only one prayer to make to them; there will be, sooner or later, a final war between France and her opposite neighbor; we hate each other too much; we must ruin them, or they will ruin us! If this war breaks out during the lifetime of my children or my grandchildren, I desire that they shall present to the government a corvette, armed and equipped, on the sole condition that she shall be named the *Savage*, and be commanded by a Breton. At every broadside that she sends on the Carthaginian shore my bones will shake with pleasure in my grave!

"Richard Savage, called Laroque."

The recollections that were roused in my mind, on reading this dreadful confession, confirmed its correctness. I had heard my father, twenty times, relate, with a mixture of pride and sorrow, the incident in my grandfather's life which was here spoken of. Only it was believed in my family that Richard Savage was the victim, and not the actor, in the treason which had betrayed the commander of the *Thetis*.

I now understood all that had struck me as singular in the old sailor, and in particular his timid bearing toward me. My father had always told me that I was the living portrait of my grandfather, the Marquis Jacques; and without doubt some glimmering of this resemblance penetrated occasionally his clouded brain, and even reached the unquiet conscience of the poor old man.

Hardly was I master of this secret, when I fell into a terrible quandary. I could not feel animosity against this man, whose temporary loss of moral strength had been expiated by a long

life of repentance, and by a passionate despair and hatred which was not wanting in grandeur. I could not recognize, without a kind of admiration, the savage spirit which still animated these lines, written by a culpable but heroic hand.

But what ought I to do with this terrible secret? The first thought which occurred to me was that it would destroy all obstacles between Mlle. Marguerite and me; that henceforth this fortune, which had separated us, would be an almost obligatory bond between us, since I alone, of all the world, could render it legitimate, in sharing it with her. In truth, the secret was not mine; and although the most innocent of chances had revealed it to me, strict probity demanded, perhaps, that I should leave it to reach, in its own good time, the hands for which it was intended; but in waiting for this moment, that which was irreparable would have taken place — and I should allow it when I could prevent it by a single word! And these poor women themselves, when the day came for the fatal truth to make them blush, would, perhaps, share my sorrow, my despair! They would be the first to cry to me, "Ah! if you knew it, why did you not speak?"

Well, no! neither to-day, nor to-morrow, nor ever, if I can help it, shall those noble faces blush with shame. I will not purchase my happiness at the price of their humiliation. This secret, known only to me, which this old man, henceforth mute forever, cannot betray — this secret exists no longer — the flames have devoured it!

I had considered it well. I know what I have dared to do. It was a will — a testament — and I have destroyed it! Moreover, it would not have benefited me alone. My sister, who is confided to my care, would have gained a fortune through it — and, without her consent, I have thrust her back into poverty with my own hand. I know all that. But two pure, elevated, proud souls will not be crushed and blighted by the weight of a crime which was foreign to them. There is here a principle of equity which seemed to me superior to all literal justice. If I have committed a crime, in my turn I will answer for it! But this inward struggle has wearied me. I can write no longer!

October 12.

It is now two days since I left my retreat and went to the château. I had not seen Mlle. Marguerite since the moment of our separation in the tower of Elven. She was alone in the saloon when I entered there; on recognizing me she made an involuntary movement as if to withdraw; then she remained immovable, her face becoming crimson. This was contagious, for I felt myself flush to the very roots of my hair.

"How do you do, monsieur?" said she, holding out her hand, and pronouncing these simple words in a voice so soft, so humble — alas! so tender — that I could hardly restrain myself from kneeling before her. But I replied in a tone of cold politeness. She looked sadly at me, then cast down her large eyes and resumed her work.

At that moment her mother sent for her to come to her grandfather, whose state had become very alarming. He lost his voice and all power of motion several days previous, the paralysis having attacked his whole body; the last glimmerings of intellectual life were also extinguished; sensibility alone contended with disease. No one could doubt that the old man drew near his end; but his energetic heart had so strong a hold on life, that the struggle promised to be a long and obstinate one. From the first appearance of danger, however, Madame Laroque and her daughter had been lavish of their strength, watching beside him day and night with the passionate abnegation and earnest devotion which are the special virtue and glory of their sex. But they succumbed to fatigue and fever on the night before last; we offered, M. Desmarests and I, to supply their places beside M. Laroque during the night. They consented to take a few hours' repose.

The doctor, very tired himself, soon announced to me that he was going to lie down in the adjoining room. "I am of no use here," said he; "the matter is decided. You see he suffers no longer, the poor old man! He is in a state of lethargy, which has nothing disagreeable in it; he will awake only to die. Therefore you can be easy. If you remark any change, you will call me; but I do not think this will be before to-morrow. In the meantime I am dead with sleep!" and, yawning aloud, he left the room.

Left alone in the sick-room, I seated myself near the foot of the bed, the curtains of which had been raised, and tried to read by the light of a lamp that stood near me on a little table. The book fell from my hands: I could think only of the singular combination of events which gave to this old man the grandson of his victim, as a witness and protector of his last sleep.

At length, toward the middle of the night, an irresistible torpor seized me, and I fell asleep, my forehead leaning on my hand. I was suddenly awakened by some mournful sound; I raised my eyes, and I felt a shivering in the very marrow of my bones. The old man was half risen in his bed, and had fixed upon me an attentive, astonished look, in which shone a life and an intelligence that, up to this time, I had never beheld in him. When my eye met his, he trembled; he stretched out his crossed arms, and said to me, in a supplicating voice, the strange, unusual sound of which suspended the very beating of my heart: —

"Monsieur le Marquis, forgive me!"

I tried to rise, I tried to speak, but in vain. I sat in my chair like one petrified.

After a silence during which the eyes of the dying man had not ceased to plead to me, he again spoke: —

"Monsieur le Marquis, deign to forgive me!"

I found power at last to go to him. As I approached, he shrank backward, as if to escape some dreadful contact. I raised one hand, and lowering it gently before his eyes, which were distended and wild with terror, I said to him: —

"Go in peace, I forgive you."

I had not finished speaking these words, when his withered face became illuminated with a flash of joy and youth, and a tear flowed from each sunken eye. He extended one hand toward me, but suddenly clenched it, waving it threateningly in the air; I saw his eyeballs roll as if a ball had been sent to his heart. — "The English!" he murmured, and fell back upon the pillow, an inert mass. He was dead.

I called aloud quickly; attendants came running in. He was soon surrounded by prayers and pious tears. I withdrew, deeply moved by this extraordinary scene, which would forever remain a secret between myself and the dead.

This sad family event has caused numerous duties and cares to devolve upon me, which have justified in my own eyes my prolonged stay at the château. It is impossible to conjecture what could have been M. Laubepin's motives in counseling me to defer my departure. What can he hope from this delay? It seems to me that he yielded in this case to a feeling of vague superstition and puerility, to which a mind tempered like his should never have bowed, and which I was wrong myself in submitting to. Did he not understand that he was imposing on me a part entirely wanting in openness and dignity, besides the increase of useless suffering? Could not one justly reproach me now with trifling with sacred feelings? My first interview with Mlle. Marguerite had sufficed to reveal to me all the severity of the test I am condemned to, but the death of M. Laroque has given a little naturalness to my relations with her, and propriety to my continued stay.

RENNES, *October* 26.

The last word is spoken. — My God! How strong was this tie! How it has rent my heart to break it.

Last night at nine o'clock I was surprised as I sat at my open window, to see a faint light approaching my dwelling through the dark alleys of the park and from a different direction to that used by the servants at the château. An instant afterward some one knocked at my door and Mlle. de Porhoet entered breathless. "Cousin," said she, "I have business with you."

I looked in her face. "Is there some new misfortune?"

"No, it is not exactly that. You shall judge of it yourself. Sit down, my dear child. You have spent two or three evenings at the château in the course of this week: have you observed anything new or singular in the bearing of the ladies?"

"Nothing."

"Have you not, at least, remarked in their faces an expression of unusual serenity?"

"Perhaps so, yes. Aside from the melancholy of their recent affliction, they have seemed to me calmer and even happier than formerly."

"Without doubt. You would have been struck by other peculiarities if you had, like me, lived for fifteen years in their daily intimacy. Thus I have lately often surprised some sign of secret intelligence, of mysterious complicity between them. Besides, their habits are perceptibly changed. Madame Laroque has put aside her brasero, her easy-chair with its turret, and her innocent Creole fancies; she rises at fabulous hours, and seats herself with Marguerite, at their work-table. They have both become passionately fond of embroidery, and have inquired how much money a woman can earn daily at this kind of work. In short, it has been an enigma to which I have striven to discover the clue. This has just been disclosed to me, and without intruding upon your secrets, I have thought it right to communicate it to you without delay."

On my protestations of the entire confidence I would gladly repose in her, Mlle. de Porhoet continued in her sweet, firm style. "Madame Aubry came secretly to see me this evening; she began by throwing her two covetous arms around my neck, which greatly displeased me; then with a thousand jeremiads that I will spare you, she begged me to stop her cousins, who were on the brink of ruin. This is what she has learned by listening at the doors, according to her delicate custom: these ladies are soliciting at this moment the authorization of giving all their property to a church at Rennes, in order to destroy the inequality of fortune between Marguerite and you, which now separates you. Being unable to make you rich, they intend to make themselves poor. It seemed impossible, cousin, to leave you ignorant of this determination, equally worthy of those generous hearts, and those childish heads. You will forgive me for adding that your duty is to thwart this design at any cost. What repentance it prepares for our friends, what terrible responsibility it threatens you with, it is needless to tell you; you will understand it all as well as I, at first sight. If you could, my friend, receive Marguerite's hand at once, that would be the best ending in the world, but you are bound in this respect, by a promise which, blind, imprudent as it was, is none the less obligatory on you. There remains, then, only one thing for you to do, to leave this country without delay, and to crush resolutely all the hopes your presence here in-

evitably keeps alive. When you are gone, it will be easier for me to bring these children back to reason."

"Well! I am ready; I will set out this very night."

"That is right," she replied. "In giving you this advice, I have myself obeyed a very harsh law of honor. You charm the last hours of my solitude; you have restored the illusions of the sweetest attachments of life, which I had lost for many years. In sending you away I make my last sacrifice, and it is very great." She rose and looked at me a moment, without speaking. "One does not embrace young men, at my age," she resumed with a sad smile, "one blesses them. Adieu, dear child, may the good God help you!" I kissed her trembling hands, and she left me.

I hastily made my preparations for departure, then I wrote a few lines to Madame Laroque. I begged her to abandon a determination, the consequences and extent of which she could not measure, and to which I was firmly determined, for my part, to be in no way an accessory. I gave her my word — and she knew she could rely on it — that I would never accept my happiness at the price of her ruin. In conclusion, in order the better to divert her from her foolish design, I spoke vaguely of an approaching future where I pretended to see glimpses of fortune.

At midnight, when all were asleep, I said farewell, a painful farewell, to my retreat, to this old tower, where I have suffered and loved so deeply! and I crept into the château by a private door, the key of which had been confided to me. I stealthily crossed the galleries, now empty and resounding, like a criminal guiding myself as well as I could in the darkness; at length I reached the saloon where I had seen Marguerite for the first time. She and her mother could hardly have quitted it an hour before; their recent presence was betrayed by a soft sweet perfume that intoxicated me. I sought for and found her basket, in which her hand had just replaced her newly begun embroidery. — Alas! my poor heart! I fell on my knees by her chair, and there, with my forehead throbbing against the cold marble of the table, I sobbed like an infant!

Oh! how I have loved her!

I profited by the remaining hours of night to be secretly

driven to the little neighboring town, where I took this morning the carriage for Rennes. To-morrow night I shall be in Paris. Poverty, solitude, despair — all that I left there, I shall find them again! Last dream of youth, of heaven, farewell!

PARIS.

The next morning as I was about going to the railroad, a post-chaise entered the courtyard of the hotel, and I saw old Alain descend from it. His face lighted up when he saw me. "Ah! monsieur, how lucky! you are not gone! Here is a letter for you!" I recognized the handwriting of M. Laubepin. He told me in two lines that Mlle. de Porhoet was seriously ill, and that she asked for me. I took time only to change horses, and threw myself into the chaise, compelling Alain, with great difficulty, to take the seat opposite me.

I then pressed him with questions, and made him repeat the incredible news he brought me. Mlle. de Porhoet had received the evening before an official paper conveyed to her by M. Laubepin, informing her that she was put in full and complete possession of the estates of her Spanish relatives. "And it seems," added Alain, "that she owes it to monsieur, who discovered in the pigeon-house some old papers which nobody knew of, and which have established the old lady's right and title. I do not know how much truth there is in that; but if it be so, the more pity, said I to myself, that she has got such ideas in her head about a cathedral, and which she will not let go of — for, take notice that she holds to them more than ever, monsieur. At first, when the news came, she fell stiff on the floor, and it was thought she was dead; but an hour afterward she began to talk, without end or rest, about her cathedral, of the choir and the nave, of the chapter-house, and the canons, of the north aisle and the south aisle, so that, in order to calm her, an architect and masons were sent for, and all the plans of her cursed edifice were placed around her on her bed. At length, after three hours' conversation with them, she fell asleep; on waking she asked to see monsieur — Monsieur Marquis (Alain bowed, shutting his eyes), and I was sent after him. It seems she wishes to consult monsieur about the lobby."

This strange event caused me great surprise. But with the help of my memory, and the confused details given me by Alain, I arrived at an explanation of the matter which subsequent information soon confirmed. As I have before said, the question of the succession of the Spanish branch of the Porhoet family had two phases. There was, first, a protracted lawsuit between Mlle. de Porhoet and a noble house of Castile, which my old friend lost on its final trial; then, a new suit, in which Mlle. de Porhoet was not involved, between the Spanish heirs and the crown, which claimed that the property in question devolved to it by escheatage. During these transactions, a singular paper fell into my hands, as I was pursuing my researches in the archives of the Porhoets, two months before my departure from the château. I will copy it literally:—

"Don Philip, by the grace of God, King of Castile, Leon and Aragon, of the two Sicilies, Jerusalem, Navarre, Grenada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Seville, Cordova, Cadiz, Murcia, Jaen, Algesiras, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands, the East and West Indies, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, and Milan, Count of Hapsburg, Flanders, of Tyrol and Barcelona, seigneur of Biscay and Molina, etc.

"To thee, Horve Jean Jocelyn, sieur de Porhoet-Gael, Count of Torres Nuevas, etc., who hast followed me into my dominions, and hast served me with exemplary fidelity, I promised as a special favor that, in case of the extinction of thy direct and legitimate heirs, the property of thy house shall return, even to the detriment of the rights of my crown, to the direct and legitimate heirs of the French branch of the Porhoets-Gael, so long as it shall exist.

"And I promise this for me and my successors upon my faith and kingly word.

"Given at the Escurial, the 16th of April, 1716.

"Yo el Rey."

Aside from this paper, which was only a translation, I found the original, bearing the royal seal. The importance of this document did not escape me, but I was fearful of exaggerating

it. I doubted greatly whether the validity of a title, over which so many years had passed, would be admitted by the Spanish government; I doubted also whether it would have the power, if it had the will, to make it good. I decided, therefore, to leave Mlle. de Porhoet in ignorance of a discovery, the result of which was so problematical, and limited myself to sending the title to M. Laubepin. Having received no news respecting it, I had forgotten it amidst the personal anxieties which had overwhelmed me. Contrary to my unjust suspicions, the Spanish government had not hesitated to redeem the kingly promise of Philip V, and as soon as a supreme decree had adjudged the immense property of the Porhoets to the crown, it nobly restored them to the legitimate heir.

It was nine o'clock at night, when I descended from the carriage at the threshold of the humble house where this almost royal fortune had so tardily come. The little servant opened the door. She was weeping. I heard the grave voice of M. Laubepin saying at the head of the staircase: "It is he!" I hastened up the stairs. The old man grasped my hand firmly, and led me into Mlle. de Porhoet's chamber, without speaking. The doctor and the Curé of the town stood silently in the shade of a window. Madame Laroque was kneeling on a hassock near the bed; her daughter was at the bed's head, supporting the pillows upon which reposed the head of my poor friend. When the sufferer perceived me, a feeble smile spread over her features, now sadly changed; she extended one hand, but with evident pain. I took it as I kneeled beside her, and I could not restrain my tears. "My child!" said she, "my dear child!" Then she looked earnestly at M. Laubepin. The old notary took up from the bed a sheet of paper, and appeared to continue an interrupted reading: —

"For these reasons, I appoint by this will, written by my own hand, Maximilian Jacques Marie Odiot, Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive, noble in heart as well as by birth, general legatee of all my property both in France and in Spain, without reserve or condition. Such is my will.

"Jocelynde Jeanne,
"Countess de Porhoet-Gael."

In the excess of my surprise, I arose abruptly, and was about to speak, when Mlle. de Porhoet, drawing my hand gently back, placed it in Marguerite's. The dear girl started at this sudden contact, and laying her blushing face on the pillow, whispered a few words into the dying woman's ear. For myself, I could not speak; I could only fall on my knees and thank God. Several minutes passed thus in solemn silence, when Marguerite suddenly withdrew her hand from mine, and made a sign of alarm. The doctor approached hastily; I rose. Mlle. de Porhoet's head had fallen backward; her face was radiant with joy, and her eyes turned upward as if fixed on heaven; her lips half opened, and she spoke as if in a dream: "Oh, God! Good God! I see it — up there? yes — the choir — the golden lamps — the windows — the sun, shining everywhere! Two angels kneeling before the altar — in white robes — their wings move — they are living!" This exclamation was smothered on her lips, on which the smile remained; she shut her eyes as if falling asleep, then suddenly a look of immortal youth spread over her face.

Such a death, crowning such a life, was full of instruction to my soul. I begged them to leave me alone with the priest in the chamber. This pious watching will not be lost to me, I hope. More than one forgotten or doubtful truth appeared to me with irresistible evidence upon that face stamped with a glorious peace. My noble and sainted friend! I knew that you had the virtue of self-sacrifice; I saw that you had received your reward!

Some hours after midnight, yielding to fatigue, I went to breathe the fresh air for a moment. I descended the staircase in the dark, and avoiding the saloon, where I saw a light, I entered the garden. The night was extremely dark. As I approached the turret at the end of the little inclosure, I heard a slight noise under the elm tree; at the same instant an indistinct form disengaged itself from the foliage. My heart beat violently, my sight grew dim, I saw the sky fill with stars. "Marguerite!" I said, stretching out my arms. I heard a little cry, then my name murmured softly, then — then I felt her lips meet mine!

. . . . . .

I have given Helen half my fortune; Marguerite is my wife. I close these pages forever. I have nothing more to confide to them. That can be said of men, which has been said of nations: "Happy those who have no history!"

EUGENE FIELD

EUGENE FIELD. Born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 2, 1850; died in Chicago, November 4, 1895. Author of poems for child life, and humorous writings of wide reputation: "Love Songs of Childhood," "A Little Book of Western Verse," "A Second Book of Verse," "The Holy Cross and Other Tales," "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac."

Field will be long remembered for his delicate versification, his rare, quaint humor, and the exquisite pathos of his references to the relations of parents and children. There is no writer in the English language who has written so exquisitely about the young.

(The following poems are from "A LITTLE BOOK OF WESTERN VERSE," copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

LITTLE BOY BLUE

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue, —
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

IN THE FIRELIGHT

THE fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
While like winged spirits, here and there,
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years
And linger with a loved one there;
And as I hear my child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me, —
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And Mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of Mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone, —
Sweet magic of that treble tone,
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

SOME TIME

LAST night, my darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept,
And watched a space thereby;
And then I stooped and kissed your brow,
For oh! I love you so —
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know!

Some time when, in a darkened place
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall look upon a face
Calm in eternal sleep,
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile shall show —
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you may know!

Look backward, then, into the years,
And see me here to-night —
See, O my darling! how my tears
Are falling as I write;
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago —
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

HENRY FIELDING

HENRY FIELDING. Born at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, April 22, 1707; died at Lisbon, October 8, 1754. Author of "The Adventures of Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones, or the History of a Foundling," "Amelia," "The History of Jonathan Wild."

Under private tuition, Fielding was a schoolboy with Pitt, the great Prime Minister, and Fox, the most eminent debater England ever had. He wrote comedies, farces, and burlesques; managed a theater; studied a little law; and was a journalist. He had a hard struggle to live. At forty-two, "Tom Jones" made Fielding famous; and two years later his "Amelia" achieved an amazing popularity. Then in a brief time the author's health failed, and he died in a strange land at the age of forty-seven.

(From "Joseph Andrews")

But I believe the reader hath not been a little surprised at the long silence of Parson Adams, especially as so many occasions offered themselves to exert his curiosity and observation. The truth is, he was fast asleep, and had so been from the beginning of the preceding narrative; and, indeed, if the reader considers that so many hours had passed since he had closed his eyes, he will not wonder at his repose, though even Henley himself, or as great an orator (if any such be), had been in his rostrum or tub before him.

Joseph, who whilst he was speaking had continued in one attitude, with his head reclining on one side, and his eyes cast on the ground, no sooner perceived, on looking up, the position of Adams, who was stretched on his back, and snored louder than the usual braying of the animal with long ears, than he turned towards Fanny, and, taking her by the hand, began a dalliance, which, though consistent with the purest innocence and decency, neither he would have attempted nor she permitted before any witness. Whilst they amused themselves in this harmless and delightful manner they heard a pack of hounds approaching in full cry towards them, and presently afterwards saw a hare pop forth from the wood, and, crossing the water, land within a few yards of them in the meadows. The hare was no sooner on shore than it seated itself on its hinder legs, and listened to the sound of the pursuers. Fanny was wonderfully pleased with the little wretch, and eagerly longed to have it in her arms, that she might preserve it from the dangers which seemed to threaten it; but the rational part of the creation do not always aptly distinguish their friends from their foes; what wonder then if this silly creature, the moment it beheld her, fled from the friend

SHARPHAM PARK, FIELDING'S BIRTHPLACE

Under priv[illegible] was a [illegible] with Pitt, the great Prime [illegible]

and [illegible] struggle to live. At forty-[illegible] from Jon[illegible] and two years later his "Am[illegible]" achieved [illegible] the age of forty-seven.

(From "JOSEPH ANDREWS")

[illegible] I [illegible] the reader hath not been a little surprised at [illegible] of Parson Adams, especially as so many occa-[illegible] themselves to exert his curiosity and observation. [illegible]

strum or tub [illegible].

Joseph, who [illegible] had continued in [illegible]

[illegible] Adams, who was stretched on his back, and s[illegible] than the usual [illegible] of the animal with long [illegible]

who would have protected it, and, traversing the meadows again, passed the little rivulet on the opposite side? It was, however, so spent and weak, that it fell down twice or thrice in its way. This affected the tender heart of Fanny, who exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, against the barbarity of worrying a poor innocent defenseless animal out of its life, and putting it to the extremest torture for diversion. She had not much time to make reflections of this kind, for on a sudden the hounds rushed through the wood, which resounded with their throats and the throats of their retinue, who attended on them on horseback. The dogs now passed the rivulet, and pursued the footsteps of the hare; five horsemen attempted to leap over, three of whom succeeded, and two were in the attempt thrown from their saddles into the water; their companions, and their own horses too, proceeded after their sport, and left their friends and riders to invoke the assistance of Fortune, or employ the more active means of strength and agility for their deliverance. Joseph, however, was not so unconcerned on this occasion; he left Fanny for a moment to herself, and ran to the gentlemen, who were immediately on their legs, shaking their ears, and easily, with the help of his hand, obtained the bank (for the rivulet was not at all deep); and, without staying to thank their kind assister, ran dripping across the meadow, calling to their brother sportsmen to stop their horses; but they heard them not.

The hounds were now very little behind their poor reeling, staggering prey, which, fainting almost at every step, crawled through the wood, and had almost got round to the place where Fanny stood, when it was overtaken by its enemies, and, being driven out of the covert, was caught and instantly torn to pieces before Fanny's face, who was unable to assist it with any aid more powerful than pity; nor could she prevail on Joseph, who had been himself a sportsman in his youth, to attempt anything contrary to the laws of hunting in favor of the hare, which he said was killed fairly.

The hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds, in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it close to him, that some of them (by mistake perhaps

for the hare's skin) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others, at the same time applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavor might have been fatal to him; but, being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awakened, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could intrust his safety to. Having, therefore, escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuviæ* or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character: let the number of the enemies, and the surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare without any intention of giving offense to any brave man in the nation), I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer nor Vergil, nor knows he anything of Hector or Turnus; nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, ay, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprise of their friends and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic disposition are a little offended at the behavior of Adams, we assure them they shall be as much pleased with what we shall immediately relate of Joseph Andrews. The master of the pack was just arrived, or, as the sportsmen call it, come in, when Adams sèt out, as we have before mentioned. This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humor; but, not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a greater hunter of men; indeed, he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species; for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other sport, and accordingly, crying out,

"Stole Away," encouraged the hounds to pursue Mr. Adams, swearing it was the largest jack-hare he ever saw; at the same time hallooing and hooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him; in which he was imitated by these two or three couple of human or rather two-legged curs on horseback which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a muse, or by what other name soever thou choosest to be called, who presidest over biography, and hast inspired all the writers of lives in these our times: thou who didst infuse such wonderful humor into the pen of immortal Gulliver; who hast carefully guided the judgment whilst thou hast exalted the nervous manly style of thy Mallet: thou who hadst no hand in that dedication and preface, or the translations, which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the life of Cicero: lastly, thou who, without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the plain the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy, tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scenting dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel in his right hand — a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr. Deard's best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal, and who hath made all those sticks which the beaux have lately walked with about the Park in a morning; but this was far his masterpiece. On its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been mistaken for a pair of nutcrackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon; but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain long English baronet, of infinite wit, humor, and gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many histories: as the first night of Captain B——'s play, where you would have seen critics in embroidery transplanted

from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on cat-calls. He did intend to have painted an auction-room, where Mr. Cock would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a china basin, and with astonishment wondering that, "Nobody bids more for that fine, that superb" — He did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave all out for want of room.

No sooner had Joseph grasped his cudgel in his hands than lightning darted from his eyes; and the heroic youth, swift of foot, ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as Rockwood had laid hold of the skirt of his cassock, which, being torn, hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a simile on this occasion, but for two reasons: the first is, it would interrupt the description, which should be rapid in this part; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for such an interruption: the second and much the greater reason is, that we could find no simile adequate to our purpose: for indeed, what instance could we bring to set before our reader's eyes at once the idea of friendship, courage, youth, beauty, strength, and swiftness? all which blazed in the person of Joseph Andrews. Let those, therefore, that describe lions and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of Joseph Andrews, who is himself above the reach of any simile.

Now Rockwood had laid fast hold on the parson's skirts, and stopped his flight; which Joseph no sooner perceived than he levelled his cudgel at his head and laid him sprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his great-coat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force, given Jowler such a rap on the back, that, quitting his hold, he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood! Ringwood, the best hound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true; good at trailing, and sure in a highway; no babbler, no overrunner; respected by the whole pack, who, whenever he opened, they knew the game was at hand. He fell by the stroke of Joseph. Thunder and Plunder, and Wonder and Blunder, were the next

victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths on the ground. Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr. John Temple had bred up in his house, and fed at his own table and lately sent the squire fifty miles for a present, ran fiercely at Joseph and bit him by the leg: no dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight, and had shared the fate of those we have mentioned before, had not Diana (the reader may believe it or not as he pleases) in that instant interposed, and, in the shape of the huntsman, snatched her favorite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crabstick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by Cæsar and pulled to the ground. Then Joseph flew to his rescue, and with such might fell on the victor, that, O eternal blot to his name! Cæsar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence, when, lo! the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight, telling them, in a language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer, for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muse hath with her usual dignity related this prodigious battle, a battle we apprehend never equalled by any poet, romance, or life writer whatever, and, having brought it to a conclusion, she ceased; we shall therefore proceed in our ordinary style with the continuation of this history. The squire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams and the gallantry of Joseph had at first thrown into a violent fit of laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chase, shooting-match, race, cock-fighting, bull or bear baiting, had ever given them, began now to apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The squire, therefore, having first called his friends about him, as guards for safety of his person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and, summoning all the terror he was master of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joseph what he meant by assaulting his dogs in that manner? Joseph answered, with great intrepidity, that they had first fallen on his friend; and if they

had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom, he would have treated them in the same way; for, whilst his veins contained a single drop of blood, he would not stand idle by and see that gentleman (pointing to Adams) abused either by man or beast; and, having so said, both he and Adams brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves in such a posture, that the squire and his company thought proper to preponderate before they offered to revenge the cause of their four-footed allies.

At this instant Fanny, whom the apprehension of Joseph's danger had alarmed so much that, forgetting her own, she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The squire and all the horsemen were so surprised with her beauty, that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer, but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavoring to recover them to life; in which he succeeded so well, that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared, 'twas well it was no worse; for his part he could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his master would encourage the dogs to hunt Christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow vermin instead of sticking to a hare.

The squire, being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr. Adams with a more favorable aspect than before: he told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavored all he could to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the courage of his servant, for so he imagined Joseph to be. He then invited Mr. Adams to dinner, and desired the young woman might come with him. Adams refused a long while; but the invitation was repeated with so much earnestness and courtesy, that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other spoils of the field, being gathered together by Joseph (for otherwise probably they would have been forgotten), he put himself into the best order he could; and then

the horse and foot moved forward in the same pace towards the squire's house, which stood at a very little distance.

Whilst they were on the road the lovely Fanny attracted the eyes of all: they endeavored to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty; which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not anything new or uncommon in them: so must he likewise my not setting down the many curious jests which were made on Adams; some of them declaring that parson-hunting was the best sport in the world; others commending his standing at bay, which they said he had done as well as any badger; with such-like merriment, which, though it would ill become the dignity of this history, afforded much laughter and diversion to the squire and his facetious companions.

They arrived at the squire's house, just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny, whom the squire, who was a bachelor, was desirous to place at his own table; but she would not consent, nor would Mr. Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph; so that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where the servants were ordered to make him drunk; a favor which was likewise intended for Adams.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house, then, was a man of a very considerable fortune; a bachelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated (if we may here use the expression) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother, and a tutor who had orders never to correct him, or to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting and other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessaries; and his tutor, endeavoring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for. At the age of twenty his mother began to think she

had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public school or university, — that is what they commonly call traveling; which, with the help of the tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furnished with French clothes, phrases, and servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country; especially what had any savor of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors. His mother greatly applauded herself at his return. And now, being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in Parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age: but what distinguished him chiefly was a strange delight which he took in everything which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them were most his favorites. If he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavored to conceal, these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows, whom we have before called curs, and who did, indeed, no great honor to the canine kind; their business was to hunt out and display everything that had any savor of the above-mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters; but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule, for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of curlike disposition who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were, an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing-master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr. Adams was saying grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; so that when he endeavored to seat himself he fell down on the ground, and this completed joke the first, to the great entertain-

ment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity, while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth in the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr. Adams's ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr. Adams, from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practised on him, which the inoffensive disposition of his own heart made him slow in discovering; and indeed, had it not been for the information which we received from a servant of the family, this part of our history, which we take to be none of the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect; though we must own it probable that some more jokes were (as they call it) cracked during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat some verses, which, he said, were made extempore. The following is a copy of them, procured with the greatest difficulty:—

An extempore Poem on Parson Adams

Did ever mortal such a parson view?
His cassock old, his wig not over-new,
Well might the hounds have him for fox mistaken,
In smell more like to that than rusty bacon;[1]
But would it not make any mortal stare
To see this parson taken for a hare?
Could Phœbus err thus grossly, even he
For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whipt off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of retorting the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of

[1] All hounds that will hunt fox or other vermin will hunt a piece of rusty bacon trailed on the ground.

plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received with great acclamations by all present. It was now the dancing-master's turn to exhibit his talents; he therefore, addressing himself to Adams in broken English, told him, "He was a man ver well made for de dance, and he suppose by his walk dat he had learn of some great master." He said, "It was ver pritty quality in clergyman to dance;" and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet, telling him, his cassock would serve for petticoats; and that he would himself be his partner. At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing-master wagers that the parson out-danced him, which he refused, saying he believed so too, for he had never seen any man in his life who "looked de dance so well as de gentleman:" he then stepped forwards to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and, at the same time clenching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing-master no sooner saw the fist than he prudently retired out of its reach, and stood aloof, mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the meanwhile, the captain, perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoking candle. Adams, being a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room, to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in the posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, "Hear him, hear him;" and he then spoke in the following manner: "Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favors make so ill and ungrateful a return for them; for, though you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible you have delighted in those that do it, nor have once discouraged the many rudenesses which have been shown towards me; indeed, towards yourself, if you

rightly understood them; for I am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection. One gentleman had thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, of which I shall only say, that I had rather be the subject than the composer. He hath pleased to treat me with disrespect as a parson. I apprehend my order is not the subject of scorn, nor that I can become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I hope poverty will never be called. Another gentleman, indeed, hath repeated some sentences, where the order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me I need not observe; they themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behavior to be as improper to my years as to my cloth. You found me, sir, traveling with two of my parishioners (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman): my appearance might very well persuade you that your invitation was an act of charity, though in reality we were well provided; yes, sir, if we had had an hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expenses in a noble manner." (At which words he produced the half-guinea which was found in the basket.) "I do not show you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at your table was an honor which I did not ambitiously affect. When I was here, I endeavored to behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I have failed, it was not with design; nor could I, certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults I have suffered. If they were meant, therefore, either to my order or my poverty (and you see I am not very poor), the shame doth not lie at my door, and I heartily pray that the sin may be averted from yours." He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the house told him, he was sorry for what had happened; that he could not accuse him of any share in it; that the verses were, as himself had well observed, so bad, that he might easily answer them; and for the serpent, it was undoubtedly a very great affront done him by the dancing-master, for which, if he well thrashed

him, as he deserved, he should be very much pleased to see it (in which, probably, he spoke truth). Adams answered, whoever had done it, it was not his profession to punish him that way; "But for the person whom he had accused, I am a witness," says he, "of his innocence; for I had my eye on him all the while. Whoever he was, God forgive him, and bestow on him a little more sense as well as humanity." The captain answered with a surly look and accent, that he hoped he did not mean to reflect upon him; d—n him, he had as much imanity as another, and, if any man said he had not, he would convince him of his mistake by cutting his throat. Adams, smiling, said, he believed he had spoke right by accident. To which the captain returned, "What do you mean by my speaking right? If you was not a parson, I would not take these words; but your gown protects you. If any man who wears a sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the nose before this." Adams replied, if he attempted any rudeness to his person, he would not find any protection for himself in his gown; and, clenching his fist, declared he had thrashed many a stouter man. The gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike disposition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle, but he was disappointed; for the captain made no other answer than, "It is very well you are a parson;" and so, drinking off a bumper to old Mother Church, ended the dispute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what Adams had said, and as much discommended the behavior to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the church and poverty; and, lastly, recommended forgiveness of what had passed to Adams, who immediately answered, that everything was forgiven; and in the warmth of his goodness he filled a bumper of strong beer (a liquor he preferred to wine), and drank a health to the whole company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor; who, indeed, had not laughed outwardly at anything that passed, as he had a perfect command of his muscles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a second formal speech, in which

he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said, There were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees, from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy; and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements; "For," says he, "as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future conduct in life of boys whom in their tender years we perceive, instead of taw or balls, or other childish playthings, to choose, at their leisure hours, to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should discover him playing at taw or other childish play." Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, he had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men, were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind. The doctor replied, he had by him an old Greek manuscript where a favorite diversion of Socrates was recorded. "Aye!" says the parson eagerly: "I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favor of perusing it." The doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, that he believed he could describe it. "I think," says he, "as near as I can remember, it was this: there was a throne erected, on one side of which sat a king, and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne he addressed himself to the monarchs in some grave speech, full of virtue, and goodness, and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained. This I think was the chief part. Perhaps I may have forgot some particulars; for it is long since I read it." Adams said, it was, indeed, a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which, he was informed, they trifled away too much of their lives. He added, the Christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented. The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. Adams said, and

declared he was resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening. To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, "unless," said he (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man), "you have a sermon about you, doctor." "Sir," said Adams, "I never travel without one, for fear of what may happen." He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected, which was performed before they had drank two bottles; and, perhaps, the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this: there was a great tub of water provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen; namely, the master of the house and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced between the poet and the doctor; who, having read his sermon, to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its supports at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water. The captain made his escape, but, unluckily, the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leapt out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honor; but he had wisely withdrawn: he then searched for his crabstick, and having found that, as well as his fellow-travelers, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host, whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended; for, as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident, which threw him into a fever that had like to have cost him his life.

(From "Tom Jones")

Mr. Jones agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was, to attend Mrs. Miller, and her younger daughter, into the gallery at the playhouse, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taste for humor which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge, from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved, indeed, but likewise unadulterated, by art.

In the first row then of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time, without putting one another out." While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book before the gunpowder-treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, "That here were candles enough burnt in one night, to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armor, is it?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick, which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling, that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he

was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? "O la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything; for I know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay: go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! — Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. — Follow you? I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps, it is the devil — for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. — Oh! here he is again. — No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush! dear sir, don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over Jones said, "Why, Partridge you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me, neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me." "And dost thou imagine, then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case? — But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again. — Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all

in it, I am glad I am not down yonder, where those men are." Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, "Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?"

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction, than, "that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance Partridge cried out, "There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as what's his name, Squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it is only a play: and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. — There, there. — Ay, no wonder you are in such a passion, shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I would serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. — Ay, go about your business, I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play, which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, "If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for, as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much

higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, "That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town." "No wonder then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." — Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man, on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him, "Which of the players he had liked best?" To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed, that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage." "He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord me, any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said, she had seen him

from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say, which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning; which, upon recollection, she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the playhouse; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said, than to anything that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep, with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, "Lord have mercy upon us! there it is."

(From "A Voyage to Lisbon")

The wind seeming likely to continue in the same corner where it had been almost constantly for two months together, I was persuaded by my wife to go ashore and stay at Ryde till we sailed. I approved the motion much; for though I am a great lover of the sea, I now fancied there was more pleasure in breathing the fresh air of the land; but how to get thither was the question; for, being really that dead luggage which I considered all passengers to be in the beginning of this narrative, and incapable of any bodily motion without external impulse, it was in vain to leave the ship, or to determine to do it, without the assistance of others. In one instance, perhaps, the living luggage is more difficult to be moved or removed than an equal or much superior weight of dead matter; which, if of the brittle kind, may indeed be liable to be broken through negligence; but this, by proper care, may be almost certainly prevented; whereas the fractures to which the living lumps are exposed are sometimes by no caution avoidable, and often by no art to be amended.

I was deliberating on the means of conveyance, not so much out of the ship to the boat as out of a little tottering boat to the land; a matter which, as I had already experienced in the

Thames, was not extremely easy, when to be performed by any other limbs than your own. Whilst I weighed all that could suggest itself on this head, without strictly examining the merit of the several schemes which were advanced by the captain and sailors, and, indeed, giving no very deep attention even to my wife, who, as well as her friend and my daughter, were exerting their tender concern for my ease and safety, Fortune, for I am convinced she had a hand in it, sent me a present of a buck; a present welcome enough of itself, but more welcome on account of the vessel in which it came, being a large hoy, which in some places would pass for a ship, and many people would go some miles to see the sight. I was pretty easily conveyed on board this hoy; but to get from hence to the shore was not so easy a task; for, however strange it may appear, the water itself did not extend so far; an instance which seems to explain those lines of Ovid,

Omnia pontus erant, deerant quoque littora ponto,

in a less tautological sense than hath generally been imputed to them.

In fact, between the sea and the shore there was, at low water, an impassable gulf, if I may so call it, of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming; so that for near one half of the twenty-four hours Ryde was inaccessible by friend or foe. But as the magistrates of this place seemed more to desire the company of the former than to fear that of the latter, they had begun to make a small causeway to the low-water mark, so that foot passengers might land whenever they pleased; but as this work was of a public kind, and would have cost a large sum of money, at least ten pounds, and the magistrates, that is to say, the churchwardens, the overseers, constable, and tithingman, and the principal inhabitants, had every one of them some separate scheme of private interest to advance at the expense of the public, they fell out among themselves; and, after having thrown away one half of the requisite sum, resolved at least to save the other half, and rather be contented to sit down losers themselves than to enjoy any benefit which might bring in a greater profit to another. Thus that

unanimity which is so necessary in all public affairs became wanting, and every man, from the fear of being a bubble to another, was, in reality, a bubble to himself.

However, as there is scarce any difficulty to which the strength of men, assisted with the cunning of art, is not equal, I was at last hoisted into a small boat, and, being rowed pretty near the shore, was taken up by two sailors, who waded with me through the mud, and placed me in a chair on the land, whence they afterwards conveyed me a quarter of a mile farther, and brought me to a house which seemed to bid the fairest for hospitality of any in Ryde.

We brought with us our provisions from the ship, so that we wanted nothing but a fire to dress our dinner, and a room in which we might eat it. In neither of these had we any reason to apprehend a disappointment, our dinner consisting only of beans and bacon; and the worst apartment in his majesty's dominions, either at home or abroad, being fully sufficient to answer our present ideas of delicacy.

Unluckily, however, we were disappointed in both; for when we arrived about four at our inn, exulting in the hopes of immediately seeing our beans smoking on the table, we had the mortification of seeing them on the table indeed, but without that circumstance which would have made the sight agreeable, being in the same state in which we had despatched them from our ship.

In excuse for this delay, though we had exceeded, almost purposely, the time appointed, and our provision had arrived three hours before, the mistress of the house acquainted us that it was not for want of time to dress them that they were not ready, but for fear of their being cold or overdone before we should come; which she assured us was much worse than waiting a few minutes for our dinner; an observation so very just, that it is impossible to find any objection in it; but, indeed, it was not altogether so proper at this time, for we had given the most absolute orders to have them ready at four, and had been ourselves, not without much care and difficulty, most exactly punctual in keeping to the very minute of our appointment. But tradesmen, inn-keepers, and servants never care to indulge us in matters contrary to our true interest, which

they always know better than ourselves; nor can any bribes corrupt them to go out of their way whilst they are consulting our good in our own despite.

Our disappointment in the other particular, in defiance of our humility, as it was more extraordinary, was more provoking. In short, Mrs. Francis (for that was the name of the good woman of the house) no sooner received the news of our intended arrival than she considered more the gentility than the humanity of her guests, and applied herself not to that which kindles but to that which extinguishes fire, and, forgetting to put on her pot, fell to washing her house.

As the messenger who had brought my venison was impatient to be despatched, I ordered it to be brought and laid on the table in the room where I was seated; and the table not being large enough, one side, and that a very bloody one, was laid on the brick floor. I then ordered Mrs. Francis to be called in, in order to give her instructions concerning it; in particular, what I would have roasted and what baked; concluding that she would be highly pleased with the prospect of so much money being spent in her house as she might have now reason to expect, if the wind continued only a few days longer to blow from the same points whence it had blown for several weeks past.

I soon saw good cause, I must confess, to despise my own sagacity. Mrs. Francis, having received her orders, without making any answer, snatched the side from the floor, which remained stained with blood, and, bidding a servant to take up that on the table, left the room with no pleasant countenance, muttering to herself that, "had she known the litter which was to have been made, she would not have taken such pains to wash her house that morning. If this was gentility, much good may it do such gentlefolks; for her part she had no notion of it."

From these murmurs I received two hints. The one, that it was not from a mistake of our inclination that the good woman had starved us, but from wisely consulting her own dignity, or rather perhaps her vanity, to which our hunger was offered up as a sacrifice. The other, that I was now sitting in a damp room, a circumstance, though it had hitherto escaped my notice

from the color of the bricks, which was by no means to be neglected in a valetudinary state.

My wife, who, besides discharging excellently well her own and all the tender offices becoming the female character; who, besides being a faithful friend, an amiable companion, and a tender nurse, could likewise supply the wants of a decrepit husband, and occasionally perform his part, had, before this, discovered the immoderate attention to neatness in Mrs. Francis, and provided against its ill consequences. She had found, though not under the same roof, a very snug apartment belonging to Mr. Francis, and which had escaped the mop by his wife's being satisfied it could not possibly be visited by gentlefolks.

This was a dry, warm, oaken-floored barn, lined on both sides with wheaten straw, and opening at one end into a green field and a beautiful prospect. Here, without hesitation, she ordered the cloth to be laid, and came hastily to snatch me from worse perils by water than the common dangers of the sea.

Mrs. Francis, who could not trust her own ears, or could not believe a footman in so extraordinary a phenomenon, followed my wife, and asked her if she had indeed ordered the cloth to be laid in the barn? She answered in the affirmative; upon which Mrs. Francis declared she would not dispute her pleasure, but it was the first time she believed that quality had ever preferred a barn to a house. She showed at the same time the most pregnant marks of contempt, and again lamented the labor she had undergone, through her ignorance of the absurd taste of her guests.

At length, we were seated in one of the most pleasant spots I believe in the kingdom, and were regaled with our beans and bacon, in which there was nothing deficient but the quantity. This defect was however so deplorable that we had consumed our whole dish before we had visibly lessened our hunger. We now waited with impatience the arrival of our second course, which necessity, and not luxury, had dictated. This was a joint of mutton which Mrs. Francis had been ordered to provide; but when, being tired with expectation, we ordered our servants *to see for something else*, we were informed that there was nothing else; on which Mrs. Francis, being summoned,

declared there was no such thing as mutton to be had at Ryde. When I expressed some astonishment at their having no butcher in a village so situated, she answered they had a very good one, and one that killed all sorts of meat in season, beef two or three times a year, and mutton the whole year round; but that, it being then beans and peas time, he killed no meat, by reason he was not sure of selling it. This she had not thought worthy of communication, any more than that there lived a fisherman at next door, who was then provided with plenty of soles, and whitings, and lobsters, far superior to those which adorn a city feast. This discovery being made by accident, we completed the best, the pleasantest, and the merriest meal, with more appetite, more real solid luxury, and more festivity, than was ever seen in an entertainment at White's.

It may be wondered at, perhaps, that Mrs. Francis should be so negligent of providing for her guests, as she may seem to be thus inattentive to her own interest; but this was not the case; for, having clapped a poll-tax on our heads at our arrival, and determined at what price to discharge our bodies from her house, the less she suffered any other to share in the levy the clearer it came into her own pocket; and that it was better to get twelve pence in a shilling than ten pence, which latter would be the case if she afforded us fish at any rate.

Thus we passed a most agreeable day owing to good appetites and good humor; two hearty feeders which will devour with satisfaction whatever food you place before them; whereas, without these, the elegance of St. James's, the chard, the Périgord pie, or the ortolan, the venison, the turtle, or the custard, may titillate the throat, but will never convey happiness to the heart or cheerfulness to the countenance.

As the wind appeared still immovable, my wife proposed my lying on shore. I presently agreed, though in defiance of an act of Parliament, by which persons wandering abroad and lodging in ale-houses are decreed to be rogues and vagabonds; and this too after having been very singularly officious in putting that law in execution.

My wife, having reconnoitered the house, reported that there was one room in which were two beds. It was concluded, therefore, that she and Harriot should occupy one and myself

take possession of the other. She added likewise an ingenious recommendation of this room to one who had so long been in a cabin, which it exactly resembled, as it was sunk down with age on one side, and was in the form of a ship with gunwales too.

For my own part, I make little doubt but this apartment was an ancient temple, built with the materials of a wreck, and probably dedicated to Neptune in honor of THE BLESSING sent by him to the inhabitants; such blessings having in all ages been very common to them. The timber employed in it confirms this opinion, being such as is seldom used by any but shipbuilders.

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn:
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a-hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay;
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows;
You cannot hunt to-day."
Yet a-hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
Yet a-hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a-hunting we will go.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry;

The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
And music fills the sky,
When a-hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night,
And a-drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
Prepare them for the chase;
Rise at the sounding of the horn
And health with sport embrace,
When a-hunting we do go.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS

James Thomas Fields. Born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, December 31, 1817; died in Boston, Massachusetts, April 24, 1881. Author of "A Few Verses for a Few Friends," "Yesterdays with Authors," "Hawthorne," "Old Acquaintance: Barry Cornwall and Some of his Friends," "In and Out of Doors with Dickens," "Underbrush," "Ballads and Other Verses."

(The following selection is used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, the publishers.)

(From "Yesterdays with Authors")

DICKENS

Dickens had timed our visit to his country house in Kent, and arranged that we should appear at Gad's Hill with the nightingales. Arriving at the Higham station on a bright June day in 1869, we found his stout little pony ready to take us up the hill; and before we had proceeded far on the road, the master himself came out to welcome us on the way. He looked

brown and hearty, and told us he had passed a breezy morning writing in the châlet. We had parted from him only a few days before in London, but I thought the country air had already begun to exert its strengthening influence, — a process he said which commonly set in the moment he reached his garden gate.

It was ten years since I had seen Gad's Hill Place, and I observed at once what extensive improvements had been made during that period. Dickens had increased his estate by adding quite a large tract of land on the opposite side of the road, and a beautiful meadow at the back of the house. He had connected the front lawn, by a passageway running under the road, with beautifully wooded grounds, on which was erected the Swiss châlet, a present from Fechter. The old house, too, had been greatly improved, and there was an air of assured comfort and ease about the charming establishment. No one could surpass Dickens as a host; and as there were certain household rules (hours for meals, recreation, etc.), he at once announced them, so that visitors never lost any time "wondering" when this or that was to happen.

Lunch over, we were taken round to see the dogs, and Dickens gave us a rapid biographical account of each as we made acquaintance with the whole colony. One old fellow, who had grown superannuated and nearly blind, raised himself up and laid his great black head against Dickens's breast as if he loved him. All were spoken to with pleasant words of greeting, and the whole troop seemed wild with joy over the master's visit. "Linda" put up her shaggy paw to be shaken at parting; and as we left the dog-houses, our host told us some amusing anecdotes of his favorite friends.

Dickens's admiration of Hogarth was unbounded, and he had hung the staircase leading up from the hall of his house with fine old impressions of the great master's best works. Observing our immediate interest in these pictures, he seemed greatly pleased, and proceeded at once to point out in his graphic way what had struck his own fancy most in Hogarth's genius. He had made a study of the painter's *thought* as displayed in these works, and his talk about the artist was delightful. He used to say he never came down the stairs without pausing with

new wonder over the fertility of the mind that had conceived and the hand that had executed these powerful pictures of human life; and I cannot forget with what fervid energy and feeling he repeated one day, as we were standing together on the stairs in front of the Hogarth pictures, Dr. Johnson's epitaph, on the painter: —

> "The hand of him here torpid lies,
> That drew the essential form of grace;
> Here closed in death the attentive eyes
> That saw the manners in the face."

Every day we had out-of-door games, such as "Bowls," "Aunt Sally," and the like, Dickens leading off with great spirit and fun. Billiards came after dinner, and during the evening we had charades and dancing. There was no end to the new divertisements our kind host was in the habit of proposing, so that constant cheerfulness reigned at Gad's Hill. He went into his workroom, as he called it, soon after breakfast, and wrote till twelve o'clock; then he came out, ready for a long walk. The country about Gad's Hill is admirably adapted for pedestrian exercise, and we went forth every day, rain or shine, for a stretcher. Twelve, fifteen, even twenty miles were not too much for Dickens, and many a long tramp we have had over the hop-country together. Chatham, Rochester, Cobham Park, Maidstone, — anywhere, out under the open sky and into the free air! Then Dickens was at his best, and talked. Swinging his blackthorn stick, his lithe figure sprang forward over the ground, and it took a practised pair of legs to keep alongside of his voice. In these expeditions I heard from his own lips delightful reminiscences of his early days in the region we were then traversing, and charming narratives of incidents connected with the writing of his books.

Dickens's association with Gad's Hill, the city of Rochester, the road to Canterbury, and the old cathedral town itself, dates back to his earliest years. In "David Copperfield," the most autobiographic of all his books, we find him, a little boy (so small, that the landlady is called to peer over the counter and catch a glimpse of the tiny lad who possesses such "a spirit"), trudging over the old Kent Road to Dover. "I see myself,"

he writes, "as evening closes in, coming over the bridge at Rochester, footsore and tired, and eating bread that I had bought for supper. One or two little houses, with the notice, 'Lodgings for Travelers,' hanging out, had tempted me; but I was afraid of spending the few pence I had, and was even more afraid of the vicious looks of the trampers I had met or overtaken. I sought no shelter, therefore, but the sky; and toiling into Chatham, — which in that night's aspect is a mere dream of chalk, and drawbridges, and mastless ships in a muddy river, roofed like Noah's arks, — crept, at last, upon a sort of grass-grown battery overhanging a lane, where a sentry was walking to and fro. Here I lay down near a cannon; and, happy in the society of the sentry's footsteps, though he knew no more of my being above him than the boys at Salem House had known of my lying by the wall, slept soundly until morning." Thus early he noticed "the trampers" which infest the old Dover Road, and observed them in their numberless gipsy-like variety; thus early he looked lovingly on Gad's Hill Place, and wished it might be his own, if he ever grew up to be a man. His earliest memories were filled with pictures of the endless hop-grounds and orchards, and the little child "thought it all extremely beautiful!"

Through the long years of his short life he was always consistent in his love for Kent and the old surroundings. When the after days came and while traveling abroad, how vividly the childish love returned! As he passed rapidly over the road on his way to France he once wrote: "Midway between Gravesend and Rochester the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"'Halloa!' said I to the very queer small boy, 'where do you live?'

"'At Chatham,' says he.

"'What do you do there?' said I.

"'I go to school,' says he.

"I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently the very queer small boy says, 'This is Gad's Hill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travelers, and ran away.'

"'You know something about Falstaff, eh?' said I.

"'All about him,' said the very queer small boy. 'I am old (I am nine) and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!'

"'You admire that house,' said I.

"'Bless you, sir,' said the very queer small boy, 'when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, "If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it." Though that's impossible!' said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might. I was rather annoyed to be told this by the very queer small boy; for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true."

What stay-at-home is there who does not know the Bull Inn at Rochester, from which Mr. Tupman and Mr. Jingle attended the ball, Mr. Jingle wearing Mr. Winkle's coat? or who has not seen in fancy the "gipsy-tramp," the "show-tramp," the "cheap jack," the "tramp-children," and the "Irish hoppers," all passing over "the Kentish Road, bordered" in their favorite resting-place "on either side by a wood, and having on one hand, between the road dust and the trees, a skirting patch of grass? Wild flowers grow in abundance on this spot, and it lies high and airy, with the distant river stealing steadily away to the ocean, like a man's life."

Sitting in the beautiful châlet during his later years and watching this same river stealing away like his own life, he never could find a harsh word for the tramps, and many and many a one has gone over the road rejoicing because of some kindness received from his hands. Every precaution was taken to protect a house exposed as his was to these wild rovers, several dogs being kept in the stable yard, and the large outer gates locked. But he seldom made an excursion in any direction without finding some opportunity to benefit them. One of these many kindnesses came to the public ear during the last summer of his life. He was dressing in his own bedroom in the

morning, when he saw two Savoyards and two bears come up to the Falstaff Inn opposite. While he was watching the odd company, two English bullies joined the little party and insisted upon taking the muzzles off the bears in order to have a dance with them. "At once," said Dickens, "I saw there would be trouble, and I watched the scene with the greatest anxiety. In a moment I saw how things were going, and without delay I found myself at the gate. I called the gardener by the way, but he managed to hold himself at safe distance behind the fence. I put the Savoyards instantly in a secure position, asked the bullies what they were at, forced them to muzzle the bears again, under threat of sending for the police, and ended the whole affair in so short a time that I was not missed from the house. Unfortunately, while I was covered with dust and blood, for the bears had already attacked one of the men when I arrived, I heard a carriage roll by. I thought nothing of it at the time, but the report in the foreign journals which startled and shocked my friends so much came probably from the occupants of that vehicle. Unhappily, in my desire to save the men, I entirely forgot the dogs, and ordered the bears to be carried into the stable yard until the scuffle should be over, when a tremendous tumult arose between the bears and the dogs. Fortunately we were able to separate them without injury, and the whole was so soon over that it was hard to make the family believe, when I came in to breakfast, that anything of the kind had gone forward." It was the newspaper report, causing anxiety to some absent friends, which led, on inquiry, to this rehearsal of the incident.

Who does not know Cobham Park? Has Dickens not invited us there in the old days to meet Mr. Pickwick, who pronounced it "delightful! — thoroughly delightful," while "the skin of his expressive countenance was rapidly peeling off with exposure to the sun"? Has he not invited the world to enjoy the loveliness of its solitudes with him, and peopled its haunts for us again and again?

Our first *real* visit to Cobham Park was on a summer morning when Dickens walked out with us from his own gate, and, strolling quietly along the road, turned at length into what seemed a rural wooded pathway. At first we did not associate

the spot in its spring freshness with that morning after Christmas when he had supped with the "Seven Poor Travelers," and lain awake all night with thinking of them; and after parting in the morning with a kindly shake of the hand all round, started to walk through Cobham woods on his way towards London. Then on his lonely road, "the mists began to rise in the most beautiful manner and the sun to shine; and as I went on," he writes, "through the bracing air, seeing the hoar frost sparkle everywhere, I felt as if all nature shared in the joy of the great Birthday. Going through the woods, the softness of my tread upon the mossy ground and among the brown leaves enhanced the Christmas sacredness by which I felt surrounded. As the whitened stems environed me, I thought how the Founder of the time had never raised his benignant hand, save to bless and heal, except in the case of one unconscious tree."

Now we found ourselves on the same ground, surrounded by the full beauty of the summer time. The hand of Art conspiring with Nature had planted rhododendrons, as if in their native soil beneath the forest trees. They were in one universal flame of blossoms, as far as the eye could see. Lord and Lady D——, the kindest and most hospitable of neighbors, were absent; there was not a living figure beside ourselves to break the solitude, and we wandered on and on with the wild birds for companions as in our native wildernesses. By and by we came near Cobham Hall, with its fine lawns and far-sweeping landscape, and workmen and gardeners and a general air of summer luxury. But to-day we were to go past the hall and lunch on a green slope under the trees (was it *just* the spot where Mr. Pickwick tried the cold punch and found it satisfactory? I never liked to ask!) and after making the old woods ring with the clatter and clink of our noontide meal, mingled with floods of laughter, were to come to the village, and to the very inn from which the disconsolate Mr. Tupman wrote to Mr. Pickwick, after his adventure with Miss Wardle. There is the old sign, and here we are at the Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent. "There's no doubt whatever about that." Dickens's modesty would not allow him to go in, so we made the most of an outside study of the quaint old place as we strolled by; also of the

cottages, whose inmates were evidently no strangers to our party but were cared for by them as English cottagers are so often looked after by the kindly ladies in their neighborhood. And there was the old churchyard, "where the dead had been quietly buried 'in the sure and certain hope' which Christmas-time inspired." There too were the children, whom, seeing at their play, he could not but be loving, remembering who had loved them!

JOHN FISKE

JOHN FISKE. Born in Hartford, Connecticut, March 30, 1842; died in 1901.

At seven he read Cæsar; Shakespeare at eight; and at nine began Greek. An extraordinary course in mathematics was mastered by him at the age of twelve; he could read Plato and Herodotus at sight when fifteen; and the next year learned four modern languages. Graduated at Harvard at twenty-one. Was assistant librarian at Harvard, instructor in history, University lecturer, and for some years an Overseer.

Author of "Myths and Myth Makers," "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," "The Unseen World," "Darwinism," "The Destiny of Man," "The Idea of God," "Through Nature to God," "The Discovery of America," "Old Virginia and her Neighbors," "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies," "American Political Ideas," "The Beginnings of New England," "The Critical Period of American History," "The American Revolution," "Civil Government in the United States."

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(From "THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY")

THE THIRTEEN COMMONWEALTHS

"THE times that tried men's souls are over," said Thomas Paine in the last number of the "Crisis," which he published after hearing that the negotiations for a treaty of peace had been concluded. The preliminary articles had been signed at Paris on the 20th of January, 1783. The news arrived in America on the 23d of March, in a letter to the president of Congress from

Lafayette, who had returned to France soon after the victory at Yorktown. A few days later Sir Guy Carleton received his orders from the ministry to proclaim a cessation of hostilities by land and sea. A similar proclamation made by Congress was formally communicated to the army by Washington on the 19th of April, the eighth anniversary of the first bloodshed on Lexington Green. Since Wayne had driven the British from Georgia, early in the preceding year, there had been no military operations between the regular armies. Guerrilla warfare between Whig and Tory had been kept up in parts of South Carolina and on the frontier of New York, where Thayendanegea was still alert and defiant; while beyond the mountains the tomahawk and scalping-knife had been busy, and Washington's old friend and comrade, Colonel Crawford, had been scorched to death by the firebrands of the red demons; but the armies had sat still, awaiting the peace which every one felt sure must speedily come. After Cornwallis's surrender, Washington marched his army back to the Hudson, and established his headquarters at Newburgh. Rochambeau followed somewhat later, and in September joined the Americans on the Hudson; but in December the French army marched to Boston, and there embarked for France. After the formal cessation of hostilities on the 19th of April, 1783, Washington granted furloughs to most of his soldiers; and these weather-beaten veterans trudged homeward in all directions, in little groups of four or five, depending largely for their subsistence on the hospitality of the farm-houses along the road. Arrived at home, their muskets were hung over the chimney-piece as trophies for grandchildren to be proud of, the stories of their exploits and their sufferings became household legends, and they turned the furrows and drove the cattle to pasture just as in the "old colony times." Their furloughs were equivalent to a full discharge, for on the 3d of September the definitive treaty was signed, and the country was at peace. On the 3d of November the army was formally disbanded, and on the 25th of that month Sir Guy Carleton's army embarked from New York. Small British garrisons still remained in the frontier posts of Ogdensburg, Oswego, Niagara, Erie, Sandusky, Detroit, and Mackinaw, but by the terms of the treaty these places were to be promptly surrendered to the

United States. On the 4th of December a barge waited at the South Ferry in New York to carry General Washington across the river to Paulus Hook. He was going to Annapolis, where Congress was in session, in order to resign his command. At Fraunces's Tavern, near the ferry, he took leave of the officers who so long had shared his labors. One after another they embraced their beloved commander, while there were few dry eyes in the company. They followed him to the ferry, and watched the departing boat with hearts too full for words, and then in solemn silence returned up the street. At Philadelphia he handed to the comptroller of the treasury a neatly written manuscript, containing an accurate statement of his expenses in the public service since the day when he took command of the army. The sums which Washington had thus spent out of his private fortune amounted to $64,315. For his personal services he declined to take any pay. At noon of the 23d, in the presence of Congress and of a throng of ladies and gentlemen at Annapolis, the great general gave up his command, and requested as an "indulgence" to be allowed to retire into private life. General Mifflin, who during the winter of Valley Forge had conspired with Gates to undermine the confidence of the people in Washington, was now president of Congress, and it was for him to make the reply. "You retire," said Mifflin, "from the theater of action with the blessings of your fellow-citizens, but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate remotest ages." The next morning Washington hurried away to spend Christmas at his pleasant home at Mount Vernon, which, save for a few hours in the autumn of 1781, he had not set eyes on for more than eight years. His estate had suffered from his long absence, and his highest ambition was to devote himself to its simple interests. To his friends he offered unpretentious hospitality. "My manner of living is plain," he said, "and I do not mean to be put out of it. A glass of wine and a bit of mutton are always ready, and such as will be content to partake of them are always welcome. Those who expect more will be disappointed." To Lafayette he wrote that he was now about to solace himself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the anxious soldier and the weary statesman know but little. "I have not only retired from all

public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk and tread the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

In these hopes Washington was to be disappointed. "All the world is touched by his republican virtues," wrote Luzerne to Vergennes, "but it will be useless for him to try to hide himself and live the life of a private man: he will always be the first citizen of the United States." It indeed required no prophet to foretell that the American people could not long dispense with the services of this greatest of citizens. Washington had already put himself most explicitly on record as the leader of the men who were urging the people of the United States toward the formation of a more perfect union. The great lesson of the war had not been lost on him. Bitter experience of the evils attendant upon the weak government of the Continental Congress had impressed upon his mind the urgent necessity of an immediate and thorough reform. On the 8th of June, in view of the approaching disbandment of the army, he had addressed to the governors and presidents of the several states a circular letter, which he wished to have regarded as his legacy to the American people. In this letter he insisted upon four things as essential to the very existence of the United States as an independent power. First, there must be an indissoluble union of all the states under a single federal government, which must possess the power of enforcing its decrees; for without such authority it would be a government only in name. Secondly, the debts incurred by Congress for the purpose of carrying on the war and securing independence must be paid to the uttermost farthing. Thirdly, the militia system must be organized throughout the thirteen states on uniform principles. Fourthly, the people must be willing to sacrifice, if need be, some of their local interests to the common weal; they must discard their local prejudices, and regard one another as fellow-citizens of a common country, with interests in the deepest and truest sense identical.

The unparalleled grandeur of Washington's character, his heroic services, and his utter disinterestedness had given him

such a hold upon the people as scarcely any other statesman known to history, save perhaps William the Silent, has ever possessed. The noble and sensible words of his circular letter were treasured up in the minds of all the best people in the country, and when the time for reforming the weak and disorderly government had come it was again to Washington that men looked as their leader and guide. But that time had not yet come. Only through the discipline of perplexity and tribulation could the people be brought to realize the indispensable necessity of that indissoluble union of which Washington had spoken. Thomas Paine was sadly mistaken when, in the moment of exultation over the peace, he declared that the trying time was ended. The most trying time of all was just beginning. It is not too much to say that the period of five years following the peace of 1783 was the most critical moment in all the history of the American people. The dangers from which we were saved in 1788 were even greater than the dangers from which we were saved in 1865. In the War of Secession the love of union had come to be so strong that thousands of men gave up their lives for it as cheerfully and triumphantly as the martyrs of older times, who sang their hymns of praise even while their flesh was withering in the relentless flames. In 1783 the love of union, as a sentiment for which men would fight, had scarcely come into existence among the people of these states. The souls of the men of that day had not been thrilled by the immortal eloquence of Webster, nor had they gained the historic experience which gave to Webster's words their meaning and their charm. They had not gained control of all the fairest part of the continent, with domains stretching more than three thousand miles from ocean to ocean, and so situated in geographical configuration and commercial relations as to make the very idea of disunion absurd, save for men in whose minds fanaticism for the moment usurped the place of sound judgment. The men of 1783 dwelt in a long, straggling series of republics, fringing the Atlantic coast, bordered on the north and south and west by two European powers whose hostility they had some reason to dread. But nine years had elapsed since, in the first Continental Congress, they had begun to act consistently and independently in common, under the severe pressure of a common fear and an

immediate necessity of action. Even under such circumstances the war had languished and come nigh to failure simply through the difficulty of insuring concerted action. Had there been such a government that the whole power of the thirteen states could have been swiftly and vigorously wielded as a unit, the British, fighting at such disadvantage as they did, might have been driven to their ships in less than a year. The length of the war and its worst hardships had been chiefly due to want of organization. Congress had steadily declined in power and in respectability; it was much weaker at the end of the war than at the beginning; and there was reason to fear that as soon as the common pressure was removed the need for concerted action would quite cease to be felt, and the scarcely formed Union would break into pieces. There was the greater reason for such a fear in that, while no strong sentiment had as yet grown up in favor of union, there was an intensely powerful sentiment in favor of local self-government. This feeling was scarcely less strong as between states like Connecticut and Rhode Island, or Maryland and Virginia, than it was between Athens and Megara, Argos and Sparta, in the great days of Grecian history. A most wholesome feeling it was, and one which needed not so much to be curbed as to be guided in the right direction. It was a feeling which was shared by some of the foremost Revolutionary leaders, such as Samuel Adams and Richard Henry Lee. But unless the most profound and delicate statesmanship should be forthcoming, to take this sentiment under its guidance, there was much reason to fear that the release from the common adhesion to Great Britain would end in setting up thirteen little republics, ripe for endless squabbling, like the republics of ancient Greece and medieval Italy, and ready to become the prey of England and Spain, even as Greece became the prey of Macedonia.

As such a lamentable result was dreaded by Washington, so by statesmen in Europe it was generally expected, and by our enemies it was eagerly hoped for. Josiah Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, was a far-sighted man in many things; but he said, "As to the future grandeur of America, and its being a rising empire under one head, whether republican or monarchical, it is one of the idlest and most visionary notions that ever was conceived even by writers of romance. The mutual antipathies and clash-

ing interests of the Americans, their difference of governments, habitudes, and manners, indicate that they will have no center of union and no common interest. They never can be united into one compact empire under any species of government whatever; a disunited people till the end of time, suspicious and distrustful of each other, they will be divided and subdivided into little commonwealths or principalities, according to natural boundaries, by great bays of the sea, and by vast rivers, lakes, and ridges of mountains." Such were the views of a liberal-minded philosopher who bore us no ill-will. George III said officially that he hoped the Americans would not suffer from the evils which in history had always followed the throwing off of monarchical government: which meant, of course, that he hoped they *would* suffer from such evils. He believed we should get into such a snarl that the several states, one after another, would repent and beg on their knees to be taken back into the British empire. Frederick of Prussia, though friendly to the Americans, argued that the mere extent of country from Maine to Georgia would suffice either to break up the Union or to make a monarchy necessary. No republic, he said, had ever long existed on so great a scale. The Roman republic had been transformed into a despotism mainly by the excessive enlargement of its area. It was only little states, like Venice, Switzerland, and Holland, that could maintain a republican government. Such arguments were common enough a century ago, but they overlooked three essential differences between the Roman republic and the United States. The Roman republic in Cæsar's time comprised peoples differing widely in blood, in speech, and in degree of civilization; it was perpetually threatened on all its frontiers by powerful enemies; and representative assemblies were unknown to it. The only free government of which the Roman knew anything was that of the primary assembly or town meeting. On the other hand, the people of the United States were all English in speech, and mainly English in blood. The differences in degree of civilization between such states as Massachusetts and North Carolina were considerable, but in comparison with such differences as those between Attica and Lusitania they might well be called slight. The attacks of savages on the frontier were cruel and annoying, but never since the time of King Philip

had they seemed to threaten the existence of the white man. A very small military establishment was quite enough to deal with the Indians. And to crown all, the American people were thoroughly familiar with the principle of representation, having practised it on a grand scale for four centuries in England, and for more than a century in America. The governments of the thirteen states were all similar, and the political ideas of one were perfectly intelligible to all the others. It was essentially fallacious, therefore, to liken the case of the United States to that of ancient Rome.

But there was another feature of the case which was quite hidden from the men of 1783. Just before the assembling of the first Continental Congress James Watt had completed his steam-engine; in the summer of 1787, while the Federal Convention was sitting at Philadelphia, John Fitch launched his first steamboat on the Delaware River; and Stephenson's invention of the locomotive was to follow in less than half a century. Even with all other conditions favorable, it is doubtful if the American Union could have been preserved to the present time without the railroad. But for the military aid of railroads our government would hardly have succeeded in putting down the rebellion of the southern states. In the debates on the Oregon Bill in the United States Senate in 1843, the idea that we could ever have an interest in so remote a country as Oregon was loudly ridiculed by some of the members. It would take ten months — said George McDuffie, the very able senator from South Carolina — for representatives to get from that territory to the District of Columbia and back again. Yet since the building of railroads to the Pacific coast, we can go from Boston to the capital of Oregon in much less time than it took John Hancock to make the journey from Boston to Philadelphia. Railroads and telegraphs have made our vast country, both for political and for social purposes, more snug and compact than little Switzerland was in the Middle Ages or New England a century ago.

At the time of our Revolution the difficulties of traveling formed an important social obstacle to the union of the states. In our time the persons who pass in a single day between New York and Boston by six or seven distinct lines of railroad and

steamboat are numbered by thousands. In 1783 two stage-coaches were enough for all the travelers, and nearly all the freight besides, that went between these two cities, except such large freight as went by sea around Cape Cod. The journey began at three o'clock in the morning. Horses were changed every twenty miles, and if the roads were in good condition some forty miles would be made by ten o'clock in the evening. In bad weather, when the passengers had to get down and lift the clumsy wheels out of deep ruts, the progress was much slower. The loss of life from accidents, in proportion to the number of travelers, was much greater than it has ever been on the railway. Broad rivers like the Connecticut and Housatonic had no bridges. To drive across them in winter, when they were solidly frozen over, was easy; and in pleasant summer weather to cross in a rowboat was not a dangerous undertaking. But squalls at some seasons and floating ice at others were things to be feared. More than one instance is recorded where boats were crushed and passengers drowned, or saved only by scrambling upon ice-floes. After a week or ten days of discomfort and danger the jolted and jaded traveler reached New York. Such was a journey in the most highly civilized part of the United States. The case was still worse in the South, and it was not so very much better in England and France. In one respect the traveler in the United States fared better than the traveler in Europe: the danger from highwaymen was but slight.

Such being the difficulty of traveling, people never made long journeys save for very important reasons. Except in the case of the soldiers, most people lived and died without ever having seen any state but their own. And as the mails were irregular and uncertain, and the rates of postage very high, people heard from one another but seldom. Commercial dealings between the different states were inconsiderable. The occupation of the people was chiefly agriculture. Cities were few and small, and each little district for the most part supported itself. Under such circumstances the different parts of the country knew very little about each other, and local prejudices were intense. It was not simply free Massachusetts and slave-holding South Carolina, or English Connecticut and Dutch New York, that misunderstood and ridiculed each the other; but even between such

neighboring states as Connecticut and Massachusetts, both of them thoroughly English and Puritan, and in all their social conditions almost exactly alike, it used often to be said that there was no love lost. These unspeakably stupid and contemptible local antipathies are inherited by civilized men from that far-off time when the clan system prevailed over the face of the earth, and the hand of every clan was raised against its neighbors. They are pale and evanescent survivals from the universal primitive warfare, and the sooner they die out from human society the better for every one. They should be stigmatized and frowned down upon every fit occasion, just as we frown upon swearing as a symbol of anger and contention. But the only thing which can finally destroy them is the widespread and unrestrained intercourse of different groups of people in peaceful social and commercial relations. The rapidity with which this process is now going on is the most encouraging of all the symptoms of our modern civilization. But a century ago the progress made in this direction had been relatively small, and it was a very critical moment for the American people.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

Stephen Collins Foster. A famous American song-writer and composer. Born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, July 4, 1826; died in New York City, January 13, 1864. Author of more than one hundred songs: as "Old Folks at Home," "Nelly Bly," "Old Dog Tray," "Come Where my Love Lies Dreaming."

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.

All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebry where I roam.
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brudder,
Happy was I.
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

FRIEDRICH DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

BARON FRIEDRICH DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. Born at Brandenburg, Germany, February 12, 1777; died in Berlin, January 23, 1843. Author of "Undine," "Sintram," "The Jarl of the Orkneys," "Corona," "Charlemagne," etc. "Undine" is his masterpiece, and has become a classic, secure of its position in the court of literature for all time. It can now be read in every language of the civilized world.

(From "UNDINE")

ON a beautiful evening, many hundred years ago, a worthy old fisherman sat mending his nets. The spot where he dwelt was exceedingly picturesque. The green turf on which he had built his cottage ran far out into a great lake; and this slip of verdure appeared to stretch into it as much through love of its clear waters as the lake, moved by a like impulse, strove to fold the meadow, with its waving grass and flowers, and the cooling shade of the trees, in its embrace of love. They seemed to be drawn toward each other, and the one to be visiting the other as a guest.

With respect to human beings, indeed, in this pleasant spot, excepting the fisherman and his family, there were few, or rather none, to be met with. For in the background of the scene, toward the west and northwest, lay a forest of extraordinary wildness, which, owing to its sunless gloom and almost impassable recesses, as well as to fear of the strange creatures and visionary illusions to be encountered in it, most people avoided entering, unless in cases of extreme necessity. The pious old fisherman, however, many times passed through it without harm, when he carried the fine fish which he caught by his beautiful strip of land to a great city lying only a short distance beyond the forest.

Now the reason he was able to go through this wood with so much ease may have been chiefly this, because he entertained scarcely any thoughts but such as were of a religious nature; and besides, every time he crossed the evil-reported shades, he used to sing some holy song with a clear voice and from a sincere heart.

Well, while he sat by his nets this evening, neither fearing nor devising evil, a sudden terror seized him, as he heard a rushing in the darkness of the wood, that resembled the trampling of a mounted steed, and the noise continued every instant drawing nearer and nearer to his little territory.

What he had fancied, when abroad in many a stormy night, respecting the mysteries of the forest, now flashed through his mind in a moment, especially the figure of a man of gigantic stature and snow-white appearance, who kept nodding his head in a portentous manner. And when he raised his eyes towards the wood, the form came before him in perfect distinctness, as he saw the nodding man burst forth from the mazy web-work of leaves and branches. But he immediately felt emboldened, when he reflected that nothing to give him alarm had ever befallen him even in the forest; and moreover, that on this open neck of land the evil spirit, it was likely, would be still less daring in the exercise of his power. At the same time he prayed aloud with the most earnest sincerity of devotion, repeating a passage of the Bible. This inspired him with fresh courage, and soon perceiving the illusion, and the strange mistake into which his imagination had betrayed him, he could with difficulty refrain from laughing. The white nodding figure he had seen became transformed in the twinkling of an eye, to what in reality it was, a small brook, long and familiarly known to him, which ran foaming from the forest and discharged itself into the lake.

But what had caused the startling sound was a knight arrayed in sumptuous apparel, who from under the shadows of the trees came riding toward the cottage. His doublet was violet embroidered with gold, and his scarlet cloak hung gracefully over it; on his cap of burnished gold waved red and violet-colored plumes; and in his golden shoulder-belt flashed a sword, richly ornamented and extremely beautiful. The white barb that bore the knight was more slenderly built than war-horses usually are, and he touched the turf with a step so light and elastic that the green and flowery carpet seemed hardly to receive the slightest injury from his tread. The old fisherman, notwithstanding, did not feel perfectly secure in his mind, although he was forced to believe that no evil could be feared from an appearance so pleasing, and therefore, as good manners dictated, he took off his hat on the

knight's coming near, and quietly remained by the side of his nets.

When the stranger stopped, and asked whether he with his horse could have shelter and entertainment there for the night, the fisherman returned answer: "As to your horse, fair sir, I have no better stable for him than this shady meadow, and no better provender than the grass that is growing here. But with respect to yourself, you shall be welcome to our humble cottage, and to the best supper and lodging we are able to give you."

The knight was well contented with this reception; and alighting from his horse, which his host assisted him to relieve from saddle and bridle, he let him hasten away to the fresh pasture, and thus spoke: "Even had I found you less hospitable and kindly disposed, my worthy old friend, you would still, I suspect, hardly have got rid of me to-day; for here, I perceive, a broad lake lies before us, and as to riding back into that wood of wonders, with the shades of evening deepening around me, may Heaven in its grace preserve me from the thought."

"Pray, not a word of the wood, or of returning into it!" said the fisherman, and took his guest into the cottage.

There beside the hearth, from which a frugal fire was diffusing its light through the clean, dusk room, sat the fisherman's aged wife in a great chair. At the entrance of their noble guest, she rose and gave him a courteous welcome, but sat down again in her seat of honor, not making the slightest offer of it to the stranger. Upon this the fisherman said with a smile: —

"You must not be offended with her, young gentleman, because she has not given up to you the best chair in the house; it is a custom among poor people to look upon this as the privilege of the aged."

"Why, husband!" cried the old lady, with a quiet smile, "where can your wits be wandering? Our guest, to say the least of him, must belong to a Christian country; and how is it possible, then, that so well-bred a young man as he appears to be, could dream of driving old people from their chairs? Take a seat, my young master," continued she, turning to the knight; "there is still quite a snug little chair on the other side of the room there, only be careful not to shove it about too roughly, for one of its legs, I fear, is none of the firmest."

The knight brought up the seat as carefully as she could desire, sat down upon it good-humoredly, and it seemed to him almost as if he must be somehow related to this little household, and have just returned home from abroad.

These three worthy people now began to converse in the most friendly and familiar manner. In relation to the forest, indeed, concerning which the knight occasionally made some inquiries, the old man chose to know and say but little; he was of opinion that slightly touching upon it, at this hour of twilight, was most suitable and safe; but of the cares and comforts of their home, and their business abroad, the aged couple spoke more freely and listened also with eager curiosity as the knight recounted to them his travels, and how he had a castle near one of the sources of the Danube, and that his name was Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten.

Already had the stranger, while they were in the midst of their talk, heard at times a splash against the little low window, as if some one were dashing water against it. The old man, every time he heard the noise, knit his brows with vexation; but at last, when the whole sweep of a shower came pouring like a torrent against the panes, and bubbling through the decayed frame into the room, he started up indignant, rushed to the window, and cried with a threatening voice: —

"Undine! will you never leave off these fooleries? — not even to-day, when we have a stranger-knight with us in the cottage?"

All without now became still, only a low laugh was just audible, and the fisherman said, as he came back to his seat, "You will have the goodness, my honored guest, to pardon this freak, and it may be a multitude more; but she has no thought of evil, or of any harm. This mischievous Undine, to confess the truth, is our adopted daughter, and she stoutly refuses to give over this frolicsome childishness of hers, although she has already entered her eighteenth year. But in spite of this, as I said before, she is at heart one of the very best children in the world."

"*You* may say so," broke in the old lady, shaking her head; "you can give a better account of her than I can. When you return home from fishing, or from selling your fish in the city, you may think her frolics very delightful. But to have her

dancing about you the whole day long, and never from morning to night to hear her speak one word of sense; and then as she grows older, instead of having any help from her in the family, to find her a continual cause of anxiety, lest her wild humors should completely ruin us, that is quite another thing, and enough at last to weary out the patience even of a saint."

"Well, well," replied the master of the house, with a smile, "you have your trials with Undine, and I have mine with the lake. The lake often beats down my dams, and breaks the meshes of my nets, but for all that I have a strong affection for it, and so have you, in spite of your mighty crosses and vexations, for our graceful little child. Is it not true?"

"One cannot be very angry with her," answered the old lady, as she gave her husband an approving smile.

That instant the door flew open, and a fair girl, of wondrous beauty, sprang laughing in, and said, "You have only been making a mock of me, father; for where now is the guest you mentioned?"

The same moment, however, she perceived the knight also, and continued standing before the young man in fixed astonishment. Huldbrand was charmed with her graceful figure, and viewed her lovely features with the more intense interest, as he imagined it was only her surprise that allowed him the opportunity, and that she would soon turn away from his gaze with increased bashfulness. But the event was the very reverse of what he expected; for, after looking at him for a long while, she became more confident, moved nearer, knelt down before him, and while she played with a gold medal which he wore attached to a rich chain on his breast, exclaimed: —

"Why, you beautiful, you kind guest! how have you reached our poor cottage at last? Have you been obliged for years and years to wander about the world before you could catch one glimpse of our nook? Do you come out of that wild forest, my beautiful knight?"

The old woman was so prompt in her reproof, as to allow him no time to answer. She commanded the maiden to rise, show better manners, and go to her work. But Undine, without making any reply, drew a little footstool near Huldbrand's chair, sat down upon it with her netting, and said in a gentle tone: —

"I will work here."

The old man did as parents are apt to do with children to whom they have been over-indulgent. He affected to observe nothing of Undine's strange behavior, and was beginning to talk about something else. But this the maiden did not permit him to do. She broke in upon him, "I have asked our kind guest from whence he has come among us, and he has not yet answered me."

"I come out of the forest, you lovely little vision," Huldbrand returned; and she spoke again: —

"You must also tell me how you came to enter that forest, so feared and shunned, and the marvelous adventures you met with in it; for there is no escaping without something of this kind."

Huldbrand felt a slight shudder on remembering what he had witnessed, and looked involuntarily toward the window, for it seemed to him that one of the strange shapes which had come upon him in the forest must be there grinning in through the glass; but he discerned nothing except the deep darkness of night, which had now enveloped the whole prospect. Upon this he became more collected, and was just on the point of beginning his account, when the old man thus interrupted him: —

"Not so, sir knight; this is by no means a fit hour for such relations."

But Undine, in a state of high excitement, sprang up from her little stool and cried, placing herself directly before the fisherman: "He shall *not* tell his story, father? he shall not? But it is my will: — he shall! — stop him who may!"

Thus speaking, she stamped her little foot vehemently on the floor, but all with an air of such comic and good-humored simplicity, that Huldbrand now found it quite as hard to withdraw his gaze from her wild emotion, as he had before from her gentleness and beauty. The old man, on the contrary, burst out in unrestrained displeasure. He severely reproved Undine for her disobedience and her unbecoming carriage toward the stranger, and his good old wife joined him in harping on the same string.

By these rebukes Undine was only excited the more. "If you want to quarrel with me," she cried, "and will not let me hear what I so much desire, then sleep alone in your smoky old

hut!" and swift as an arrow she shot from the door, and vanished amid the darkness of the night.

Huldbrand and the fisherman sprang from their seats, and were rushing to stop the angry girl; but before they could reach the cottage door, she had disappeared in the stormy darkness without, and no sound, not so much even as that of her light footstep, betrayed the course she had taken. Huldbrand threw a glance of inquiry toward his host; it almost seemed to him as if the whole of the sweet apparition, which had so suddenly plunged again amid the night, were no other than a continuation of the wonderful forms that had just played their mad pranks with him in the forest. But the old man muttered between his teeth: —

"This is not the first time she has treated us in this manner. Now must our hearts be filled with anxiety, and our eyes find no sleep the whole night; for who can assure us, in spite of her past escapes, that she will not some time or other come to harm, if she thus continue out in the dark and alone until daylight?"

"Then pray, for God's sake, father, let us follow her!" cried Huldbrand anxiously.

"Wherefore should we?" replied the old man. "It would be a sin were I to suffer you, all alone, to search after the foolish girl amid the lonesomeness of night; and my old limbs would fail to carry me to this wild rover, even if I knew to what place she has betaken herself."

"Still we ought at least to call after her, and beg her to return," said Huldbrand; and he began to call in tones of earnest entreaty, "Undine! Undine! come back, come back!"

The old man shook his head, and said, "All your shouting, however loud and long, will be of no avail; you know not as yet, sir knight, how self-willed the little thing is." But still, even hoping against hope, he could not himself cease calling out every minute, amid the gloom of night, "Undine! ah, dear Undine! I beseech you, pray come back — only this once."

It turned out, however, exactly as the fisherman had said. No Undine could they hear or see; and as the old man would on no account consent that Huldbrand should go in quest of the fugitive, they were both obliged at last to return into the cottage. There they found the fire on the hearth almost gone out, and the mistress of the house, who took Undine's flight and danger far

less to heart than her husband, had already gone to rest. The old man blew up the coals, put on dry wood, and by the firelight hunted for a flask of wine, which he brought and set between himself and his guest.

"You, sir knight, as well as I," said he, "are anxious on the silly girl's account; and it would be better, I think, to spend part of the night in chatting and drinking, than keep turning and turning on our rush-mats, and trying in vain to sleep. What is your opinion?"

Huldbrand was well pleased with the plan; the fisherman pressed him to take the empty seat of honor, its worthy occupant having now left it for her couch; and they relished their beverage and enjoyed their chat as two such good men and true ever ought to do. To be sure, whenever the slightest thing moved before the windows, or at times when even nothing was moving, one of them would look up and exclaim, "Here she comes!" Then would they continue silent a few moments, and afterward, when nothing appeared, would shake their heads, breathe out a sigh, and go on with their talk.

But as neither could think of anything but Undine, the best plan they could devise was, that the old fisherman should relate, and the knight should hear, in what manner Undine had come to the cottage. So the fisherman began as follows: —

"It is now about fifteen years since I one day crossed the wild forest with fish for the city market. My wife had remained at home as she was wont to do; and at this time for a reason of more than common interest, for although we were beginning to feel the advances of age, God had bestowed upon us an infant of wonderful beauty. It was a little girl; and we already began to ask ourselves the question, whether we ought not, for the advantage of the newcomer, to quit our solitude, and, the better to bring up this precious gift of Heaven, to remove to some more inhabited place. Poor people, to be sure, cannot in these cases do all you may think they ought, sir knight; but we must all do what we can.

"Well, I went on my way, and this affair would keep running in my head. This slip of land was most dear to me, and I trembled when, amidst the bustle and broils of the city, I thought to myself, 'In a scene of tumult like this, or at least in one not much

more quiet, I must soon take up my abode.' But I did not for this murmur against our good God; on the contrary, I praised Him in silence for the new-born babe. I should also speak an untruth, were I to say that anything befell me, either on my passage through the forest to the city, or on my returning homeward, that gave me more alarm than usual, as at that time I had never seen any appearance there which could terrify or annoy me. The Lord was ever with me in those awful shades."

Thus speaking he took his cap reverently from his bald head, and continued to sit for a considerable time in devout thought. He then covered himself again, and went on with his relation.

"On this side of the forest, alas! it was on this side, that woe burst upon me. My wife came wildly to meet me, clad in mourning apparel, and her eyes streaming with tears. 'Gracious God!' I cried, 'where's our child? Speak!'

"'With Him on whom you have called, dear husband,' she answered, and we now entered the cottage together, weeping in silence. I looked for the little corpse, almost fearing to find what I was seeking; and then it was I first learnt how all had happened.

"My wife had taken the little one in her arms, and walked out to the shore of the lake. She there sat down by its very brink; and while she was playing with the infant, as free from all fear as she was full of delight, it bent forward on a sudden, as if seeing something very beautiful in the water. My wife saw her laugh, the dear angel, and try to catch the image in her tiny hands; but in a moment — with a motion swifter than sight — she sprang from her mother's arms, and sank in the lake, the watery glass into which she had been gazing. I searched for our lost darling again and again; but it was all in vain; I could nowhere find the least trace of her.

"The same evening we childless parents were sitting together by our cottage hearth. We had no desire to talk, even if our tears would have permitted us. As we thus sat in mournful stillness, gazing into the fire, all at once we heard something without, — a slight rustling at the door. The door flew open, and we saw a little girl, three or four years old, and more beautiful than I can say, standing on the threshold, richly dressed, and smiling upon us. We were struck dumb with astonishment,

and I knew not for a time whether the tiny form were a real human being, or a mere mockery of enchantment. But I soon perceived water dripping from her golden hair and rich garments, and that the pretty child had been lying in the water, and stood in immediate need of our help.

"'Wife,' said I, 'no one has been able to save our child for us; but let us do for others what would have made us so blessed could any one have done it for us.'

"We undressed the little thing, put her to bed, and gave her something to drink: at all this she spoke not a word, but only turned her eyes upon us — eyes blue and bright as sea or sky — and continued looking at us with a smile.

"Next morning we had no reason to fear that she had received any other harm than her wetting, and I now asked her about her parents, and how she could have come to us. But the account she gave was both confused and incredible. She must surely have been born far from here, not only because I have been unable for these fifteen years to learn anything of her birth, but because she then said, and at times continues to say, many things of so very singular a nature, that we neither of us know, after all, whether she may not have dropped among us from the moon; for her talk runs upon golden castles, crystal domes, and Heaven knows what extravagances beside. What, however, she related with most distinctness was this: that while she was once taking a sail with her mother on the great lake, she fell out of the boat into the water; and that when she first recovered her senses, she was here under our trees, where the gay scenes of the shore filled her with delight.

"We now had another care weighing upon our minds, and one that caused us no small perplexity and uneasiness. We of course very soon determined to keep and bring up the child we had found, in place of our own darling that had been drowned; but who could tell us whether she had been baptized or not? She herself could give us no light on the subject. When we asked her the question, she commonly made answer, that she well knew she was created for God's praise and glory, and that she was willing to let us do with her all that might promote His glory and praise.

"My wife and I reasoned in this way: 'If she has not been

baptized, there can be no use in putting off the ceremony; and if she has been, it still is better to have too much of a good thing than too little.'

"Taking this view of our difficulty, we now endeavored to hit upon a good name for the child, since, while she remained without one, we were often at a loss, in our familiar talk, to know what to call her. We at length agreed that Dorothea would be most suitable for her, as I had somewhere heard it said that this name signified a *gift of God*, and surely she had been sent to us by Providence as a gift, to comfort us in our misery. She, on the contrary, would not so much as hear Dorothea mentioned; she insisted, that as she had been named Undine by her parents, Undine she ought still to be called. It now occurred to me that this was a heathenish name, to be found in no calendar, and I resolved to ask the advice of a priest in the city. He would not listen to the name of Undine; and yielding to my urgent request, he came with me through the enchanted forest in order to perform the rite of baptism here in my cottage.

"The little maid stood before us so prettily adorned, and with such an air of gracefulness, that the heart of the priest softened at once, in her presence; and she coaxed him so sweetly, and jested with him so merrily, that he at last remembered nothing of his many objections to the name of Undine.

"Thus, then, was she baptized Undine; and during the holy ceremony she behaved with great propriety and gentleness, wild and wayward as at other times she invariably was; for in this my wife was quite right, when she mentioned the anxiety the child has occasioned us. If I should relate to you —"

At this moment the knight interrupted the fisherman, to direct his attention to a deep sound as of a rushing flood, which had caught his ear during the talk of the old man. And now the waters came pouring on with redoubled fury before the cottage windows. Both sprang to the door. There they saw, by the light of the now risen moon, the brook which issued from the wood rushing wildly over its banks, and whirling onward with it both stones and branches of trees in its rapid course. The storm, as if awakened by the uproar, burst forth from the clouds, whose immense masses of vapor coursed over the moon with the swiftness of thought; the lake roared beneath the wind that swept

the foam from its waves; while the trees of the narrow peninsula groaned from root to topmost branch as they bowed and swung above the torrent.

"Undine! in God's name, Undine!" cried the two men in an agony. No answer was returned. And now, regardless of everything else, they hurried from the cottage, one in this direction, the other in that, searching and calling.

The longer Huldbrand sought Undine beneath the shades of night, and failed to find her, the more anxious and confused he became. The impression that she was a mere phantom of the forest gained a new ascendency over him; indeed, amid the howling of the waves and the tempest, the crashing of the trees, and the entire change of the once so peaceful and beautiful scene, he was tempted to view the whole peninsula, together with the cottage and its inhabitants, as little more than some mockery of his senses. But still he heard afar off the fisherman's anxious and incessant shouting, "Undine!" and also his aged wife, who was praying and singing psalms.

At length, when he drew near to the brook, which had overflowed its banks, he perceived by the moonlight, that it had taken its wild course directly in front of the haunted forest, so as to change the peninsula into an island.

"Merciful God!" he breathed to himself, "if Undine has ventured a step within that fearful wood, what will become of her? Perhaps it was all owing to her sportive and wayward spirit, and that I would give her no account of my adventures there. And now the stream is rolling between us, she may be weeping alone on the other side in the midst of spectral horrors!"

A shuddering groan escaped him; and clambering over some stones and trunks of overthrown pines, in order to step into the impetuous current, he resolved, either by wading or swimming, to seek the wanderer on the further shore. He felt, it is true, all the dread and shrinking awe creeping over him which he had already suffered by daylight among the now tossing and roaring branches of the forest. More than all, a tall man in white, whom he knew but too well, met his view, as he stood grinning and nodding on the grass beyond the water. But even monstrous forms like this only impelled him to cross over toward them when

the thought rushed upon him that Undine might be there alone and in the agony of death.

He had already grasped a strong branch of a pine, and stood supporting himself upon it in the whirling current, against which he could with difficulty keep himself erect; but he advanced deeper in with a courageous spirit. That instant a gentle voice of warning cried near him, "Do not venture, do not venture! — that OLD MAN, the STREAM, is too full of tricks to be trusted!" He knew the soft tones of the voice; and while he stood as it were entranced beneath the shadows which had now duskily veiled the moon, his head swam with the swell and rolling of the waves as he saw them momentarily rising above his knees. Still he disdained the thought of giving up his purpose.

"If you are not really there, if you are merely gamboling round me like a mist, may I, too, bid farewell to life, and become a shadow like you, dear, dear Undine!" Thus calling aloud, he again moved deeper into the stream. "Look round you — ah, pray look round you, beautiful young stranger! why rush on death so madly?" cried the voice a second time close by him; and looking on one side he perceived, by the light of the moon again cloudless, a little island formed by the flood; and crouching upon its flowery turf, beneath the branches of embowering trees, he saw the smiling and lovely Undine.

[Huldbrand marries Undine, but meets Bertalda, a human being, with whom he falls more and more in love, and so antagonizes the water-spirits, Undine's relatives.]

The writer of this tale, both because it moves his own heart and he wishes it to move that of others, asks a favor of you, dear reader. Forgive him if he passes over a considerable space of time in a few words, and only tells you generally what therein happened. He knows well that it might be unfolded skilfully, and step by step, how Huldbrand's heart began to turn from Undine and towards Bertalda — how Bertalda met the young knight with ardent love, and how they both looked upon the poor wife as a mysterious being, more to be dreaded than pitied — how Undine wept, and her tears stung the conscience of her husband, without recalling his former love; so that though at times he showed kindness to her, a cold shudder soon forced him to turn from her to his fellow-mortal Bertalda; — all this, the

writer knows, might have been drawn out fully, and perhaps it ought to have been. But it would have made him too sad; for he has witnessed such things, and shrinks from recalling even their shadow.

. . . . . .

During the first days of their passage down the Danube they were unusually happy. The farther they advanced upon the waters of this proud river the fairer became the landscape. But amid scenes otherwise most delicious, and from which they had promised themselves the purest delight, the stubborn Kühleborn, dropping all disguise, began to show his power of annoying them. He had no other means of doing this, indeed, than by tricks, — for Undine often rebuked the swelling waves or the contrary winds, and then the insolence of the enemy was instantly humbled and subdued; but his attacks were renewed, and Undine's reproofs again became necessary, so that the pleasure of the fellow-travelers was completely destroyed. The boatmen, too, were continually whispering to one another in dismay and eyeing their three superiors with distrust, while even the servants began to form still more dismal surmises, and to watch their master and mistress with looks of suspicion.

Huldbrand often said in his own mind, "This comes when like marries not like — when a man forms an unnatural union with a sea-maiden." Excusing himself, as we all love to do, he would add: "I did not, in fact, know that she *was* a maid of the sea. It is my misfortune that my steps are haunted and disturbed by the wild humors of her kindred, but it is not my crime."

By reflections like these, he felt himself in some measure strengthened; but, on the other hand, he felt the more ill-humor, almost dislike, towards Undine. He would look angrily at her, and the unhappy wife but too well understood his meaning. One day, grieved by this unkindness, as well as exhausted by her unremitted exertions to frustrate the artifices of Kühleborn, she, toward evening, fell into a deep slumber, rocked and soothed by the gentle motion of the bark. But hardly had she closed her eyes when every person in the boat, in whatever direction he might look, saw the head of a man, frightful beyond imagination: each head rose out of the waves, not like that of a

person swimming, but quite perpendicular, as if firmly fastened to the watery mirror, and yet moving on with the bark. Every one wished to show to his companion what terrified himself, and each perceived the same expression of horror on the face of the other, only hands and eyes were directed to a different quarter, as if to a point where the monster, half laughing and half threatening, rose opposite to each.

When, however, they wished to make one another understand the sight, and all cried out, "Look there!" "No, there!" the frightful heads all became visible to each, and the whole river around the boat swarmed with the most horrible faces. All raised a scream of terror at the sight, and Undine started from sleep. As she opened her eyes, the deformed visages disappeared. But Huldbrand was made furious by so many hideous visions. He would have burst out in wild imprecations, had not Undine with the meekest looks and gentlest tone of voice said: —

"For God's sake, my husband, do not express displeasure against me here — we are on the water."

The knight was silent, and sat down absorbed in deep thought. Undine whispered in his ear, "Would it not be better, my love, to give up this foolish voyage, and return to Castle Ringstetten in peace?"

But Huldbrand murmured wrathfully: "So I must become a prisoner in my own castle, and not be allowed to breathe a moment but while the fountain is covered? Would to Heaven that your cursed kindred —"

Then Undine pressed her fair hand on his lips caressingly. He said no more; but in silence pondered on all that Undine had before said.

Bertalda, meanwhile, had given herself up to a crowd of thronging thoughts. Of Undine's origin she knew a good deal, but not the whole; and the terrible Kühleborn especially remained to her an awful, an impenetrable mystery — never, indeed, had she once heard his name. Musing upon these wondrous things, she unclasped, without being fully conscious of what she was doing, a golden necklace, which Huldbrand, on one of the preceding days of their passage, had bought for her of a traveling trader; and she was now letting it float in sport just over the surface of the stream, while in her dreamy mood

she enjoyed the bright reflection it threw on the water, so clear beneath the glow of evening. That instant a huge hand flashed suddenly up from the Danube, seized the necklace in its grasp, and vanished with it beneath the flood. Bertalda shrieked aloud, and a scornful laugh came pealing up from the depth of the river.

The knight could now restrain his wrath no longer. He started up, poured forth a torrent of reproaches, heaped curses upon all who interfered with his friends and troubled his life, and dared them all, water-spirits or mermaids, to come within the sweep of his sword.

Bertalda, meantime, wept for the loss of the ornament so very dear to her heart, and her tears were to Huldbrand as oil poured upon the flame of his fury; while Undine held her hand over the side of the boat, dipping it in the waves, softly murmuring to herself, and only at times interrupting her strange mysterious whisper to entreat her husband: —

"Do not reprove me here, beloved; blame all others as you will, but not me. You know why!" And in truth, though he was trembling with excess of passion, he kept himself from any word directly against her.

She then brought up in her wet hand, which she had been holding under the waves, a coral necklace, of such exquisite beauty, such sparkling brilliancy, as dazzled the eyes of all who beheld it. "Take this," said she, holding it out kindly to Bertalda, "I have ordered it to be brought to make some amends for your loss; so do not grieve any more, poor child."

But the knight rushed between them, and snatching the beautiful ornament out of Undine's hand, hurled it back into the flood; and, mad with rage, exclaimed: "So, then, you have still a connection with them! In the name of all witches go and remain among them with your presents, you sorceress, and leave us human beings in peace!"

With fixed but streaming eyes, poor Undine gazed on him, her hand still stretched out, just as when she had so lovingly offered her brilliant gift to Bertalda. She then began to weep more and more, as if her heart would break, like an innocent tender child, cruelly aggrieved. At last, wearied out, she said: "Farewell, dearest, farewell. They shall do you no harm; only

remain true, that I may have power to keep them from you. But I must go hence! go hence even in this early youth! Oh, woe, woe! what have you done! Oh, woe, woe!"

And she vanished over the side of the boat. Whether she plunged into the stream, or whether, like water melting into water, she flowed away with it, they knew not — her disappearance was like both and neither. But she was lost in the Danube, instantly and completely; only little waves were yet whispering and sobbing around the boat, and they could almost be heard to say, "Oh, woe, woe! Ah, remain true! Oh, woe!"

But Huldbrand, in a passion of burning tears, threw himself upon the deck of the bark; and a deep swoon soon wrapped the wretched man in a blessed forgetfulness of misery.

[After Undine's disappearance Huldbrand marries Bertalda. The following scene takes place the evening after the wedding.]

The men raised the enormous stone with an effort; some one of the number indeed would occasionally sigh, when he recollected they were destroying the work of their former beloved mistress. Their labor, however, was much lighter than they had expected. It seemed as if some power from within the fountain itself aided them in raising the stone.

"It appears," said the workmen to one another in astonishment, "as if the confined water had become a springing fountain." And the stone rose more and more, and almost, without the assistance of the work people, rolled slowly down upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But an appearance from the opening of the fountain filled them with awe, as it rose like a white column of water; at first they imagined it really to be a fountain, until they perceived the rising form to be a pale female, veiled in white. She wept bitterly, raised her hands above her head, wringing them sadly as with slow and solemn step she moved toward the castle. The servants shrank back, and fled from the spring, while the bride, pale and motionless with horror, stood with her maidens at the window. When the figure had now come close beneath their room, it looked up to them sobbing, and Bertalda thought she recognized through the veil the pale features of Undine. But the mourning form passed on, sad, reluctant, and lingering, as if going to the place of execution.

Bertalda screamed to her maids to call the knight; not one of them dared to stir from her place; and even the bride herself became again mute, as if trembling at the sound of her own voice.

While they continued standing at the window, motionless as statues, the mysterious wanderer had entered the castle, ascended the well-known stairs, and traversed the well-known halls, in silent tears. Alas, how different had she once passed through these rooms!

The knight had in the meantime dismissed his attendants. Half undressed and in deep dejection, he was standing before a large mirror, a wax taper burned dimly beside him. At this moment some one tapped at his door very, very softly. Undine had formerly tapped in this way, when she was playing some of her endearing wiles.

"It is all an illusion!" said he to himself. "I must to my nuptial bed."

"You must indeed, but to a cold one!" he heard a voice, choked with sobs, repeat from without; and then he saw in the mirror, that the door of his room was slowly, slowly opened, and the white figure entered, and gently closed it behind her.

"They have opened the spring," said she in a low tone; "and now I am here, and you must die."

He felt, in his failing breath, that this must indeed be; but covering his eyes with his hands, he cried: "Do not, in my death-hour, do not make me mad with terror. If that veil conceals hideous features, do not lift it! Take my life, but let me not see you."

"Alas!" replied the pale figure, "will you not then look upon me once more? I am as fair now as when you wooed me on the island!"

"Oh, if it indeed were so," sighed Huldbrand, "and that I might die by a kiss from you!"

"Most willingly, my own love," said she. She threw back her veil; heavenly fair shone forth her pure countenance. Trembling with love and the awe of approaching death, the knight leant towards her. She kissed him with a holy kiss; but she relaxed not her hold, pressing him more closely in her arms, and weeping as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, while a thrill both of bliss and agony shot

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 16, 1706; died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. Author of "Works" in ten volumes. His "Autobiography" has been very widely read; and his "Poor Richard" has become one of the famous figures of the world.

No American is better known to Americans than Franklin. No one's personality is of greater interest. The versatility of his powers, and his varied experience in life, give permanence to his brief literary productions. His humor, simplicity, good taste, clear and judicious statements, and his skill in arguing by anecdote — all reënforced by a useful life at a critical juncture in our civic history, insure longevity to his memory and influence.

(From the "AUTOBIOGRAPHY")

FRANKLIN'S DILIGENT BOYHOOD

I CONTINUED employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was every appearance that I was destined to supply his place, and become a tallow-chandler. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father had apprehensions that if he did not put me to one more agreeable, I should break loose and go to sea, as my brother Josiah had done to his great vexation. In consequence, he took me to walk with him, and see joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination, and endeavor to fix it on some trade or profession that would keep me on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools; and it has been often useful to me to have learned so much by it as to be able to do some trifling jobs in the house when a workman was not at hand, and to construct little machines for my experiments, at the moment when the intention of making them was warm in my mind. My father determined at last for the cutlers' trade, and placed me for some days on trial with Samuel, son to my uncle Benjamin, who was bred to that trade in London, and had just established himself in Boston. But the sum he exacted as a fee for my apprenticeship displeased my

father, and I was taken home again. From my infancy I was passionately fond of reading, and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in the purchasing of books. I was very fond of voyages. My first acquisition was Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's "Historical Collections"; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, forty volumes in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read. I have often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen into my way, since it was resolved I should not be bred to divinity; there was among them Plutarch's "Lives," which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's called an "Essay on Projects," and another of Dr. Mather's called an "Essay to do Good," which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made a great progress in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I had now access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my chamber the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening to be returned in the morning, lest it should be found missing. After some time a merchant, an ingenious, sensible man, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, frequented our printing-office, took notice of me, and invited me to see his library, and very kindly proposed to lend me such

books as I chose to read. I now took a strong inclination for poetry, and wrote some little pieces; my brother, supposing it might turn to account, encouraged me, and induced me to compose two occasional ballads. One was called "The Lighthouse Tragedy," and contained an account of the shipwreck of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters: the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of the famous *Teach* (or Blackbeard) the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in street-ballad style; and when they were printed, my brother sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold prodigiously, the event being recent, and having made a great noise. This success flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me, by criticising my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. Thus I escaped being a poet, and probably a very bad one: but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I may be supposed to have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company, by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, it is productive of disgusts and, perhaps, enmities with those who may have occasion for friendship. I had caught this by reading my father's books of disputes on religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and, generally, men of all sorts who have been bred at Edinburgh. A question was once somehow or other started, between Collins and me, on the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, having a greater plenty of words; and sometimes, as I thought, I was vanquished more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point, and were not

to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered, and I replied. Three or four letters on a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the subject in dispute, he took occasion to talk to me about my manner of writing; observed that, though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which he attributed to the printing-house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method, and perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to my manner of writing, and determined to endeavor to improve my style.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With that view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length and as fully as it had been expressed before in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my Spectator with an original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual search for words of the same import, but of different lengths, to suit the measure, or of different sounds for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales in the *Spectator*, and turned them into verse: and after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of the thoughts. By comparing my work with the original, I discovered many faults and corrected them; but I sometimes had the pleasure to fancy that, in

particulars of small consequence, I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. The time I allotted for writing exercises and for reading was at night, or before work began in the morning, or on Sunday, when I contrived to be in the printing-house, avoiding as much as I could the constant attendance at public worship which my father used to exact from me when I was under his care, and which I still continued to consider as a duty, though I could not afford time to practise it.

When about sixteen years of age, I happened to meet with another book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconvenience, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding, and a few others, and then proposed to my brother if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me.

This was an additional fund for buying of books. But I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-office to their meals, I remained there alone; and despatching presently my light repast, which was often no more than a biscuit, or a slice of bread and a handful of raisins, a tart from the pastry-cook's, and a glass of water, I had the rest of the time till their return for study, in which I made the greater progress, from that clearness of head and quick apprehension which generally attends temperance in eating and drinking.

Now it was that, being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed learning when at school, I took Cocker's book on arithmetic, and went through the whole by myself with the greatest ease. I also read Sellers's and Sturny's book on navigation, which made me acquainted with the little geometry it contained; but I never proceeded far in that science. I read about this time Locke on the

"Human Understanding," and the "Art of Thinking," by Messrs. du Port Royal.

While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's) having at the end of it two little sketches on the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procured Xenophon's "Memorable Things of Socrates," wherein there are many examples of the same method. I was charmed by it, adopted it, dropped my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer; and being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, made a doubter, as I already was in many points of our religious doctrines, I found this method the safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took delight in it, practised it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee; entangling them in difficulties, out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved. I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that might possibly be disputed, the word *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, or any other that gave the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather said, I *conceive* or *apprehend* a thing to be so and so; it *appears to me*, or I should not think it is so, for such and such reasons; or I *imagine it to be so;* or *it is so, if I am not mistaken.* This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions, and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting; and, as the chief ends of conversation are to *inform* or to be *informed*, to *please* or to *persuade*, I wish well-meaning and sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat most of those purposes for which speech was given to us.

In fact, if you wish to instruct others, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may occasion opposition and prevent a candid attention. If you desire improvement

from others, you should not, at the same time, express yourself fixed in your present opinions; modest and sensible men, who do not love disputations, will leave you undisturbed in the possession of your errors. In adopting such a manner, you can seldom expect to please your hearers, or obtain the concurrence you desire. Pope judiciously observes: —

> "Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
> And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

He also recommends it to us: —

> "To speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence."

And he might have joined with this line that which he has coupled with another, I think less properly: —

> "For want of modesty is want of sense."

If you ask why less properly, I must repeat the lines: —

> "Immodest words admit of *no defense*,
> For want of modesty is want of sense."

Now is not the *want of sense* (where a man is so unfortunate as to want it) some apology for his *want of modesty?* and would not the lines stand more justly thus?

> "Immodest words admit *but this defense*,
> That *want of modesty* is want of sense."

This, however, I should submit to better judgments.

My brother had, in 1720 or 21, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New-England Courant.* The only one before it was the *Boston News-Letter.* I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time (1771) there are not less than *five-and-twenty.* He went on, however, with the undertaking; I was employed to carry the papers to the customers, after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets. He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for his paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us.

Hearing their conversations and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and committed to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it had met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose that I was rather lucky in my judges, and they were not really so very good as I then believed them to be.

Encouraged, however, by this attempt, I wrote and sent in the same way to the press several other pieces that were equally approved; and I kept my secret till all my fund of sense for such performances was exhausted, and then discovered it, when I began to be considered with a little more attention by my brother's acquaintance. However, that did not quite please him, as he thought it tended to make me too vain. This might be one occasion of the differences we began to have about this time. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice, and, accordingly, expected the same services from me as he would from another, while I thought he degraded me too much in some he required of me, who from a brother required more indulgence. Our disputes were often brought before our father, and I fancy I was either generally in the right, or else a better pleader, because the judgment was generally in my favor. But my brother was passionate, and had often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss; and thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it, which at length offered in a manner unexpected.

Perhaps the harsh and tyrannical treatment of me might be a means of impressing me with the aversion to arbitrary power that has stuck to me through my whole life.

One of the pieces in our newspaper on some political point, which I have now forgotten, gave offense to the Assembly. He

was taken up, censured, and imprisoned for a month, by the speaker's warrant, I suppose, because he would not discover the author. I, too, was taken up and examined before the council: but though I did not give them any satisfaction, they contented themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me, perhaps, as an apprentice, who was bound to keep his master's secrets.

During my brother's confinement, which I resented a good deal notwithstanding our differences, I had the management of the paper; and I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly, while others began to consider me in an unfavorable light, as a youth that had a turn for libeling and satire. My brother's discharge was accompanied with an order (and a very odd one), that "James Franklin should no longer print the newspaper called the *New-England Courant.*"

On a consultation held in our printing-office among his friends, what he should do in this conjuncture, it was proposed to elude the order by changing the name of the paper; but my brother, seeing inconveniences in this, came to a conclusion, as a better way, to let the paper in future be printed in the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: and in order to avoid the censure of the Assembly, that might fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, he contrived and consented that my old indenture should be returned to me, with a discharge on the back of it, to show in case of necessity; and, in order to secure to him the benefit of my service, I should sign new indentures for the remainder of my time, which was to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was immediately executed, and the paper was printed, accordingly, under my name for several months. At length, a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming that he would not venture to produce the new indentures. It was not fair in me to take this advantage, and this I therefore reckon as one of the first errata of my life; but the unfairness of it weighed little with me, when under the impression of resentment for the blows his passion too often urged him to bestow upon me; though he was otherwise not an ill-natured man: perhaps I was too saucy and provoking.

When he found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing-house in town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refused to give me work. I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer; and I was rather inclined to leave Boston, when I reflected that I had already made myself a little obnoxious to the governing party, and, from the arbitrary proceedings of the Assembly in my brother's case, it was likely I might, if I stayed, soon bring myself into scrapes; and farther, that my indiscreet disputations about religion began to make me pointed at with horror by good people, as an infidel or atheist. I concluded, therefore, to remove to New York; but my father now siding with my brother, I was sensible, that if I attempted to go openly, means would be used to prevent me. My friend Collins, therefore, undertook to manage my flight. He agreed with the captain of a New York sloop to take me. I sold my books to raise a little money, was taken on board the sloop privately, had a fair wind, and in three days found myself at New York, near three hundred miles from my home, at the age of seventeen, without the least recommendation or knowledge of any person in the place, and very little money in my pocket.

FRANKLIN THE GOOD CITIZEN

Our city, though laid out with a beautiful regularity, the streets large, straight, and crossing each other at right angles, had the disgrace of suffering those streets to remain long unpaved, and in wet weather the wheels of heavy carriages plowed them into a quagmire, so that it was difficult to cross them; and in dry weather the dust was offensive. I had lived near what was called the Jersey market, and saw, with pain, the inhabitants wading in mud while purchasing their provisions. A strip of ground down the middle of that market was at length paved with brick, so that, being once in the market, they had firm footing, but were often over their shoes in dirt to get there. By talking and writing on the subject, I was at length instrumental in getting the streets paved with stone between the market and the brick foot pavement that was on the side next the houses. This for some time gave an easy access to the market dry-shod; but the rest of the

street not being paved, whenever a carriage came out of the mud upon this pavement, it shook off and left its dirt upon it, and it was soon covered with mire, which was not removed, the city as yet having no scavengers. After some inquiry I found a poor industrious man who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean, by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt from before all the neighbors' doors, for the sum of sixpence per month, to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper, setting forth the advantages to the neighborhood that might be obtained from this small expense; the greater ease in keeping our houses clean, so much dirt not being brought in by people's feet; the benefit to the shops by more custom, as buyers could more easily get at them; and by not having, in windy weather, the dust blown in upon their goods, etc. I sent one of these papers to each house, and in a day or two went round to see who would subscribe to an agreement to pay these sixpences; it was unanimously signed, and, for a time, well executed. All the inhabitants of the city were delighted with the cleanliness of the pavement that surrounded the market, it being a convenience to all, and this raised a general desire to have all the streets paved, and made the people more willing to submit to a tax for that purpose. After some time I drew a bill for paving the city and brought it into the Assembly. It was just before I went to England, in 1757, and did not pass till I was gone, and then with an alteration in the mode of assessment, which I thought not for the better; but with an additional provision for lighting as well as paving the streets, which was a great improvement. It was by a private person, the late Mr. John Clifton, giving a sample of the utility of lamps, by placing one at his door, that the people were first impressed with the idea of lighting all the city. The honor of this public benefit has also been ascribed to me, but it belongs truly to that gentleman. I did but follow his example, and have only some merit to claim respecting the form of our lamps, as differing from the globe lamps we were at first supplied with from London. They were found inconvenient in these respects: they admitted no air below; the smoke, therefore, did not readily go out above, but circulated in the globe, lodged on its inside, and soon obstructed the light they were intended to afford; giving, besides, the daily trouble of wiping

them clean: and an accidental stroke on one of them would demolish it, and render it totally useless. I therefore suggested the composing them of four flat panes, with a long funnel above to draw up the smoke, and crevices admitting air below to facilitate the ascent of the smoke; by this means they were kept clean, and did not grow dark in a few hours, as the London lamps do, but continued bright till morning; and an accidental stroke would generally break but a single pane, easily repaired. I have sometimes wondered that the Londoners did not, from the effect holes in the bottom of the globe lamps used at Vauxhall have in keeping them clean, learn to have such holes in their street-lamps. But these holes being made for another purpose, viz., to communicate flame more suddenly to the wick by a little flax hanging down through them, the other use of letting in air seems not to have been thought of: and, therefore, after the lamps have been lit a few hours, the streets of London are very poorly illuminated.

The mention of these improvements puts me in mind of one I proposed, when in London, to Dr. Fothergill, who was among the best men I have known, and a great promoter of useful projects. I had observed that the streets, when dry, were never swept, and the light dust carried away; but it was suffered to accumulate till wet weather reduced it to mud; and then, after lying some days so deep on the pavement that there was no crossing but in paths kept clean by poor people with brooms, it was with great labor raked together and thrown up into carts open above, the sides of which suffered some of the slush at every jolt on the pavement to shake out and fall; sometimes to the annoyance of foot passengers. The reason given for not sweeping the dusty streets was, that the dust would fly into the windows of shops and houses. An accidental occurrence had instructed me how much sweeping might be done in a little time; I found at my door in Craven-street one morning a poor woman sweeping my pavement with a birch broom; she appeared very pale and feeble, as just come out of a fit of sickness. I asked who employed her to sweep there; she said, "Nobody; but I am poor and in distress, and I sweep before gentlefolkses doors, and hopes they will give me something." I bid her sweep the whole street clean, and I would give her a shilling; this was at

nine o'clock; at noon she came for the shilling. From the slowness I saw at first in her working, I could scarcely believe that the work was done so soon, and sent my servant to examine it, who reported that the whole street was swept perfectly clean, and all the dust placed in the gutter which was in the middle; and the next rain washed it quite away, so that the pavement and even the kennel were perfectly clean. I then judged that if that feeble woman could sweep such a street in three hours, a strong, active man might have done it in half the time. And here let me remark the convenience of having but one gutter in such a narrow street, running down its middle, instead of two, one on each side, near the footway. For where all the rain that falls on a street runs from the sides and meets in the middle, it forms there a current strong enough to wash away all the mud it meets with: but when divided into two channels, it is often too weak to cleanse either, and only makes the mud it finds more fluid, so that the wheels of carriages and feet of horses throw and dash it upon the foot pavement (which is thereby rendered foul and slippery), and sometimes splash it upon those who are walking.

Some may think these trifling matters, not worth minding or relating; but when they consider that though dust blown into the eyes of a single person or into a single shop in a windy day is but of small importance, yet the great number of the instances in a populous city, and its frequent repetition, gives it weight and consequence, perhaps they will not censure very severely those who bestow some attention to affairs of this seemingly low nature. Human felicity is produced, not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day. Thus, if you teach a poor young man to shave himself and keep his razor in order, you may contribute more to the happiness of his life than in giving him a thousand guineas. This sum may be soon spent, the regret only remaining of having foolishly consumed it: but, in the other case, he escapes the frequent vexation of waiting for barbers, and of their sometimes dirty fingers, offensive breaths, and dull razors: he shaves when most convenient to him, and enjoys daily the pleasure of its being done with a good instrument. With these sentiments I have hazarded the few preceding pages, hoping they may afford hints which some time or other may be useful to a city I love

(having lived many years in it very happily), and perhaps to some of our towns in America.

(From "Poor Richard's Almanac")

RULES OF HEALTH AND LONG LIFE, AND TO PRESERVE FROM MALIGNANT FEVERS, AND SICKNESS IN GENERAL

Eat and drink such an Exact Quantity as the Constitution of thy Body allows of, in reference to the Services of the Mind.

They that study much, ought not to eat so much as those that work hard, their Digestion being not so good.

The exact Quantity and Quality being found out, is to be kept to constantly.

Excess in all other Things whatever, as well as in Meat and Drink, is also to be avoided.

Youth, Age, and Sick require a different Quantity.

And so do those of contrary Complexions; for that which is too much for a flegmatick Man, is not sufficient for a Cholerick.

The Measure of Food ought to be (as much as possibly may be) exactly proportionate to the Quality and Condition of the Stomach, because the Stomach digests it.

That Quantity that is sufficient, the Stomach can perfectly concoct and digest, and it sufficeth the due Nourishment of the Body.

A greater Quantity of some things may be eaten than of others, some being of lighter Digestion than others.

The Difficulty lies, in finding out an exact Measure; but eat for Necessity, not Pleasure, for Lust knows not where Necessity ends.

Wouldst thou enjoy a long Life, a healthy Body, and a vigorous Mind, and be acquainted also with the wonderful works of God? labor in the first place to bring thy Appetite into Subjection to Reason.

RULES TO FIND OUT A FIT MEASURE OF MEAT AND DRINK

If thou eatest so much as makes thee unfit for Study, or other Business, thou exceedest the due Measure.

If thou art dull and heavy after Meat, it's a sign thou hast exceeded the due Measure; for Meat and Drink ought to refresh the Body, and make it chearful, and not to dull and oppress it.

If thou findest these ill Symptoms, consider whether too much Meat, or too much Drink occasions it, or both, and abate by little and little, till thou findest the inconveniency removed.

Keep out of the Sight of Feasts and Banquets as much as may be; for 'tis more difficult to refrain from good Cheer, when it's present, than from the Desire of it when it is away; the like you may observe in the Objects of all the other Senses.

If a Man casually exceeds, let him fast the next Meal, and all may be well again, provided it be not too often done; as if he exceed at Dinner, let him refrain a Supper, etc.

A temperate Diet frees from Diseases; such are seldom ill, but if they are surprised with Sickness, they bear it better, and recover sooner; for most Distempers have their Original from Repletion.

Use now and then a little Exercise a quarter of an Hour before Meals, as to swing a weight, or swing your Arms about with a small Weight in each Hand; to leap, or the like, for that stirs the Muscles of the Breast.

A temperate Diet arms the Body against all external Accidents; so that they are not so easily [hurt] by Heat, Cold, or Labor; if they at any time should be prejudiced, they are more easily cured, either of Wounds, Dislocations, or Bruises.

But when malignant Fevers are rife in the Country or City where thou dwelst, 'tis advisable to eat and drink more freely, by Way of Prevention; for those are Diseases that are not caused by Repletion, and seldom attack Full-feeders.

A sober Diet makes a Man die without Pain; it maintains the Senses in Vigor; it mitigates the Violence of the Passions and Affections.

It preserves the Memory, it helps the Understanding, it allays the heat of Lust; it brings a Man to a Consideration of his latter End; it makes the Body a fit Tabernacle for the Lord to dwell in; which makes us happy in this World, and eternally happy in the World to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

COURTEOUS READER,

I have heard that nothing gives an Author so great Pleasure, as to find his Works respectfully quoted by other learned Authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed, for tho' I have been, if I may say it without Vanity, an eminent Author of Almanacks annually now a full quarter of a Century, my Brother Authors in the same Way, for what Reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their Applauses; and no other Author has taken the least notice of me, so that did not my Writings produce me some solid Pudding, the great Deficiency of Praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length, that the People were the best Judges of my Merit; for they buy my Works; and besides, in my Rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my Adages repeated, with "as Poor Richard says" at the End on't; this gave me some Satisfaction, as it showed not only that my Instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some Respect for my Authority; and I own that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those wise Sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge then how much I must have been gratified by an Incident I am going to relate to you. I stopt my Horse lately where a great Number of people were collected at a Vendue of Merchant Goods. The Hour of Sale not being come, they were conversing on the Badness of the Times, and one of the Company call'd to a plain, clean old Man, with white Locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the Times? Won't these heavy Taxes quite ruin the Country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and reply'd, "If you'd have my Advice, I'll give it you in short, 'for a Word to the Wise is enough, and many Words won't fill a Bushel,' as Poor Richard says." They join'd in desiring him to speak his Mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows: —

"Friends," says he, "and Neighbors, the Taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only Ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our Idleness, three times as much by

our Pride, and four times as much by our Folly, and from these Taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an Abatement. However, let us hearken to good Advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says in his Almanack of 1733.

"It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its People one tenth Part of their Time, to be employed in its Service. But Idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute Sloth, or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle Employments or Amusements, that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on Diseases absolutely shortens Life. 'Sloth, like Rust, consumes faster than Labor wears, while the used Key is always bright,' as Poor Richard says. But 'dost thou love Life, then do not squander Time, for that's the Stuff Life is made of,' as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in Sleep! forgetting that 'the Sleeping Fox catches no Poultry' and that 'there will be sleeping enough in the Grave,' as Poor Richard says. 'If Time be of all Things the most precious, wasting of Time must be,' as Poor Richard says, 'the greatest Prodigality,' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost Time is never found again;' and what we call Time-enough, always proves little enough. Let us then be up and doing, and doing to the Purpose; so by Diligence shall we do more with less Perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but Industry all Things easy,' as Poor Richard says; and 'He that riseth late, must trot all Day, and shall scarce overtake his Business at night.' While 'laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him,' as we read in Poor Richard, who adds, 'drive thy Business, let not that drive thee;' and 'early to Bed, and early to rise, makes a Man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times. We may make these Times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish,' as Poor Richard says, and 'he that lives upon Hope will die fasting.' 'There are no Gains, without Pains'; then 'help, Hands, for I have no Lands,' or if I have, they are smartly taxed. And as Poor Richard likewise observes, 'He that hath a Trade hath an Estate, and He that hath a Calling hath an Office of Profit and Honor;' but then the Trade must be worked at, and

the Calling well followed, or neither the Estate, nor the Office, will enable us to pay our Taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, as Poor Richard says, 'At the working Man's House Hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the Bailiff or the Constable enter, for 'Industry pays Debts while Despair encreaseth them,' says Poor Richard. What though you have found no Treasure, nor has any rich Relation left you a Legacy, 'Diligence is the Mother of Good-luck,' as Poor Richard says, 'and God gives all things to Industry.' Then 'plow deep, while Sluggards sleep, and you shall have Corn to sell and to keep,' says Poor Dick. Work while it is called To-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered To-morrow, which makes Poor Richard say, 'One To-day is worth two To-morrows;' and farther, 'Have you somewhat to do To-morrow, do it To-day.' If you were a Servant would you not be ashamed that a good Master should catch you idle? Are you then your own Master, 'be ashamed to catch yourself idle,' as Poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your Family, your Country, and your gracious King, be up by Peep of Day; 'Let not the Sun look down and say, "Inglorious here he lies."' Handle your Tools without Mittens; remember that 'the Cat in Gloves catches no Mice,' as Poor Richard says. 'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily, and you will see great Effects, for 'constant Dropping wears away Stones,' and 'by Diligence and Patience, the Mouse ate in two the Cable;' and 'little Strokes fell great Oaks,' as Poor Richard says in his Almanack, the Year I cannot just now remember.

"Methinks, I hear some of you say, 'Must a Man afford himself no Leisure?' — I will tell thee My Friend, what Poor Richard says, 'Employ thy Time well if thou meanest to gain Leisure;' and, 'since thou art not sure of a Minute, throw not away an Hour.' Leisure is Time for doing something useful; this Leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as Poor Richard says, 'a Life of Leisure and a Life of Laziness are two Things.' Do you imagine that Sloth will afford you more Comfort than Labor? No, for as Poor Richard says, 'Trouble springs from Idleness, and grievous Toil from needless Ease.' 'Many, without Labor, would live by their wits only,

but they break for want of stock.' Whereas Industry gives Comfort, and Plenty and Respect: 'Fly pleasures and they'll follow you.' 'The diligent Spinner has a large Shift;' and 'Now I have a Sheep and a Cow, every Body bids me Good morrow,' all which is well said by Poor Richard.

"But 'with our Industry, we must likewise be' steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own Affairs with our own Eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says: —

> 'I never saw an oft removed Tree,
> Nor yet an oft removed Family,
> That throve so well as those that settled be.'

And again, 'Three Removes is as bad as a Fire;' and again, 'Keep thy Shop, and thy Shop will keep thee;' and again, 'If you would have your Business done, go; if not, send.' And again: —

> 'He that by the Plow must thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive.'

And again, 'The Eye of a Master will do more Work than both his Hands;' and again, 'Want of Care does us more Damage than Want of Knowledge;' and again, 'Not to oversee Workmen, is to leave them your Purse open.' Trusting too much to others' Care is the Ruin of many; for, as the Almanack says, 'In the Affairs of this World, Men are saved, not by Faith, but by the Want of it;' but a Man's own Care is profitable; for, saith Poor Dick, 'Learning is to the Studious, and Riches to the Careful, as well as Power to the Bold and Heaven to the Virtuous.' And, farther, 'If you would have a faithful Servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.' And again, he adviseth to Circumspection and Care, even in the smallest Matters, because sometimes 'a little Neglect may breed great Mischief,' adding, 'for want of a Nail, the Shoe was lost; for want of a Shoe the Horse was lost; and for want of a Horse the Rider was lost,' being overtaken and slain by the Enemy, all for want of Care about a Horseshoe Nail.

"So much for Industry, my Friends, and Attention to one's own Business; but to these we must add Frugality, if we would make our Industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, 'Keep his Nose all his Life to

the Grindstone,' and die not worth a Groat at last. 'A fat Kitchen makes a lean Will,' as Poor Richard says; and:—

> "Many Estates are spent in the Getting,
> Since Women for Tea forsook Spinning and Knitting,
> And Men for Punch forsook Hewing and Splitting.'

'If you would be wealthy,' says he in another Almanack, 'think of Saving, as well as of Getting:' The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her Outgoes are greater than her Incomes. Away then with your expensive Follies, you will not have so much cause to complain of hard Times, heavy Taxes, and chargeable Families; for as Poor Dick says:—

> 'Women and Wine, Game and Deceit,
> Make the Wealth small and the Wants great.'

And farther, 'What maintains one Vice would bring up two Children.' You may think perhaps that a little Tea or a little Punch now and then, Diet a little more costly, Clothes a little finer, and a little Entertainment now and then, can be no great Matter; but remember what Poor Richard says, 'Many a Little makes a Mickle;' and farther, 'Beware of little Expences; a small Leak will sink a great Ship;' and again, 'Who Dainties love shall Beggars prove;' and moreover, 'Fools make Feasts and wise Men eat them.'

"Here you are all got together at this Vendue of Fineries and Knicknacks. You call them Goods, but if you do not take Care, they will prove Evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no Occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, 'Buy what thou hast no Need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy Necessaries.' And again, 'At a great Pennyworth pause a while:' He means, that perhaps the Cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the Bargain, by straitning thee in thy Business, may do thee more Harm than Good. For in another Place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good Pennyworths.' Again Poor Richard says, ''Tis foolish to lay out Money in a Purchase of Repentance;' and yet this Folly is practised every Day at Vendues, for want of minding the Almanack. 'Wise Men,' as Poor Dick says, 'learn by

others Harms, Fools scarcely by their own'; but *Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum.* Many a one, for the Sake of Finery on the Back, have gone with a hungry Belly, and half starved their Families; 'Silks and Satins, Scarlet and Velvets,' as Poor Richard says, 'put out the Kitchen Fire.' These are not the Necessaries of Life; they can scarcely be called the Conveniences, and yet only because they look pretty how many want to have them. The artificial Wants of Mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and as Poor Dick says, 'For one poor Person there are an hundred indigent.' By these, and other Extravagances the Genteel are reduced to Poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who through Industry and Frugality have maintained their Standing; in which case it appears plainly, that 'a Plowman on his Legs is higher than a Gentleman on his Knees,' as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small Estate left them, which they knew not the Getting of, — they think ''tis Day and will never be Night;' that a little to be spent out of so much, is not worth minding; ('a Child and a Fool,' as Poor Richard says, 'imagine Twenty Shillings and Twenty Years can never be spent') but, 'always taking out of the Meat-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the Bottom;' then, as Poor Dick says, 'When the Well's dry, they know the Worth of Water.' But this they might have known before, if they had taken his Advice; 'If you would know the Value of Money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing'; and indeed so does he that lends to such People, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says: —

> 'Fond Pride of Dress, is sure a very Curse;
> E'er Fancy you consult, consult your Purse.'

And again, 'Pride is as loud a Beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine Thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a Piece; but Poor Dick says, ''Tis easier to suppress the first Desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.' And 'tis as truly Folly for the Poor to ape the Rich, as for the Frog to swell, in order to equal the Ox.

> 'Great Estates may venture more,
> But little Boats should keep near Shore.'

'Tis however a Folly soon punished; for 'Pride that dines on Vanity sups on Contempt,' as Poor Richard says. And in another Place, 'Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.' And after all, of what Use is this Pride of Appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered! It cannot promote Health, or ease Pain; it makes no Increase of Merit in the Person, creates Envy, it hastens Misfortune.

'What is a Butterfly? At best
He's but a Caterpillar drest.
The gaudy Fop's his Picture just,'

as Poor Richard says.

"But what Madness must it be to run in Debt for these Superfluities! We are offered by the Terms of this Vendue, 'Six Months Credit;' and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready Money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah, think what you do when you run in Debt; You give to another Power over your Liberty. If you cannot pay at the Time, you will be ashamed to see your Creditor; you will be in Fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking Excuses, and by Degrees come to lose your Veracity, and sink into base downright lying; for as Poor Richard says, 'The Second Vice is Lying, the first is running in Debt.' And again, to the same Purpose, 'Lying rides upon Debt's Back.' Whereas a freeborn Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any Man living. But Poverty often deprives a Man of all Spirit and Virtue; ''Tis hard for an empty Bag to stand upright,' as Poor Richard truly says. What would you think of that Prince, or that Government, who should issue an Edict forbidding you to dress like a Gentleman, or a Gentlewoman, on Pain of Imprisonment or Servitude! Would you not say, that you are free, have a Right to dress as you please, and that such an Edict would be a Breach of your Privileges, and such a Government tyrannical! And yet you are about to put yourself under that Tyranny when you run in Debt for such Dress! Your Creditor has Authority at his Pleasure to deprive you of your Liberty, by confining you in Gaol for Life, or to sell you for a Servant, if you should not be

able to pay him! When you have got your Bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of Payment! but 'Creditors,' Poor Richard tells us, 'have better Memories than Debtors;' and in another Place says, 'Creditors are a superstitious Sect, great Observers of set Days and Times.' The Day comes round before you are aware, and the Demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it. Or if you bear your Debt in Mind, the Term which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extreamly short. Time will seem to have added Wings to his Heels as well as Shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent,' saith Poor Richard, 'who owe Money to be paid at Easter.' Then, since, as he says, 'The Borrower is a Slave to the Lender, and the Debtor to the Creditor,' disdain the Chain, preserve your Freedom; and maintain your Independency; be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving Circumstances, and that you can bear a little Extravagance without Injury; but,

> 'For Age and Want save while you may;
> No Morning Sun lasts a whole Day,'

as Poor Richard says. Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live Experience is constant and certain; and ''tis easier to build two Chimnies than to keep one in Fuel,' as Poor Richard says. 'So rather go to Bed supperless than rise in Debt.'

> 'Get what you can, and what you get hold.
> 'Tis the stone that will turn all your Lead into Gold,'

as Poor Richard says. And when you have got the Philosopher's Stone, sure you will no longer complain of the bad Times, or the Difficulty of paying Taxes.

"This Doctrine, my Friends, is Reason and Wisdom; but after all, do not depend too much on your own Industry, and Frugality, and Prudence, though excellent Things; for they may all be blasted without the Blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that Blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear School, but

Fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that;' for it is true, 'we may give Advice, but we cannot give Conduct,' as Poor Richard says: however, remember this, 'They that won't be counseled, can't be helped,' as Poor Richard says: and farther, that 'if you will not hear Reason, she'll surely rap your Knuckles.' "

Thus the old Gentleman ended his Harangue. The People heard it, and approved the Doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common Sermon; for the Vendue opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his Cautions, and their own Fear of Taxes. I found the good Man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropt on those Topicks during the Course of Five-and-Twenty Years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else, but my Vanity was wonderfully delighted with it though I was conscious that not a tenth Part of this Wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the Gleanings I had made of the Sense of all Ages and Nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the Echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy Stuff for a new Coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy Profit will be as great as mine.

I am as ever,

Thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

July 7, 1757.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN. Born at Harborne, Staffordshire, England, August 2, 1823; died at Alicante in Spain, March 16, 1892. Professor of Modern History at Oxford. Author of "History and Conquests of the Saracens," "General Sketch of European History," "Growth of the English Constitution," "Reign of William Rufus and Accession of Henry I," "Fifty Years of European History," four volumes of a "History of Sicily," "Lectures to American Audiences," "Some Impressions of the United States."

His greatest work was the "History of the Norman Conquest of England," in six volumes.

(From "Chief Periods of European History")

THE WORLD ROMELESS

I said in the opening lecture of this series that one of the most wonderful features of the age in which we live, an age which will assuredly take its place in the Universal History of times to come as one of the most memorable of ages, is that the world is Romeless. I said too that this feature of the most modern times is, by one of the great cycles of history, a feature which takes us back to the earliest days of European life. The world from which Rome has passed away has something in common with the world in which Rome had never shown herself. It has something in common with it which it has not in common with those later ages during which Rome, in one shape or another, under one form of influence or another, was the acknowledged center of all European and Christian lands. But this is one of those many truths which can be grasped only by those who look at European history as a whole, and who are not led away by the delusive voices which would teach them that this or that fragment of the unbroken tale can be mastered by itself apart from the other acts of the one drama. He who shuts up his books and he who opens his books at any arbitrary point in Rome's long story are alike shut out from any true conception of the place of Rome in the world's history; they are shut out from understanding the difference between an age in which Rome is and an age in which Rome is not. To their eyes the fact that the world is Romeless will not seem anything wonderful, anything distinctive, because they have never looked with any searching gaze at the ages in which the world was otherwise. Such an one will never see that the great feature of the most modern times, a feature which has reached its height in the times in which we ourselves live, is the absence of any such center as the world so long gathered itself around. And if he will not see that the world is Romeless, still less will he see that even the Romeless world is not as though Rome had never been. Rome is still eternal in her influence; the world in truth has been

for ages so steeped in Roman influences that those influences have ceased to be Roman. But Rome, as a visible and acknowledged center, has passed away. No longer does an undivided world look to a single Rome as its one undoubted head. No longer does a divided world look to an Eastern and a Western Rome as each the undoubted head of half the world of civilized man. Rome ecumenical in either of her seats has become a thing that is no longer. The younger Rome has passed from us to be the spoil of the barbarian. The elder, by a fate at once more and less hopeful, has sunk to be the local capital of a single European kingdom. The younger, in her present distress, has the loftier hopes for the future. Her very oppressors have in some sort kept on her traditions; they have kept her in her old place as the head of something more than a mere local realm. We are far more likely to see Christian Constantinople again step into her old heritage as the head of Eastern Christendom than to see the lands of the West again accept the headship of the elder Rome by the Tiber. The line of her Cæsars is broken, — broken, we may be sure, forever. Her Pontiffs have not wisdom enough to see how their ecumenical position has been raised by deliverance from the shackles of local sovereignty. But to him who begins at the middle or at the end, to him who leaves off at the middle — to him who, under the influence of either error, has not given his mind to grasp the whole tale from the kingship on the Palatine to the kingship on the Quirinal — the things which make our own age so wonderful are things which lack a meaning. He who vainly dreams that he will better understand his own times by beginning his historic work with the times immediately before them — he who listens to false charmers who bid him seek, perhaps historic honors, but assuredly not historic knowledge, by preferring the flashy glitter of some sixth or seventh period to the solid work of his Gregory or his Einhard — he will find out — no, he will never learn enough to find out — that there is no royal road to the knowledge even of his own times. His penalty will be to walk in an age as strange and memorable as any that went before it, and not to know in how strange and memorable an age it is in which he is walking.

We live then in a Romeless age, and to those who have eyes to see it is one of the chief wonders of our age that it is Romeless.

But our age is Romeless because we live in a world from which Rome has passed away; those far-gone ages were Romeless because Rome had not yet made her way to the place which the world's destiny had marked for her. The position of those ages in the general tale of European history was the subject of the first lecture of this course six weeks back. In that lecture and in the one which followed it I strove to point out how Rome, having by slow steps risen to the first place in the West, burst suddenly into the midst of another political system, a system of kingdoms and commonwealths which was in many points a forestalling of the political system of the world in which we now live. And we may go yet further back, to days when Rome was so far from being the head of the world that her name could hardly have been known in the world. By one of the strange cycles of history, we who dwell in the wide world of modern times, the world of continents and oceans — nothing better shows its vastness than that we are driven to form a plural for this last primeval name — have in some points come back to the state of those who dwelled in the narrow world of the earliest times, the little world of islands, peninsulas, and inland seas. We have come back to the state of things that was, not only before Rome stood forth to rule the nations, but before Macedonian kingdoms and Greek confederations had cut short the right of every single town on its hill or in its island to act as a sovereign state in the affairs of the world. Each nation now, like each city then, does what is right in its own eyes. A nation now, like a city then, may be kept back from the exercise of its inherent powers by dread of the physical strength of some mightier neighbor. But the nations now, like the cities then, acknowledge no common center of lawful rule, no power which can speak to all with an authority higher than that of physical strength. From our age the great vision of Dante's Monarchy has passed away, and we have so far gone back to the condition of the ages before whose eyes that wondrous vision had never shown itself. The best witness to this fact is to be found in the acknowledged importance and the confessed difficulty of the doctrine of International Law. At no time has it ever been more needful than it is now to have a system of rules by which a number of independent powers shall acknowledge themselves

to be bound. At no time has it been found harder to enforce that system of rules by any practical sanction. The simplest way perhaps is that the weak state shall be held bound to the strictest observance of every international rule in its dealings with the stronger, but that the stronger shall be held to be absolved from the like pedantic minuteness in its dealings with the weaker. A fancied insult, for instance, at the hands of Greece is held to demand a humiliating atonement which would certainly not be asked for in the like case at the hands of Germany. But the most subtle International lawyer has failed to devise any means, save the last argument of all, for bringing a great power to reason which, to put it delicately, puts its own construction on international rules, and is so fully convinced of the truth of that construction that it declines to submit their interpretation to the decision of any arbiter. So it was in the days when the civilized world was bounded by the independent commonwealths of Greece. In theory certain rules or customs were held to bind every Greek state in its dealings with every other Greek state. Certain acts which were deemed lawful if done towards barbarians were deemed unlawful if done towards fellow-Greeks. Such rules differed in no essential respect from the International Law of modern times. There is simply a verbal difficulty in applying the name to the old Greek world, a difficulty arising out of the fact that, in our present state of things, nations have taken the place of cities. But among Greek cities there was just the same difficulty in finding a sanction for the wholesome rules laid down by Greek tradition or religion which there is in finding the like sanction now. There was no common temporal authority; we can hardly say that there was a common spiritual authority. The Amphictyonic Council had but feeble claims even to the last position; its decrees went practically for nothing, unless some powerful state undertook to carry them out for its own purposes, and claimed in return to determine what they should be. In the days of the great Peloponnesian war we do not hear of the Amphictyons at all. Then and later, Athens, Sparta, Thebes, could trifle at pleasure with the rights of a weaker city, subject only to the chance that some other among the stronger cities might find it suit its interests to assert the rights of the weaker. Every Greek city had in theory an equal right to

independence; but Messene, Scione, and Platæa felt how hard it sometimes was to assert that right. A treaty graven on a stone went for little, an Amphictyonic decree went for less, when a powerful and ambitious city had other purposes to carry out. Such a treaty, such a decree, went for about as much as the agreement of a modern European congress when it binds itself to secure the freedom of Epirus and the good government of Armenia. The voice of some one overbearing city, say Sparta, backed by the will of the Great King, counted for far more. The rise of the Macedonian power under two renowned princes gave the Greek world for a short space a center and a head. International Law or its substitutes went for little when Alexander, flushed with Asiatic conquest, wrote to all the cities of Greece to restore their exiles. But when the Macedonian kingdom again became only one power among many, the old state of things came back again with the needful changes. The world of Greece was no longer a world of cities only; it was a world in which cities, kingdoms, and confederations all played their part; a world in which diplomacy had its full run, in which the Eastern seas of Europe were ever covered by embassies crossing one another in their endless voyages to the court of this or that prince, to the assembly of this or that confederation. It was into this busy world of complicated International dealings that the power of Rome burst like a thunderbolt. All was at once changed. Under the Roman Peace, indeed in days long before the Roman Peace was formally established, as soon as Rome became by common consent the arbiter of the Mediterranean world, International Law had small opportunities left of showing its strength or its weakness. For a while the independent powers of the civilized world received as law whatever decrees the mightiest among them, the Roman Senate, thought good to put forth in each particular case. As kingdoms sank into provinces, as independent cities sank into municipalities, the law of the one commonwealth into whose substance they were in a manner merged became the immediate law of the whole civilized world, with the might of Cæsar Augustus as its sanction. There might still be a *jus gentium* between Rome and Parthia; to settle such questions as might arise at Antioch, at Gades, or at Eboracum, there was only the law of the Roman city, of which all other cities had become suburbs.

As long as any shadow of Roman power lasted, the theory that there lived on at Rome a central judgment-seat for the world was never wholly forgotten. As East and West became, not only separate, but hostile, as the Western Pontiff stepped for many purposes into the place of the Western Emperor, it was the ecclesiastical rather than the Imperial Rome which the nations sought as their common judge. Still in either case it was Rome that spoke; the world at least of Western Europe still acknowledged a center by the Tiber, though that center might have shifted from the Regia and the Septizonium to the Lateran and the Vatican. The world of which the Lateran and the Vatican were centers was presently cut short by a spiritual revolt. And that spiritual revolt was largely measured by national distinctions. As Eastern Europe, Greek and Slavonic Europe, had never admitted the spiritual dominion of the Western Rome, so now Teutonic Europe cast that dominion aside. Nations which had, in the teeth of Emperors, asserted their independence in the affairs of the world, now asserted their independence no less in the range of man's spiritual being. The Church of Rome remained, like the Empire of Rome, a power mighty and venerable, but a power confined, if not within the bounds of a single nation, at least within the bounds of a group of nations closely connected in history and speech. As there was a Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation, so there was now a Holy Roman Church of the Latin-speaking folk. In one important point indeed we may say that the range of the new Roman power was narrowed yet further. There was a time when the bishopric of Rome, with all that the bishopric of Rome carried with it, was, in practice as well as in theory, open to men of all nations that admitted the spiritual power of Rome. Now, though no law forbids the election of a Pope of any nation, in practice the choice of the electors has long been confined to men of Italian birth. This privilege indeed might be looked on as in some sort a survival or revival of local Roman supremacy; more truly it is a falling back on days before the spiritual supremacy of Rome began. It is a falling back on times when the Roman church, still a local church though the first of local churches, naturally sought for its chiefs among its own members. But so far as it is a falling back in either sense, it is a falling back in a shape better fitted

for later times; here again the nation takes the place of the city; Italy takes the place of Rome. In short, the Roman Church, still in theory coextensive with the world, once really coextensive with Western Europe, has shrunk up into a body mainly Latin with a head exclusively Italian. It is indeed only in a broad and general sense that we can take such propositions as that the Latin nations clave to Rome while the Teutonic nations fell away. That there are many exceptions needs no proof. It is plain that the Roman Church can still boast herself of not a few Teutonic and Slavonic subjects. It is no less plain that there are here and there, though in smaller numbers, men of Latin speech, both in East and West, who are not her subjects. Still the general proposition is none the less true in its general sense. It marks, to say the least, general tendencies which run a certain course wherever there is no special cause to hinder them. If we look narrowly into each case of exception, we shall often see some special cause, commonly some political cause, which accounts for the anomaly. We may note further that, as the Empire became more purely German and the Papacy became more purely Latin, the old feuds between Empire and Papacy died out. The Austrian Emperors, Catholic chiefs of an Empire mainly Protestant, had no such warfare to wage with the Roman see as had been waged by the Franconians and the Swabians. But as Empire and Papacy alike came to be thus shut up within narrowed and definite limits, neither could any longer act as a common center, even for the Western lands. For better or for worse, the world has fallen back on an older state of things. Instead of a single Rome as the acknowledged head of all, instead of two rival Romes, each claiming the headship of its own half of the civilized world, it is now open to every nation, as in the earlier day it was open to every city, to do, as far as it finds to do it, that which is right in its own eyes. Every nation now, as every city then, may play the part of Rome for the years or for the moments through which it may keep enough of physical strength to play that part.

The latest times then are in truth a return to the earliest times, with this difference, that nations have taken the place of cities.

FRENCH LITERATURE

FRENCH LITERATURE: Anonymous. The story of "Aucassin and Nicolete" is a twelfth-century journey through Love's Land; the hero being a Christian captive to the Saracens, and the heroine a Paynim captive among Christians. It is very short and is written in mingled prose and poetry.

THE SONG OF ROLAND is the principal epic of French Literature. Its leading figure, Roland, is the traditional hero of Charlemagne's court, to whom are ascribed all the traits of medieval knighthood. His death in the battle of Roncesvalles (778 A.D.) and Charlemagne's vengeance on the Saracens form the subject of the poem.

(Anonymous)

THE SONG-STORY OF AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE

(Translated by ANDREW LANG)

'TIS of Aucassin and Nicolete.

Who would list to the good lay
Gladness of the captive gray?
'Tis how two young lovers met,
Aucassin and Nicolete,
Of the pains the lover bore
And the sorrows he outwore,
For the goodness and the grace,
Of his love, so fair of face.

Sweet the song, the story sweet
There is no man hearkens it,
No man living 'neath the sun
So outwearied, so foredone,
Sick and woeful, worn and sad,
But is healèd, but is glad
'Tis so sweet.

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale: —

How the Count Bougars de Valence made war on Count Garin de Biaucaire, war so great, and so marvelous, and so

mortal that never a day dawned but alway he was there, by the gates and walls and barriers of the town, with a hundred knights, and ten thousand men-at-arms, horsemen, and footmen: so burned he the count's land, and spoiled his country, and slew his men. Now the Count Garin de Biaucaire was old and frail, and his good days were gone over. No heir had he, neither son nor daughter, save one young man only; such an one as I shall tell you. Aucassin was the name of the damoiseau: fair was he, goodly, and great, and featly fashioned of his body and limbs. His hair was yellow, in little curls, his eyes blue and laughing, his face beautiful and shapely, his nose high and well set, and so richly seen was he in all things good, that in him was none evil at all. But so suddenly overtaken was he of Love, who is a great master, that he would not, of his will, be dubbed knight, nor take arms, nor follow tourneys, nor do whatsoever him beseemed. Therefore his father and mother said to him: —

"Son, go take thine arms, mount thy horse, and hold thy land, and help thy men, for if they see thee among them, more stoutly will they keep in battle their lives, and lands, and thine, and mine."

"Father," said Aucassin, "I marvel that you will be speaking. Never may God give me aught of my desire if I be made knight, or mount my horse, or face stour and battle wherein knights smite and are smitten again, unless thou give me Nicolete, my true love, that I love so well."

"Son," said the father, "this may not be. Let Nicolete go, a slave girl she is, out of a strange land, and the captain of this town bought her of the Saracens, and carried her hither, and hath reared her and let christen the maid, and took her for his daughter in God, and one day will find a young man for her, to win her bread honorably. Herein hast thou naught to make or mend, but if a wife thou wilt have, I will give thee the daughter of a king, or a count. There is no man so rich in France, but if thou desire his daughter, thou shalt have her."

"Faith! my father," said Aucassin, "tell me where is the place so high in all the world, that Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, would not grace it well? If she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it

were little enough for her; so gentle is she and courteous, and debonair, and compact of all good qualities."

Here singeth one:—

Aucassin was of Biaucaire
Of a goodly castle there,
But from Nicolete the fair
None might win his heart away
Though his father, many a day,
And his mother said him nay,
"Ha! fond child, what wouldest thou?
Nicolete is glad enow!
Was from Carthage cast away,
Paynims sold her on a day!
Wouldst thou win a lady fair,
Choose a maid of high degree;
Such an one is meet for thee."
"Nay of these I have no care,
Nicolete is debonair,
Her body sweet and the face of her
Take my heart as in a snare,
Loyal love is but her share
That is so sweet."

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:—

When the Count Garin de Biaucaire knew that he would avail not to withdraw Aucassin his son from the love of Nicolete, he went to the Captain of the city, who was his man, and spake to him, saying:—

"Sir Count, away with Nicolete thy daughter in God; cursed be the land whence she was brought into this country, for by reason of her do I lose Aucassin, that will neither be dubbed knight, nor do aught of the things that fall to him to be done. And wit ye well," he said, "that if I might have her at my will, I would burn her in a fire, and yourself might well be sore adread."

"Sir," said the Captain, "this is grievous to me that he comes and goes and hath speech with her. I had bought the maiden at mine own charges, and nourished her, and baptized, and made her my daughter in God. Yea, I would have given her to a young man that should win her bread honorably. With

this had Aucassin thy son naught to make or mend. But, sith it is thy will and thy pleasure, I will send her into that land and that country where never will he see her with his eyes."

"Have a heed to thyself," said the Count Garin, "thence might great evil come on thee."

So parted they each from other. Now the Captain was a right rich man: so had he a rich palace with a garden in face of it; in an upper chamber thereof he let place Nicolete, with one old woman to keep her company, and in that chamber put bread and meat and wine and such things as were needful. Then he let seal the door, that none might come in or go forth, save that there was one window, over against the garden, and strait enough, where through came to them a little air.

Here singeth one:—

Nicolete as ye heard tell,
Prisoned is within a cell
That is painted wondrously
With colors of a far countrie,
And the window of marble wrought,
There the maiden stood in thought,
With straight brows and yellow hair
Never saw ye fairer fair!
On the wood she gazed below,
And she saw the roses blow,
Heard the birds sing loud and low,
Therefore spoke she woefully:
"Ah me, wherefore do I lie
Here in prison wrongfully:
Aucassin, my love, my knight,
Am I not thy heart's delight,
Thou that lovest me aright!
'Tis for thee that I must dwell
In the vaulted chamber cell,
Hard beset and all alone!
By our Lady Mary's Son
Here no longer will I wonn,
If I may flee!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:—

Nicolete was in prison, as ye have heard soothly, in the chamber. And the noise and bruit of it went through all the

country and all the land, how that Nicolete was lost. Some said she had fled the country, and some that the Count Garin de Biaucaire had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, Aucassin had none, so he went to the Captain of the town and spoke to him, saying: —

"Sir Captain, what hast thou made of Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, the thing that best I love in all the world? Hast thou carried her off or ravished her away from me? Know well that if I die of it, the price shall be demanded of thee, and that will be well done, for it shall be even as if thou hadst slain me with thy two hands, for thou hast taken from me the thing that in this world I loved the best."

"Fair Sir," said the Captain, "let these things be. Nicolete is a captive that I did bring from a strange country. Yea, I bought her at my own charges of the Saracens, and I bred her up and baptized her, and made her my daughter in God. And I have cherished her, and one of these days I would have given her a young man, to win her bread honorably. With this hast thou naught to make, but do thou take the daughter of a king or a count. Nay more, what wouldst thou deem thee to have gained, hadst thou made her thy leman, and taken her to thy bed? Plentiful lack of comfort hadst thou got thereby, for in Hell would thy soul have lain while the world endures, and into Paradise wouldst thou have entered never."

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars, and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise, with them have I naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men-at-arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold, and the silver,

and cloth of vair, and cloth of gris, and harpers, and makers, and the princes of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolete, my sweetest lady."

. . . . . .

The damoiseau was tall and strong, and the horse whereon he sat was right eager. And he laid hand to sword, and fell a-smiting to right and left, and smote through helm and *nasal*, and arm and clenched hand, making a murder about him, like a wild boar when hounds fall on him in the forest, even till he struck down ten knights, and seven he hurt, and straightway he hurled out of the press, and rode back again at full speed, sword in hand. The Count Bougars de Valence heard say they were about hanging Aucassin, his enemy, so he came into that place, and Aucassin was ware of him, and gat his sword into his hand, and lashed at his helm with such a stroke that he drave it down on his head, and he being stunned, fell groveling. And Aucassin laid hands on him, and caught him by the *nasal* of his helmet, and gave him to his father.

"Father," quoth Aucassin, "lo, here is your mortal foe, who hath so warred on you with all malengin. Full twenty years did this war endure, and might not be ended by man."

"Fair son," said his father, "thy feats of youth shouldst thou do, and not seek after folly."

"Father," saith Aucassin, "sermon me no sermons, but fulfil my covenant."

"Ha! what covenant, fair son?"

"What, father, hast thou forgotten it? By mine own head, whosoever forgets, will I not forget it, so much it hath me at heart. Didst thou not covenant with me when I took up arms, and went into the stour, that if God brought me back safe and sound, thou wouldst let me see Nicolete, my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss? So didst thou covenant, and my mind is that thou keep thy word."

"I!" quoth the father. "God forsake me when I keep this covenant! Nay, if she were here, I would let burn her in the fire, and thyself shouldst be sore adread."

"Is this thy last word?" quoth Aucassin.

"So help me God," quoth his father, "yea!"

"Certes," quoth Aucassin, "this is a sorry thing meseems, when a man of thine age lies!"

"Count of Valence," quoth Aucassin, "I took thee?"

"In sooth, Sir, didst thou," saith the Count.

"Give me thy hand," saith Aucassin.

"Sir, with good will."

So he set his hand in the other's.

"Now givest thou me thy word," saith Aucassin, "that never whiles thou art living man wilt thou avail to do my father dishonor, or harm him in body, or in goods, but do it thou wilt?"

"Sir, in God's name," saith he, "mock me not, but put me to my ransom; ye cannot ask of me gold nor silver, horses nor palfreys, *vair* nor *gris*, hawks nor hounds, but I will give you them."

"What?" quoth Aucassin. "Ha, knowest thou not it was I that took thee?"

"Yea, sir," quoth the Count Bougars.

"God help me never, but I will make thy head fly from thy shoulders, if thou makest not troth," said Aucassin.

"In God's name," said he, "I make what promise thou wilt."

So they did the oath, and Aucassin let mount him on a horse, and took another and so led him back till he was all in safety.

Here one singeth:—

When the Count Garin doth know
That his child would ne'er forego
Love of her that loved him so,
Nicolete, the bright of brow,
In a dungeon deep below
Childe Aucassin did he throw.
Even there the Childe must dwell
In a dun-walled marble cell.

Aucassin was cast into prison as ye have heard tell, and Nicolete, of her part, was in the chamber. Now it was summer time, the month of May, when days are warm, and long, and clear, and the night still and serene. Nicolete lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine clear through a window, yea, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, so she minded her of Aucassin her lover whom she loved so well.

Then fell she to thoughts of Count Garin de Biaucaire, that hated her to the death; therefore deemed she that there she would no longer abide, for that, if she were told of, and the Count knew whereas she lay, an ill death would he make her die. Now she knew that the old woman slept who held her company. Then she arose, and clad her in a mantle of silk she had by her, very goodly, and took napkins, and sheets of the bed, and knotted one to the other, and made therewith a cord as long as she might, so knitted it to a pillar in the window, and let herself slip down into the garden, then caught up her raiment in both hands, behind and before, and kilted up her kirtle, because of the dew that she saw lying deep on the grass, and so went her way down through the garden.

Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they bore up the folds of her bodice as they had been two apples; so slim she was in the waist that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tiptoe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden. She came to the postern gate, and unbarred it, and went out through the streets of Biaucaire, keeping always on the shadowy side, for the moon was shining right clear, and so wandered she till she came to the tower where her lover lay. The tower was flanked with buttresses, and she cowered under one of them, wrapped in her mantle. Then thrust she her head through a crevice of the tower that was old and worn, and so heard she Aucassin wailing within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loved so well. And when she had listened to him she began to say:

Here one singeth:—

Nicolete the bright of brow
On a pillar leanest thou,
All Aucassin's wail dost hear
For his love that is so dear,
Then thou spakest, shrill and clear,
"Gentle knight withouten fear,

Little good befalleth thee,
Little help of sigh or tear,
Ne'er shalt thou have joy of me.
Never shalt thou win me; still
Am I held in evil will
Of thy father and thy kin,
Therefore must I cross the sea,
And another land must win."
Then she cut her curls of gold,
Cast them in the dungeon hold,
Aucassin doth clasp them there,
Kissed the curls that were so fair,
Them doth in his bosom bear,
Then he wept, even as of old,
All for his love!

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:—

When Aucassin heard Nicolete say that she would pass into a far country, he was all in wrath.

"Fair sweet friend," quoth he, "thou shalt not go, for then wouldst thou be my death. And the first man that saw thee and had the might withal, would take thee straightway into his bed to be his leman. And once thou camest into a man's bed, and that bed not mine, wit ye well that I would not tarry till I had found a knife to pierce my heart and slay myself. Nay, verily, wait so long I would not: but would hurl myself on it so soon as I could find a wall, or a black stone, thereon would I dash my head so mightily, that the eyes would start, and my brain burst. Rather would I die even such a death, than know thou hadst lain in a man's bed, and that bed not mine."

"Aucassin," she said, "I trow thou lovest me not as much as thou sayest, but I love thee more than thou lovest me."

"Ah, fair sweet friend," said Aucassin, "it may not be that thou shouldst love me even as I love thee. Woman may not love man as man loves woman, for a woman's love lies in the glance of her eyes, and the bud of her breast, and her foot's tiptoe, but the love of man is in his heart planted, whence it can never issue forth and pass away."

Now while Aucassin and Nicolete held this parley together, the town's guards came down a street, with swords drawn beneath their cloaks, for the Count Garin had charged them that

if they could take her they should slay her. But the sentinel that was on the tower saw them coming, and heard them speaking of Nicolete as they went, and threatening to slay her.

"God!" quoth he, "this were great pity to slay so fair a maid! Right great charity it were if I could say aught to her, and they perceive it not, and she should be on her guard against them, for if they slay her, then were Aucassin, my damoiseau, dead, and that were great pity."

. . . . . .

Aucassin rode on: the night was fair and still, and so long he went that he came to the lodge of boughs, that Nicolete had builded and woven within and without, over and under, with flowers, and it was the fairest lodge that might be seen. When Aucassin was ware of it, he stopped suddenly, and the light of the moon fell therein.

"God!" quoth Aucassin, "here was Nicolete, my sweet lady, and this lodge builded she with her fair hands. For the sweetness of it, and for love of her, will I alight, and rest here this night long."

He drew forth his foot from the stirrup to alight, and the steed was great and tall. He dreamed so much on Nicolete, his right sweet lady, that he slipped on a stone, and drave his shoulder out of his place. Then knew he that he was hurt sore, natheless he bore him with what force he might, and fastened with the other hand the mare's son to a thorn. Then turned he on his side, and crept backwise into the lodge of boughs. And he looked through a gap in the lodge and saw the stars in heaven, and one that was brighter than the rest; so began he so say: —

Here one singeth: —

"Star, that I from far behold,
Star, the Moon calls to her fold,
Nicolete with thee doth dwell,
My sweet love with locks of gold,
God would have her dwell afar,
Dwell with him for evening star,
Would to God, whate'er befell,
Would that with her I might dwell,
I would clip her close and strait,

Nay, were I of much estate,
Some king's son desirable,
Worthy she to be my mate,
Me to kiss and clip me well,
Sister, sweet friend!"

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale: —

When Nicolete heard Aucassin, right so came she unto him, for she was not far away. She passed within the lodge, and threw her arms about his neck, and clipped and kissed him.

"Fair sweet friend, welcome be thou."

"And thou, fair sweet love, be thou welcome."

So either kissed and clipped the other, and fair joy was them between.

"Ha! sweet love," quoth Aucassin, "but now was I sore hurt, and my shoulder wried, but I take no force of it, nor have no hurt therefrom since I have thee."

Right so felt she his shoulder and found it was wried from its place. And she so handled it with her white hands, and so wrought in her surgery, that by God's will who loveth lovers, it went back into its place. Then took she flowers, and fresh grass, and leaves green, and bound these herbs on the hurt with a strip of her smock, and he was all healed.

. . . . . .

Aucassin dwelt in the castle of Torelore, in great ease and great delight, for that he had with him Nicolete his sweet love, whom he loved so well. Now while he was in such pleasure and such delight, came a troop of Saracens by sea, and laid siege to the castle and took it by main strength. Anon took they the substance that was therein and carried off the men and maidens captives. They seized Nicolete and Aucassin, and bound Aucassin hand and foot, and cast him into one ship, and Nicolete into another. Then rose there a mighty wind over sea, and scattered the ships. Now that ship wherein was Aucassin went wandering on the sea, till it came to the castle of Biaucaire, and the folk of the country ran together to wreck her, and there found they Aucassin, and they knew him again. So when they of Biaucaire saw their damoiseau, they made great joy of him, for Aucassin had dwelt full three years in the

castle of Torelore, and his father and mother were dead. So the people took him to the castle of Biaucaire, and there were they all his men. And he held the land in peace.

Here singeth one: —

Lo ye, Aucassin hath gone
To Biaucaire that is his own,
Dwelleth there in joy and ease
And the kingdom is at peace.
Swears he by the Majesty
Of our Lord that is most high,
Rather would he they should die
All his kin and parentry,
So that Nicolete were nigh.
"Ah, sweet love, and fair of brow,
I know not where to seek thee now,
God made never that countrie,
Not by land, and not by sea,
Where I would not search for thee,
If that might be!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale: —

Now leave we Aucassin, and speak we of Nicolete. The ship wherein she was cast pertained to the King of Carthage, and he was her father, and she had twelve brothers, all princes or kings. When they beheld Nicolete, how fair she was, they did her great worship, and made much joy of her, and many times asked her who she was, for surely seemed she a lady of noble line and high parentry. But she might not tell them of her lineage, for she was but a child when men stole her away. So sailed they till they won the City of Carthage, and when Nicolete saw the walls of the castle, and the country-side, she knew that there had she been nourished and thence stolen away, being but a child. Yet was she not so young a child but that well she knew she had been daughter of the King of Carthage; and of her nurture in that city.

Here singeth one: —

Nicolete the good and true
To the land hath come anew,
Sees the palaces and walls,
And the houses and the halls!

Then she spake and said, "Alas!
That of birth so great I was,
Cousin of the Amiral
And the very child of him
Carthage counts King of Paynim,
Wild folk hold me here withal;
Nay, Aucassin, love of thee,
Gentle knight, and true, and free,
Burns and wastes the heart of me.
Ah, God grant it of his grace,
That thou hold me, and embrace,
That thou kiss me on the face,
Love and lord!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:—

When the King of Carthage heard Nicolete speak in this wise, he cast his arms about her neck.

"Fair sweet love," saith he, "tell me who thou art, and be not adread of me."

"Sir," said she, "I am daughter to the King of Carthage, and was taken, being then a little child, it is now fifteen years gone."

When all they of the court heard her speak thus, they knew well that she spake sooth: so made they great joy of her, and led her to the castle in great honor, as the King's daughter. And they would have given her to her lord a King of Paynim, but she had no mind to marry. There dwelt she three days or four. And she considered by what means she might seek for Aucassin. Then she got her a viol, and learned to play on it, till they would have married her on a day to a great King of Paynim, and she stole forth by night, and came to the seaport, and dwelt with a poor woman thereby. Then took she a certain herb, and therewith smeared her head and her face, till she was all brown and stained. And she let make coat, and mantle, and smock, and hose, and attired herself as if she had been a harper. So took she the viol and went to a mariner, and so wrought on him that he took her aboard his vessel. Then hoisted they sail, and fared on the high seas even till they came to the land of Provence. And Nicolete went forth and took the viol, and went playing through all that country,

even till she came to the castle of Biaucaire, where Aucassin lay.

Here singeth one:—

At Biaucaire below the tower
Sat Aucassin, on an hour,
Heard the bird, and watched the flower,
With his barons him beside,
Then came on him in that tide,
The sweet influence of love
And the memory thereof;
Thought of Nicolete the fair,
And the dainty face of her
He had loved so many years,
Then was he in dule and tears!
Even then came Nicolete,
On the stair a foot she set,
And she drew the viol bow
Through the strings and chanted so;
"Listen, lords and knights, to me,
Lords of high or low degree,
To my story list will ye
All of Aucassin and her
That was Nicolete the fair?
And their love was long to tell.
Deep woods through he sought her well.
Paynims took them on a day
In Torelore and bound they lay.
Of Aucassin naught know we,
But fair Nicolete the free
Now in Carthage doth she dwell,
There her father loves her well,
Who is king of that countrie.
Her a husband hath he found,
Paynim lord that serves Mahound!
Ne'er with him the maid will go,
For she loves a damoiseau,
Aucassin, that ye may know,
Swears to God that never mo
With a lover will she go
Save with him she loveth so
In long desire."

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:—

When Aucassin heard Nicolete speak in this wise, he was right joyful, and drew her on one side, and spoke, saying:—

"Sweet fair friend, know ye nothing of this Nicolete, of whom ye have thus sung?"

"Yea, Sir, I know her for the noblest creature, and the most gentle, and the best that ever was born on ground. She is daughter to the King of Carthage that took her there where Aucassin was taken, and brought her into the city of Carthage, till he knew that verily she was his own daughter, whereon he made right great mirth. Anon wished he to give her for her lord one of the greatest kings of all Spain, but she would rather let herself be hanged or burned, than take any lord, how great soever."

"Ha! fair sweet friend," quoth the Count Aucassin, "if thou wilt go into that land again, and bid her come and speak to me, I will give thee of my substance, more than thou wouldst dare to ask or take. And know ye, that for the sake of her, I have no will to take a wife, howsoever high her lineage. So wait I for her, and never will I have a wife, but her only. And if I knew where to find her, no need would I have to seek her."

"Sir," quoth she, "if ye promise me that, I will go in quest of her for your sake, and for hers, that I love much."

So he sware to her, and anon let give her twenty livres, and she departed from him, and he wept for the sweetness of Nicolete. And when she saw him weeping, she said: —

"Sir, trouble not thyself so much withal. For in a little while shall I have brought her into this city, and ye shall see her."

When Aucassin heard that, he was right glad thereof. And she departed from him, and went into the city to the house of the Captain's wife, for the Captain her father in God was dead. So she dwelt there, and told all her tale; and the Captain's wife knew her, and knew well that she was Nicolete that she herself had nourished. Then she let wash and bathe her, and there rested she eight full days. Then took she an herb that was named *Eyebright* and anointed herself therewith, and was as fair as ever she had been all the days of her life. Then she clothed herself in rich robes of silk whereof the lady had great store, and then sat herself in the chamber on a silken coverlet, and called the lady and bade her go and bring Aucassin her love, and she did even so. And when she came to the Palace she found Aucassin weeping, and making lament for

Nicolete his love, for that she delayed so long. And the lady spake unto him and said:—

"Aucassin, sorrow no more, but come thou on with me, and I will show thee the thing in the world that thou lovest best; even Nicolete thy dear love, who from far lands hath come to seek of thee." And Aucassin was right glad.

Here singeth one:—

When Aucassin heareth now
That his lady bright of brow
Dwelleth in his own countrie,
Never man was glad as he.
To her castle doth he hie
With the lady speedily,
Passeth to the chamber high,
Findeth Nicolete thereby.
Of her true love found again
Never maid was half so fain.
Straight she leaped upon her feet:
When his love he saw at last,
Arms about her did he cast,
Kissed her often, kissed her sweet,
Kissed her lips and brows and eyes.
Thus all night do they devise,
Even till the morning white.
Then Aucassin wedded her,
Made her Lady of Biaucaire.
Many years abode they there,
Many years in shade or sun,
In great gladness and delight
Ne'er hath Aucassin regret
Nor his lady Nicolete.
Now my story all is done,
Said and sung!

(From "The Song of Roland," translated by Isabel Ruther; used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, the publishers.)

THE SOUNDING OF THE HORN AND THE DEATH OF ROLAND

Then saith Roland: "Sore is our battle, I will blow a blast and Charles the King will hear it." "That would not be knightly," saith Oliver; "when I bid thee, comrade, thou didst

disdain it. Had the King been here, we had not suffered this damage; but they who are afar off are free from all reproach. By this my beard, an I see again my sister, Aude the Fair, never shalt thou lie in her arms."

Then saith Roland: "Wherefore art thou wroth with me?" And Oliver answers him, saying: "Comrade, thou thyself art to blame. Wise courage is not madness, and measure is better than rashness. Through thy folly these Franks have come to their death; nevermore shall Charles the King have service at our hands. Hadst thou taken my counsel, my liege lord had been here, and this battle had been ended, and King Marsila had been or taken or slain. Woe worth thy prowess, Roland! Henceforth Charles shall get no help of thee; never till God's Judgment Day shall there be such another man; but thou must die, and France shall be shamed thereby. And this day our loyal fellowship shall have an end; before this evening grievously shall we be parted."

The Archbishop, hearing them dispute together, spurs his horse with his spurs of pure gold, and comes unto them, and rebukes them, saying: "Sir Roland, and thou, Sir Oliver, in God's name I pray ye, let be this strife. Little help shall we now have of thy horn; and yet it were better to sound it; if the King come, he will revenge us, and the paynims shall not go hence rejoicing. Our Franks will light off their horses, and find us dead and maimed, and they will lay us on biers, on the backs of sumpters, and will weep for us with dole and pity; and they will bury us in the courts of churches, that our bones may not be eaten by wolves and swine and dogs." "Sir, thou speakest well and truly," quoth Roland.

And therewith he sets his ivory horn to his lips, grasps it well and blows it with all the might he hath. High are the hills, and the sound echoes far, and for thirty full leagues they hear it resound. Charles and all his host hear it, and the King saith: "Our men are at battle." But Count Ganelon denies it, saying: "Had any other said so, we had deemed it great falsehood."

With dolor and pain, and in sore torment, Count Roland blows his horn of ivory, that the bright blood springs out of his mouth, and the temples of his brain are broken. Mighty is the

blast of the horn, and Charles, passing the mountains, hears it, and Naymes hears it, and all the Franks listen and hear. Then saith the King: "I hear the horn of Roland; never would he sound it, an he were not at battle." But Ganelon answers him, saying: "Battle is there none; thou art old and white and hoary, and thy words are those of a child. Well thou knowest the great pride of Roland; — a marvel it is that God hath suffered it thus long. Aforetime he took Naples against thy commandment, and when the Saracens came out of the city and set upon Roland the good knight (he slew them with Durendal his sword;) thereafter with water he washed away the blood which stained the meadow, that none might know of what he had done. And for a single hare he will blow his horn all day long; and now he but boasts among his fellows, for there is no folk on earth would dare do him battle. I prithee ride on. Why tarry we? The Great Land still lies far before us."

Count Roland's mouth has burst out a-bleeding, and the temples of his brain are broken. In dolor and pain he sounds his horn of ivory; but Charles hears it and the Franks hear it. Saith the King: "Long drawn is the blast of that horn." "Yea," Naymes answers, "for in sore need is the baron who blows it. Certes, our men are at battle; and he who now dissembles hath betrayed Roland. Take your arms and cry your war-cry, and succor the men of your house. Dost thou not hear Roland's call?"

The Emperor has commanded that his trumpets be sounded, and now the Franks light down from their horses and arm themselves with hauberks and helms and swords adorned with gold; fair are their shields, and goodly and great their lances, and their gonfanons are scarlet and white and blue. Then all the barons of the host get them to horse, and spur through the passes; and each saith to other: "An we may but see Roland a living man, we will strike good blows at his side." But what avails it? for they have abode too long.

Clear is the evening as was the day, and all their armor glistens in the sun, and there is great shining of hauberks, and helms, and shields painted with flowers, and lances, and gilded gonfanons. The Emperor rides on in wrath, and the Franks

are full of care and foreboding; and not a man but weeps full sore and hath great fear for Roland. Then the King let take Count Ganelon, and gave him over to the cooks of his household; and he called Besgon their chief, saying: "Guard him well, as beseems a felon who hath betrayed my house." Besgon took him, and set a watch about him of a hundred of his fellows of the kitchen, both best and worst. They plucked out the hairs of Ganelon's beard and mustache, and each one dealt him four blows with his fist, and hardily they beat him with rods and staves; then they put about his neck a chain, and bound him even as they would a bear, and in derision they set him upon a sumpter. So they guard him till they return him unto Charles.

High are the hills and great and dark, deep the valleys, and swift the waters. To answer Roland's horn all the trumpets are sounded, both rear and van. The Emperor rides on in wrath, and the Franks are full of care and foreboding; there is not a man but weepeth and maketh sore lament, praying to God that he spare Roland until they come unto the field, that at his side they may deal good blows. But what avails it? They have tarried too long, and may not come in time.

Count Roland fights right nobly, but all his body is a-sweat and burning hot, and in his head he hath great pain and torment, for when he sounded his horn he rent his temples. But he would fain know that Charles were coming, and he takes his horn of ivory, and feebly he sounds it. The Emperor stops to listen: "Lords," he saith, "now has great woe come upon us, this day shall we lose Roland my nephew, I wot from the blast of his horn that he is nigh to death. Let him who would reach the field ride fast. Now sound ye all the trumpets of the host." Then they blew sixty thousand, so loud that the mountains resound and the valleys give answer. The paynims hear them and have no will to laugh, but one saith to another: "We shall have ado with Charles anon."

Say the paynims: "The Emperor is returning, we hear the trumpets of France; if Charles come hither, we shall suffer sore loss. Yet if Roland live, our war will begin again, and we shall lose Spain our land." Then four hundred armed in their helmets, and of the best of those on the field, gather

together, and on Roland they make onset fierce and sore. Now is the Count hard bestead.

When Count Roland sees them draw near he waxes hardy and fierce and terrible; never will he yield as long as he is a living man. He sits his horse Veillantif, and spurs him well with his spurs of fine gold, and rides into the stour upon them all; and at his side is Archbishop Turpin. And the Saracens say one to another: "Now save yourselves, friends. We have heard the trumpets of France; Charles the mighty King is returning."

Count Roland never loved the cowardly, or the proud, or the wicked, or any knight who was not a good vassal, and now he calls to Archbishop Turpin, saying: "Lord, thou art on foot and I am a-horseback, for thy love I would make halt, and together we will take the good and the ill; I will not leave thee for any living man; the blows of Almace and of Durendal shall give back this assault to the paynims." Then saith the Archbishop: "A traitor is he who doth not smite; Charles is returning, and well will he revenge us."

"In an evil hour," say the paynims, "were we born; woeful is the day that has dawned for us! We have lost our lords and our peers. Charles the valiant cometh hither again with his great host, we hear the clear trumpets of those of France, and great is the noise of their cry of Montjoy. Count Roland is of such might he cannot be vanquished by any mortal man. Let us hurl our missiles upon him, and then leave him." Even so they did; and cast upon him many a dart and javelin, and spears and lances and feathered arrows. They broke and rent the shield of Roland, tore open and unmailed his hauberk, but did not pierce his body: but Veillantif was wounded in thirty places, and fell from under the Count, dead. Then the paynims flee, and leave him; Count Roland is left alone and on foot.

The paynims flee in anger and wrath, and in all haste they fare toward Spain. Count Roland did not pursue after them, for he has lost his horse Veillantif, and whether he will or no, is left on foot. He went to the help of Archbishop Turpin, and unlaced his golden helm from his head, and took off his white hauberk of fine mail, and he tore his tunic into strips

and with the pieces bound his great wounds. Then he gathers him in his arms, and lays him down full softly upon the green grass, and gently he beseeches him: "O gracious baron, I pray thy leave. Our comrades whom we so loved are slain, and it is not meet to leave them thus. I would go seek and find them, and range them before thee." "Go and return again," quoth the Archbishop. "Thank God, this field is thine and mine."

Roland turns away and fares on alone through the field; he searches the valleys and the hills; (and there he found Ivon and Ivory,) and Gerin, and Gerier his comrade (and he found Engelier the Gascon), and Berengier, and Oton, and he found Anseïs and Samson, and Gerard the Old of Rousillon. One by one he hath taken up the barons, and hath come with them unto the Archbishop, and places them in rank before him. The Archbishop cannot help but weep; he raises his hand and gives them benediction, and thereafter saith: "Alas for ye, lords! May God the Glorious receive your souls, and bring them into Paradise among the blessed flowers. And now my own death torments me sore; never again shall I see the great Emperor."

Again Roland turned away to search the field; and when he found Oliver his comrade, he gathered him close against his breast, and as best he might returned again unto the Archbishop, and laid his comrade upon a shield beside the others; and the Archbishop absolved and blessed him. Then their sorrow and pity broke forth again, and Roland saith: "Oliver, fair comrade, thou wert son of the great Duke Reinier, who held the Marches of Rivier and Genoa; for the breaking of lances or the piercing of shields; for vanquishing and affrighting the proud, for upholding and counseling the good, never in any land was there a better knight."

When Roland sees the peers, and Oliver whom he so loved, lying dead, pity takes him and he begins to weep; and his face is all discolored; so great is his grief he cannot stand upright, but will he, nill he, falls to the ground in a swoon. Saith the Archbishop: "Alack for thee, good baron."

When the Archbishop sees Roland swoon, he has such dole as he has never known before. He stretches out his hand and

takes the horn of ivory, for in Roncevals there is a swift streamlet, and he would go to it to bring of its water to Roland. Slowly and falteringly he sets forth, but so weak he is he cannot walk, his strength has gone from him, too much blood has he lost, and before a man might cross an acre his heart faileth, and he falls forward upon his face, and the anguish of death comes upon him.

When Count Roland recovers from his swoon he gets upon his feet with great torment; he looks up and he looks down, and beyond his comrades, on the green grass, he sees that goodly baron, the Archbishop, appointed of God in His stead. Turpin saith his *mea culpa*, and looks up, and stretches out his two hands towards heaven, and prays God that He grant him Paradise. And so he dies, the warrior of Charles. Long had he waged strong war against the paynims, both by his mighty battling and his goodly sermons. May God grant him His holy benison.

Count Roland sees the Archbishop upon the ground; his bowels have fallen out of his body, and his brains are oozing out of his forehead; Roland takes his fair, white hands and crosses them upon his breast between his two collar bones; and lifting up his voice, he mourns for him, after the manner of his people: "Ah, gentle man, knight of high parentage, now I commend thee to the heavenly Glory; never will there be a man who shall serve Him more willingly; never since the days of the apostles hath there been such a prophet to uphold the law, and win the hearts of men; may thy soul suffer no dole or torment, but may the doors of Paradise be opened to thee."

Now Roland feels that death is near him, and his brains flow out at his ears; he prays to the Lord God for his peers that He will receive them, and he prays to the Angel Gabriel for himself. That he may be free from all reproach, he takes his horn of ivory in the one hand, and Durendal, his sword, in the other, and farther than a cross-bow can cast an arrow, through a cornfield he goeth on towards Spain. At the crest of a hill, beneath two fair trees, are four stairs of marble; there he falls down on the green grass in a swoon, for death is close upon him.

High are the hills and very tall are the trees; the four stones

are of shining marble; and there Count Roland swoons upon the green grass. Meantime a Saracen is watching him; he has stained his face and body with blood, and feigning death, he lies still among his fellows; but now he springs to his feet and hastens forward. Fair he was, and strong, and of good courage; and in his pride he breaks out into mighty wrath, and seizes upon Roland, both him and his arms, and he cries: "Now is the nephew of Charles overthrown. This his sword will I carry into Arabia." But at his touch the Count recovered his senses.

Roland feels that his sword hath been taken from him, he opens his eyes, and saith: "Certes, thou art not one of our men." He holds his horn of ivory which he never lets out of his grasp, and he smites the Saracen upon the helm which was studded with gold and gems, and he breaks steel and head and bones that his two eyes start out, and he falls down dead at his feet. Then saith Roland: "Coward, what made thee so bold to lay hands upon me, whether right or wrong? No man shall hear it but shall hold thee a fool. Now is my horn of ivory broken in the bell, and its gold and its crystals have fallen."

Now Roland feels that his sight is gone from him. With much striving he gets upon his feet; the color has gone from his face; before him lies a brown stone, and in his sorrow and wrath he smites ten blows upon it. The sword grates upon the rock, but neither breaks nor splinters; and the Count saith: "Holy Mary, help me now! Ah, Durendal, alas for your goodness! *Now am I near to death, and have no more need of you.* Many a fight in the field have I won with you, many a wide land have I conquered with you, lands now ruled by Charles with the white beard. May the man who would flee before another, never possess you. For many a day have you been held by a right good lord, never will there be such another in France the free."

Roland smote upon the block of *hard stone*, and the steel grates, but neither breaks nor splinters. And when he sees that he can in no wise break it, he laments, saying: "O Durendal, how fair and bright thou art, in the sunlight how thou flashest and shinest! Charles was once in the valley of Moriane,

when God commanded him by one of His angels that he should give thee to a chieftain Count; then the great and noble King girded thee upon me; and with thee I won for him Anjou and Bretagne, and I conquered Poitou and Maine for him, and for him I conquered Normandy the free, and Provence, and Acquitaine; and Lombardy, and all of Romagna; and I conquered for him Bavaria, and Flanders, and Bulgaria, and all of Poland; Constantinople which now pays him fealty, and Saxony, where he may work his will. And I conquered for him Wales, and Scotland, and Ireland, and England which he holds as his demesne. Many lands and countries have I won with thee, lands which Charles of the white beard rules. And now am I heavy of heart because of this my sword; rather would I die than that it should fall into the hands of the paynims. Lord God our Father, let not this shame fall upon France."

And again Roland smote upon the brown stone and beyond all telling shattered it; the sword grates, but springs back again into the air and is neither dinted nor broken. And when the Count sees he may in no wise break it, he laments, saying: "O Durendal, how fair and holy a thing thou art! In thy golden hilt is many a relic, — a tooth of Saint Peter, and some of the blood of Saint Basil, and hairs from the head of my lord Saint Denis, and a bit of the raiment of the Virgin Mary. It is not meet that thou fall into the hands of the paynims, only Christians should wield thee. May no coward ever possess thee! Many wide lands have I conquered with thee, lands which Charles of the white beard rules; and thereby is the Emperor great and mighty."

Now Roland feels that death has come upon him, and that it creeps down from his head to his heart. In all haste he fares under a pine tree, and hath cast himself down upon his face on the green grass. Under him he laid his sword and his horn of ivory; and he turned his face towards the paynim folk, for he would that Charles and all his men should say that the gentle Count had died a conqueror. Speedily and full often he confesses his sins, and in atonement he offers his glove to God.

Roland lies on a high peak looking towards Spain; he feels that his time is spent, and with one hand he beats upon his

breast: "O God, I have sinned; forgive me through thy might the wrongs, both great and small, which I have done from the day I was born even to this day on which I was smitten." With his right hand he holds out his glove to God; and lo, the angels of heaven come down to him.

Count Roland lay under the pine tree; he has turned his face towards Spain, and he begins to call many things to remembrance, — all the lands he had won by his valor, and sweet France, and the men of his lineage, and Charles, his liege lord, who had brought him up in his household; and he cannot help but weep. But he would not wholly forget himself, and again he confesses his sins and begs forgiveness of God: "Our Father, who art truth, who raised up Lazarus from the dead, and who defended Daniel from the lions, save thou my soul from the perils to which it is brought through the sins I wrought in my life days." With his right hand he offers his glove to God, and Saint Gabriel has taken it from his hand. Then his head sinks on his arm, and with clasped hands he hath gone to his end. And God sent him His cherubim, and Saint Michael of the Seas, and with them went Saint Gabriel, and they carried the soul of the Count into Paradise.

JEAN FROISSART

JEAN FROISSART. A French author. Born at Valenciennes in Hainault, Belgium, 1337; died at Chimay, Belgium, 1410. His celebrated "Chronicles" relate to 1326–1400 A.D. His poems have recently appeared in a new edition.

(From "THE CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND SPAIN")

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY

THERE was a large park near a wood, on the rear of the army, which King Edward inclosed, and in it placed all his baggage, wagons, and horses; for his men-at-arms and archers

were to fight on foot. He afterwards ordered, through his constable and his two marshals, that the army should be divided into three battalions. In the first, he placed the young Prince of Wales, and with him the Earls of Warwick and Oxford, Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, the Lord Reginald Cobham, Lord Thomas Holland, Lord Stafford, Lord Mauley, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Lord Bartholomew Burghersh, Lord Robert Neville, Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bouchier, the Lord Latimer, and many other knights and squires whom I cannot name. There might be, in this first division, about 800 men-at-arms, 2000 archers, and 1000 Welshmen; all of whom advanced in regular order to their ground, each lord under his banner and pennon, and in the center of his men. In the second battalion were the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lords Ross, Willoughby, Basset, Saint Albans, Sir Lewis Tufton, Lord Multon, the Lord Lascels, and many others, amounting in the whole to about 800 men-at-arms, and 1200 archers. The third battalion was commanded by the king in person, and was composed of about 700 men-at-arms, and 2000 archers. The king was mounted on a small palfrey, having a white wand in his hand, and attended by his two marshals. In this manner he rode at a foot's pace through all the ranks, encouraging the army and entreating that they would guard his honor and defend his right; so sweetly and with such a cheerful countenance did he speak, that all who had been before dispirited, were directly comforted by hearing him. By the time he had thus visited all the battalions it was nearly ten o'clock: he then retired to his own division, having ordered the men to regale themselves, after which all returned to their own battalions, according to the marshal's orders, and seated themselves on the ground, placing their helmets and bows before them, in order that they might be the fresher when their enemies should arrive.

That same Saturday the King of France also rose betimes, heard mass in the monastery of St. Peter's in Abbeville, where he lodged; and having ordered his army to do the same, left that town after sunrise. When he had marched about two leagues from Abbeville, and was approaching the enemy, he was advised to form his army in order of battle, and to let

those on foot march forward that they might not be trampled on by the horses. This being done, he sent off four knights, the Lord Moyne, of Bastleberg, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu, and the Lord of Aubigny, who rode so near to the English, that they could clearly distinguish their position. The English plainly perceived that these knights came to reconnoiter; however, they took no notice of it, but suffered them to return unmolested.

When the King of France saw them coming back, he halted his army, and the knights pushing through the crowds came near to the king, who said to them, "My lords, what news?" Neither chose to speak first — at last the king addressed himself personally to the Lord Moyne, who said: "Sir, I will speak, since it pleases you to order me, but under correction of my companions. We have advanced far enough to reconnoiter your enemies. Know, then, that they are drawn up in three battalions, and are waiting for you. I would advise for my part (submitting, however, to your better counsel) that you halt your army here and quarter them for the night; for before the rear shall come up, and the army be properly drawn up, it will be very late, and your men will be tired and in disorder, whilst they will find your enemies fresh and properly arrayed. On the morrow you may draw up your army more at your ease, and may at leisure reconnoiter on what part it will be most advantageous to begin the attack, for be assured they will wait for you." The king commanded that it should so be done; and the two marshals rode, one to the front and the other to the rear, crying out, "Halt banners, in the name of God and St. Denis." Those that were in front, halted; but those that were behind, said, they would not halt until they were as forward as the front. When the front perceived the rear pressing on, they pushed forward; and as neither the king nor the marshals could stop them, they marched on without any order until they came in sight of their enemies. As soon as the foremost rank saw the English they fell back at once in great disorder, which alarmed those in the rear, who thought they had been fighting. All the roads between Abbeville and Cressy were covered with common people, who, when they were come within three leagues of their enemies, drew their

swords, bawling out, "Kill, kill;" and with them were many lords eager to make a show of their courage.

There is no man, unless he had been present, that can imagine or describe truly the confusion of that day, especially the bad management and disorder of the French, whose troops were out of number. What I know, and shall relate in this book, I have learnt chiefly from the English, and from those attached to Sir John of Hainault, who was always near the person of the King of France. The English, who, as I have said, were drawn up in three divisions, and seated on the ground, on seeing their enemies advance, rose up undauntedly and fell into their ranks. The prince's battalion, whose archers were formed in the manner of a portcullis, and the men-at-arms in the rear, was the first to do so. The Earls of Northampton and Arundel, who commanded the second division, posted themselves in good order on the prince's wing to assist him if necessary.

You must know that the French troops did not advance in any regular order, and that as soon as their king came in sight of the English his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, "Order the Genoese forward and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis." There were about 15,000 Genoese crossbow men; but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed and carrying their crossbows, and accordingly they told the constable they were not in a condition to do any great thing in battle. The Earl of Alençon, hearing this, said, "This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them." During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder and a very terrible eclipse of the sun; and, before this rain, a great flight of crows hovered in the air over all the battalions, making a loud noise; shortly afterwards it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright; but the French had it in their faces, and the English on their backs. When the Genoese were somewhat in order they approached the English and set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them; but the English remained quite quiet and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward; the English never moved. Still they hooted a third time, ad-

vancing with their crossbows presented, and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness, that it seemed as if it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced through their armor, some of them cut the strings of their crossbows, others flung them to the ground, and all turned about and retreated quite discomfited.

The French had a large body of men-at-arms on horseback to support the Genoese, and the king, seeing them thus fall back, cried out, "Kill me those scoundrels, for they stop up our road without any reason." The English continued shooting, and some of their arrows falling among the horsemen, drove them upon the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion, they could never rally again.

In the English army there were some Cornish and Welsh men on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives; these advancing through the ranks of the men-at-arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were in this danger, and falling upon earls, barons, knights, and squires, slew many, at which the King of England was exasperated. The valiant King of Bohemia was slain there; he was called Charles of Luxembourg, for he was the son of the gallant king and emperor, Henry of Luxembourg, and, having heard the order for the battle, he inquired where his son the Lord Charles was; his attendants answered that they did not know, but believed he was fighting. Upon this, he said to them: "Gentlemen, you are all my people, my friends, and brethren at arms this day; therefore, as I am blind, I request of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike one stroke with my sword." The knights consented, and in order that they might not lose him in the crowd, fastened all the reins of their horses together, placing the king at their head that he might gratify his wish, and in this manner advanced towards the enemy. The Lord Charles of Bohemia, who already signed his name as King of Germany, and bore the arms, had come in good order to the engagement; but when he perceived that it was likely to turn out against the French he departed. The king, his father, rode in among the enemy, and he and his companions fought most valiantly;

however, they advanced so far that they were all slain, and on the morrow they were found on the ground with all their horses tied together.

The Earl of Alençon advanced in regular order upon the English, to fight with them, as did the Earl of Flanders in another part. These two lords, with their detachments, coasting, as it were, the archers, came to the prince's battalion, where they fought valiantly for a length of time. The King of France was eager to march to the place where he saw their banners displayed, but there was a hedge of archers before him: he had that day made a present of a handsome black horse to Sir John of Hainault, who had mounted on it a knight of his, called Sir John de Fusselles, who bore his banner; the horse ran off with the knight and forced his way through the English army, and when about to return, stumbled and fell into a ditch and severely wounded him; he did not, however, experience any other inconvenience than from his horse, for the English did not quit their ranks that day to make prisoners: his page alighted and raised him up, but the French knight did not return the way he came, as he would have found it difficult from the crowd. This battle, which was fought on Saturday, between La Broyes and Cressy, was murderous and cruel; and many gallant deeds of arms were performed that were never known: towards evening, many knights and squires of the French had lost their masters, and wandering up and down the plain, attacked the English in small parties; but they were soon destroyed, for the English had determined that day to give no quarter, nor hear of ransom from any one.

Early in the day some French, Germans, and Savoyards had broken through the archers of the prince's battalion, and had engaged with the men-at-arms; upon this the second battalion came to his aid, and it was time they did so, for otherwise he would have been hard pressed. The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight off in great haste to the King of England, who was posted upon an eminence near a windmill. On the knight's arrival he said, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Stafford, the Lord Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son, are vigorously attacked by the French, and they entreat that you will come to their assistance

with your battalion, for if numbers should increase against him, they fear he will have too much to do." The king replied, "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" "Nothing of the sort, thank God," rejoined the knight, "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." The king answered: "Now, Sir Thomas, return to those that sent you, and tell them from me not to send again for me this day, nor expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs, for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have intrusted him." The knight returned to his lords and related the king's answer, which mightily encouraged them, and made them repent they had ever sent such a message.

It is a certain fact, that Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, who was in the prince's battalion, having been told by some of the English that they had seen the banner of his brother engaged in the battle against him, was exceedingly anxious to save him; but he was too late, for he was left dead on the field, and so was the Earl of Aumarle, his nephew. On the other hand, the Earls of Alençon and Flanders were fighting lustily under their banners with their own people; but they could not resist the force of the English, and were there slain, as well as many other knights and squires, who were attending on, or accompanying them.

The Earl of Blois, nephew to the King of France, and the Duke of Lorraine, his brother-in-law, with their troops, made a gallant defense; but they were surrounded by a troop of English and Welsh, and slain in spite of their prowess. The Earl of St. Pol, and the Earl of Auxerre, were also killed, as well as many others. Late after vespers, the King of France had not more about him than sixty men, every one included. Sir John of Hainault, who was of the number, had once remounted the king, for his horse had been killed under him by an arrow: and seeing the state he was in, he said: "Sir, retreat whilst you have an opportunity, and do not expose yourself so simply; if you have lost this battle, another time you will be the conqueror." After he had said this he took the bridle of

the king's horse and led him off by force, for he had before entreated him to retire. The king rode on until he came to the castle of La Broyes, where he found the gates shut, for it was very dark: he ordered the governor of it to be summoned, who, after some delay, came upon the battlements, and asked who it was that called at such an hour. The king answered, "Open, open, governor, it is the fortune of France." The governor, hearing the king's voice, immediately descended, opened the gate, and let down the bridge; the king and his company entered the castle, but he had with him only five barons: Sir John of Hainault, the Lord Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord of Aubigny, and the Lord of Montfort. It was not his intention, however, to bury himself in such a place as this, but having taken some refreshments, he set out again with his attendants about midnight, and rode on under the direction of guides, who were well acquainted with the country, until about daybreak he came to Amiens, where he halted. This Saturday the English never quitted their ranks in pursuit of any one, but remained on the field guarding their position and defending themselves against all who attacked them. The battle ended at the hour of vespers, when the King of England embraced his son and said to him: "Sweet son, God give you perseverance: you are my son; for most loyally have you acquitted yourself; you are worthy to be a sovereign." The prince bowed very low, giving all honor to the king, his father. The English during the night made frequent thanksgivings to the Lord for the happy issue of the day; and with them there was no rioting, for the king had expressly forbidden all riot or noise.

On the following day, which was Sunday, there were a few encounters with the French troops; however, they could not withstand the English, and soon either retreated or were put to the sword. When Edward was assured that there was no appearance of the French collecting another army, he sent to have the number and rank of the dead examined. This business was intrusted to Lord Reginald Cobham and Lord Stafford, assisted by three heralds to examine the arms, and two secretaries to write down the names. They passed the whole day upon the field of battle, and made a very circumstantial account

of all they saw: according to their report it appeared that 80 banners, the bodies of 11 princes, 1200 knights, and about 30,000 common men were found dead on the field.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

I HAVE before related in this history the troubles which King Richard of England had suffered from his quarrel with his uncles. By advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the king's new council, the Lord Neville, who had commanded the defense of the frontiers of Northumberland for five years against the Scots, was dismissed, and Sir Henry Percy appointed in his stead, which circumstance created much animosity and hatred between the Percies and Nevilles. The barons and knights of Scotland, considering this a favorable opportunity, now that the English were quarreling among themselves, determined upon an inroad into the country, in order to make some return for the many insults that had been offered to them. That their intention might not be known, they appointed a feast to be holden at Aberdeen, on the borders of the Highlands; this feast the greater part of the barons attended, and it was then resolved that in the middle of August, in the year 1388, they should assemble all their forces at a castle called Jedworth, situated amidst deep forests on the borders of Cumberland. When all things were arranged the barons separated, but never mentioned one word of their intentions to the king; for they said among themselves that he knew nothing about war. On the day appointed James, Earl of Douglas, first arrived at Jedworth, then came John, Earl of Moray, the Earl of March and Dunbar, William, Earl of Fife, John, Earl of Sutherland, Stephen, Earl of Menteith, William, Earl of Mar, Sir Archibald Douglas, Sir Robert Erskine, and very many other knights and squires of Scotland. There had not been for sixty years so numerous an assembly — they amounted to 1200 spears, and 40,000 other men and archers. With the use of the bow the Scots are but little acquainted, but they sling their axes over their shoulders, and when in battle give very deadly blows with them. The lords were well pleased at meeting, and declared they would never return home without

having made an inroad into England; and the more completely to combine their plans, they fixed another meeting to be held at a church in the forest of Jedworth, called Zedon.

Intelligence was carried to the Earl of Northumberland, to the Seneschal of York, and to Sir Matthew Redman, governor of Berwick, of the great feast which was to be kept at Aberdeen, and in order to learn what was done at it, these lords sent thither heralds and minstrels, at the same time making every preparation in case of an inroad; for they said if the Scots enter the country through Cumberland, by Carlisle, we will ride into Scotland, and do them more damage than they can do to us, for theirs is an open country, which can be entered anywhere; but ours, on the contrary, contains well fortified towns and castles. In order to be more sure of the intentions of the Scots, they resolved to send an English gentleman, well acquainted with the country, to the meeting in the forest of Jedworth, of which the minstrels told them. The English squire journeyed without interruption until he came to the church of Yetholm, where the Scottish barons were assembled; he entered it as a servant following his master, and heard the greater part of their plans. When the meeting was near breaking up, he left the church on his return, and went to a tree, thinking to find his horse, which he had tied there by the bridle, but it was gone, for a Scotsman (they are all thieves) had stolen him, and being fearful of making a noise about it, he set off on foot, though booted and spurred. He had not, however, gone more than two bow-shots from the church before he was noticed by two Scottish knights, who were conversing together.

The first who saw him said: "I have witnessed many wonderful things, but what I now see is equal to any; that man yonder has, I believe, lost his horse, and yet he makes no inquiry about it. On my troth, I doubt much if he belongs to us; let us go after him and ascertain." The two knights soon overtook him, when they asked him where he was going, whence he came, and what he had done with his horse. As he contradicted himself in his answers, they laid hands on him, saying that he must come before their captains. Upon which, they brought him back to the church of Yetholm, to the Earl

of Douglas and the other lords, who examined him closely, for they knew him to be an Englishman, and assured him that if he did not truly answer all their questions, his head should be struck off, but if he did, no harm should happen to him. He obeyed, though very unwillingly, for the love of life prevailed; and the Scots barons learnt that he had been sent by the Earl of Northumberland to discover the number of their forces, and whither they were to march. He was then asked where the barons of Northumberland were? If they had any intention of making an excursion? Also what road they would take to Scotland, along the sea from Berwick to Dunbar, or by the mountains through the country of Menteith to Stirling. He replied: "Since you will force me to tell the truth, when I left Newcastle, there were not any signs of an excursion being made; but the barons are all ready to set out at a minute's warning, as soon as they shall hear that you have entered England. They will not oppose you, for they are not in number sufficient to meet so large a body as you are reported to be." "And what do they estimate our numbers?" said Lord Moray. "They say, my lord," replied the squire, "that you have full 40,000 men and 1200 spears, and by way of counteracting your career, should you march to Cumberland, they will take the road through Berwick to Dunbar, Dalkeith, and Edinburgh; if you follow the other road, they will then march to Carlisle, and enter your country by these mountains." The Scottish lords, on hearing this, were silent, but looked at each other. The English squire was delivered to the governor of the castle of Jedworth, with orders to guard him carefully. The barons were in high spirits at the intelligence they had received, and considered their success as certain, now they knew the disposition of the enemy. They held a council as to their mode of proceeding, at which the wisest and most accustomed to arms, such as Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, Sir Alexander Ramsay, and others, said: "That to avoid any chance of failing in their attempt, they would advise the army to be divided, and two expeditions to be made, so that the enemy might be puzzled whither to march their forces. The largest division with the baggage should go to Carlisle in Cumberland, and the others, consisting of three or four hundred spears and

2000 stout infantry and archers, all well mounted, should make for Newcastle-on-Tyne, cross the river, and enter Durham, spoiling and burning the country. They will have committed great waste in England," they continued, "before our enemy can have any information of their being there; if we find they come in pursuit of us, which they certainly will, we will then unite, and fix on a proper place to offer them battle, as we all seem to have that desire, and to be anxious to gain honor; for it is time to repay them some of the mischief they have done to us." This plan was adopted, and Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Menteith, the Earl of Mar, the Earl of Stratherne, Sir Stephen Frazer, Sir George Dunbar, with sixteen other great barons of Scotland, were ordered to the command of the largest division, that was to march to Carlisle. The Earl of Douglas, the Earl of March and Dunbar, and the Earl of Moray were appointed leaders of the 300 picked lances and 2000 infantry who were to advance to Newcastle-on-Tyne and invade Northumberland. When those two divisions separated, the lords took a very affectionate leave of each other, promising that if the English took the field against them, they would not fight till all were united. They then left the forest of Jedworth, one party marching to the right and the other to the left. The barons of Northumberland, not finding the squire return, nor hearing anything of the Scots, began to suspect the accident which had happened; they therefore ordered every one to prepare and march at a moment's notice.

We will now follow the expedition under the Earl of Douglas and his companions, for they had more to do than the division that went to Carlisle. As soon as the Earls of Douglas, Moray, and March were separated from the main body, they determined to cross the Tyne, and enter the bishopric of Durham, and after they had despoiled and burnt that country as far as the city of Durham, to return by Newcastle, and quarter themselves there in spite of the English. This they executed, and riding at a good pace through by-roads, without attacking town, castle, or house, arrived on the lands of the Lord Percy, and crossed the Tyne without any opposition at the place they had fixed on, three leagues above Newcastle, near to Brance-

peth, where they entered the rich country of Durham, and instantly began their war by burning towns, and slaying the inhabitants. Neither the Earl of Northumberland, nor the barons and knights of the country, had heard anything of the invasion; but when intelligence came to Durham and Newcastle that Scots were abroad, which was now visible enough, from the smoke that was everywhere seen, the earl sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to Newcastle, while he himself remained at Alnwick and issued his orders.

In the meantime, the Scots continued burning and destroying all before them. At the gates of Durham they skirmished, but made no long stay, setting out on their return as they had planned at the beginning of the expedition, and carrying away all the booty they could. Between Durham and Newcastle, which is about twelve English miles, the country is very rich, and there was not a town in all this district, unless well inclosed, that was not burnt.

All the knights and squires of the country collected at Newcastle; thither came the Seneschal of York, Sir Ralph Langley, Sir Matthew Redman, Sir Robert Ogle, Sir John Felton, Sir William Walsingham, and so many others, that the town could not lodge them all. These three Scottish lords, having completed the object of their first expedition in Durham, lay three days before Newcastle, where there was an almost continual skirmish. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, from their great courage, were always first at the barriers. The Earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy, and in it, by gallantry of arms, won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English. The Earl, as he bore away his prize, said, "I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far." "By God," replied Sir Henry, "you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland; be assured you shall never have this pennon to brag of." "You must come this night and seek it, then," answered Earl Douglas; "I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away." As it was now late, the skirmish ended, and each party retired to their quarters. They had plenty of everything, particularly fresh meat. The Scots

kept up a very strict watch, concluding from the words of Sir Henry Percy that their quarters would be beaten up in the night-time; however, they were disappointed, for Sir Henry was advised to defer his attack. On the morrow the Scots dislodged from Newcastle, and taking the road to their own country came to a town and castle called Ponclau, of which Sir Raymond de Laval was lord; here they halted about four o'clock in the morning, and made preparations for an assault, which was carried on with such courage that the place was easily won, and Sir Raymond made prisoner. They then marched away for Otterbourne, which is eight English leagues from Newcastle, and there encamped. This day they made no attack, but very early on the morrow the trumpet sounded, when all advanced towards the castle, which was tolerably strong, and situated among marshes. After a long and unsuccessful attack, they were forced to retire, and the chiefs held a council how they should act. The greater part were for decamping on the morrow, joining their countrymen in the neighborhood of Carlisle. This, however, the Earl of Douglas overruled by saying: "In spite of Sir Henry Percy, who, the day before yesterday, declared he would take from me this pennon, I will not depart hence for two or three days. We will renew our attack upon the castle, for it is to be taken, and we shall see if he will come for his pennon." Every one agreed to what Earl Douglas said. They made huts of trees and branches, and fortified themselves as well as they could, placing their baggage and servants at the entrance of the marsh on the road to Newcastle, and driving the cattle into the marsh lands.

I will now return to Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were both greatly mortified that this Earl of Douglas should have conquered their pennon, and who felt the disgrace the more because Sir Henry had not kept his word. The English imagined the army under the Earl of Douglas to be only the van of the Scots, and that the main body was behind, for which reason those knights who had the most experience in arms strongly opposed the proposal of Sir Henry Percy to pursue them. They said: "Many losses happen in war; if the Earl of Douglas has won your pennon, he has bought it dear enough, and another time you will gain from him as much, if

not more. The whole power of Scotland have taken the field. We are not strong enough to offer them battle; perhaps this skirmish may have been only a trick to draw us out of the town. It is much better to lose a pennon than 200 or 300 knights and squires, and leave our country in a defenseless state." This speech checked the eagerness of the two Percies, when other news was brought them by some knights and squires, who had followed and observed the Scots, their number, and disposition. "Sir Henry and Ralph Percy," they said, "we are come to tell you that we have followed the Scottish army, and observed all the country where they now are. They halted first at Pontland, and took Sir Raymond de Laval in his castle. Thence they went to Otterbourne, and took up their quarters for the night. We are ignorant of what they did on the morrow; but they seemed to have taken measures for a long stay. We know for certain that the army does not consist of more than 3000 men, including all sorts." Sir Henry Percy, on hearing this, was greatly rejoiced, and cried out: "To horse! To horse! For by the faith I owe to my God, and to my lord and father, I will seek to recover my pennon, and beat up the Scots' quarters this night." Such knights and squires in Newcastle as learnt this, and were willing to be of the party, made themselves ready. The Bishop of Durham was daily expected at that town, for he had heard that the Scots lay before it, and that the sons of the Earl of Northumberland were preparing to offer them battle. The bishop had collected a number of men, and was hastening to their assistance; but Sir Henry Percy would not wait, for he had with him 600 spears of knights and squires, and upwards of 8000 infantry, which he said would be more than enough to fight the Scots, who were but 300 lances and 2000 others. When all were assembled, they left Newcastle after dinner, and took the field in good array, following the road the Scots had taken towards Otterbourne, which was only eight short leagues distant.

The Scots were supping, and some indeed asleep, when the English arrived, and mistook, at the entrance, the huts of the servants for those of their masters; they forced their way into the camp, which was tolerably strong, shouting out, "Percy! Percy!" In such cases, you may suppose, an alarm is soon

given, and it was fortunate for the Scots the English had made the first attack upon the servants' quarter, which checked them some little. The Scots, expecting the English, had prepared accordingly; for while the lords were arming themselves, they ordered a body of the infantry to join their servants and keep up the skirmish. As their men were armed, they formed themselves under the pennons of the three principal barons, who each had his particular appointment.

In the meantime the night advanced; but it was sufficiently light for them to see what they were doing, for the moon shone, and it was the month of August, when the weather is temperate and serene. When the Scots were properly arrayed, they left the camp in silence, but did not march to meet the English. During the preceding day they had well examined the country, and settled their plans beforehand, which indeed was the saving of them. The English had soon overpowered the servants; but as they advanced into the camp they found fresh bodies of men ready to oppose them, and to continue the fight. The Scots, in the meantime, marched along the mountain side, and fell on the enemy's flank quite unexpectedly, shouting their war-cries. This was a great surprise to the English, who, however, formed themselves in better order and reinforced that part of the army.

The cries of Percy and Douglas resounded on each side. The battle now raged. Great was the pushing of lances, and at the first onset very many of each party were struck down. The English, being more numerous than their opponents, kept in a compact body and forced the Scots to retire. But the Earl of Douglas, being young and eager to gain renown in arms, ordered his banner to advance, shouting, "Douglas! Douglas!" Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, indignant at the affront the Earl of Douglas had put on them, by conquering their pennon, and desirous of meeting him, hastened to the place from which the sounds came, calling out, "Percy! Percy!" The two banners met, and many gallant deeds of arms ensued. The English were in superior strength, and fought so lustily that they drove the Scots back. Sir Patrick Hepburne and his son did honor to their knighthood and country under the banner of Douglas, which would have been conquered but for the vigor-

ous defense they made; and this circumstance not only contributed to their personal credit, but the memory of it is continued with honor to their descendants. I learned the particulars of the battle from knights and squires who had been engaged in it on both sides. There were also with the English two valiant knights from the country of Foix whom I had the good fortune to meet at Orthes, the year after the battle had been fought. On my return from Foix, I met likewise, at Avignon, a knight and two squires of Scotland, of the party of Douglas. They knew me again, from the recollections I brought to their minds of their own country; for in my youth I, the author of this history, traveled through Scotland, and was full fifteen days resident with William, Earl of Douglas, father of Earl James, of whom we are now speaking, at his castle of Dalkeith, five miles from Edinburgh. At that time Earl James was very young, though a promising youth; he had also a sister named Blanche. I had, therefore, my information from both parties, and they agree that it was the hardest and most obstinate battle that was ever fought. This I readily believe, for the English and Scots are excellent men-at-arms, and never spare each other when they meet in battle, nor is there any check to their courage as long as their weapons last. When they have well beaten each other, and one party is victorious, they are so proud of the conquest, that they ransom their prisoners instantly, and act in such a courteous manner to those who have been taken, that on their departure they return them thanks. However, when engaged in war, there is no child's play between them, nor do they shrink from combat; and in the further details of this battle you will see as excellent deeds as were ever performed. The knights and squires of either party were most anxious to continue the combat with vigor, as long as their spears might be capable of holding. Cowardice was unknown among them, and the most splendid courage everywhere exhibited by the gallant youths of England and Scotland; they were so densely intermixed that the archers' bows were useless, and they fought hand to hand, without either battalion giving way. The Scots behaved most valiantly, for the English were three to one. I do not mean to say that the English did not acquit themselves well; for they would sooner

be slain or made prisoners in battle than reproached with flight.

As I before mentioned, the two banners of Douglas and Percy met, and the men-at-arms under each exerted themselves by every means to gain the victory; but the English, at the attack, were so much the stronger that the Scots were driven back. The Earl of Douglas, seeing his men repulsed, seized a battle-ax with both his hands; and, in order to rally his forces, dashed into the midst of his enemies, and gave such blows to all around him, that no one could withstand them, but all made way for him on every side. Thus he advanced like another Hector, thinking to conquer the field by his own prowess, until he was met by three spears that were pointed at him. One struck him on the shoulder, another on the stomach, near the belly, and the third entered his thigh. As he could not disengage himself from these spears, he was borne to the ground, still fighting desperately. From that moment, he never rose again. Some of his knights and squires had followed him, but not all; for though the moon shone, it was rather dark. The three English lances knew they had struck down some person of considerable rank, but never supposed it was Earl Douglas; for had they known it they would have redoubled their courage, and the fortune of the day would have been determined to their side. The Scots also were ignorant of their loss until the battle was over, and it was fortunate for them, for otherwise they would certainly from despair have been discomfited. As soon as the Earl fell, his head was cleaved with a battle-ax, a spear thrust through his thigh, and the main body of the English marched over him without once supposing him to be their principal enemy. In another part of the field the Earl of March and Dunbar fought valiantly, and the English gave full employment to the Scots, who had followed the Earl of Douglas and had engaged with the two Percies. The Earl of Moray behaved so gallantly in pursuing the English, that they knew not how to resist him. Of all the battles, great or small, that have been described in this history, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe: for there was not a man, knight, or squire, who did not acquit himself gallantly hand to hand with the enemy. The sons of the Earl

of Northumberland, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were the leaders of the expedition, behaved themselves like good knights. An accident befell Sir Ralph Percy, almost similar to that which happened to the Earl of Douglas; having advanced too far, he was surrounded by the enemy and severely wounded, and being out of breath surrendered himself to a Scottish knight, called Sir John Maxwell, who was of the household of the Earl of Moray. As soon as he was made prisoner, the knight asked him who he was. Sir Ralph was so weakened by loss of blood that he had scarcely power to avow himself to be Sir Ralph Percy. "Well," replied the knight, "Sir Ralph, rescued or not, you are my prisoner: my name is Maxwell." "I agree," said Sir Ralph; "but pay me some attention, for I am so desperately wounded that my drawers and greaves are full of blood." Upon this, the Scottish knight took care of him, and suddenly hearing the cry of Moray hard by, and perceiving the earl's banner advancing, Sir John addressed himself to him, and said, "My lord, I present you with Sir Ralph Percy as a prisoner; but let him be well attended to, for he is very badly wounded." The earl was much pleased, and said, "Maxwell, thou hast well earned thy spurs this day." He then ordered his men to take care of Sir Ralph, and bind up his wounds. The battle still continued to rage, and no one, at that moment, could say which side would be the conquerors. There were many captures and rescues which never came to my knowledge. The young Earl of Douglas had performed wonders during the day. When he was struck down there was a great crowd round him, and he was unable to raise himself, for the blow on his head was mortal. His men had followed him as closely as they were able, and there came to him his cousins, Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, with other knights and squires. They found by his side a gallant knight who had constantly attended him, who was his chaplain, but who at this time had changed his profession for that of a valiant man-at-arms. The whole night he had followed the earl, with his battle-ax in hand, and by his exertion had more than once repulsed the English. His name was Sir William of North Berwick. To say the truth, he was well formed in all his limbs to shine in battle, and in this combat was himself severely wounded.

When these knights came to the Earl of Douglas they found him in a melancholy state, as well as one of his knights, Sir Robert Hart, who had fought by his side the whole of the night, and now lay beside him covered with fifteen wounds from lances and other weapons. Sir John Sinclair asked the earl, "Cousin, how fares it with you?" "But so so," he replied; "thanks to God there are but few of my ancestors who have died in chambers or in their beds. I bid you, therefore, revenge my death, for I have but little hope of living, as my heart becomes every minute more faint. Do you, Walter and Sir John, raise up my banner, for it is on the ground owing to the death of Sir David Campbell, that valiant squire, who bore it, and who this day refused knighthood from my hands, though he was equal to the most eminent knight for courage and loyalty. Also, continue to shout, 'Douglas!' but do not tell friend or foe, whether I am in your company or not; for should the enemy know the truth they will greatly rejoice." The two Sinclairs and Sir James Lindsay obeyed his orders.

The banner was raised, and "Douglas!" shouted. Those men who had remained behind, hearing the shout of Douglas so often repeated, ascended a small eminence, and pushed their lances with such courage that the English were repulsed and many killed. The Scots, by thus valiantly driving the enemy beyond the spot where Earl Douglas lay dead, for he had expired on giving his last orders, arrived at his banner, which was borne by Sir John Sinclair. Numbers were continually increasing, from the repeated shouts of "Douglas!" and the greater part of the Scottish knights and squires were now there. Among them were the Earls of Moray and March, with their banners and men. When all the Scots were thus collected, they renewed the battle with greater vigor than before. To say the truth, the English had harder work than the Scots, for they had come by a forced march that evening from Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was eight English leagues distant, to meet the Scots; by which means the greater part were exceedingly fatigued before the combat began. The Scots, on the contrary, had rested themselves, which was of the greatest advantage, as was apparent from the event of the battle. In this last attack they so completely repulsed the English, that the latter could

never rally again, and the former drove them beyond where the Earl of Douglas lay on the ground.

During the attack, Sir Henry Percy had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Lord Montgomery. They had fought hand to hand with much valor, and without hindrance from any one; for there was neither knight nor squire of either party who did not find there his equal to fight with, and all were fully engaged. The battle was severely fought on both sides; but such is the fickleness of fortune, that though the English were a more numerous body, and at the first onset had repulsed the Scots, they, in the end, lost the field, and very many knights were made prisoners. Just as the defeat took place, and while the combat was continued in different parts, an English squire, whose name was Thomas Felton, and who was attached to the household of Lord Percy, was surrounded by a body of Scots. He was a handsome man, and, as he showed, valiant in arms. That and the preceding night he had been employed in collecting the best arms, and would neither surrender nor deign to fly. It was told me, that he had made a vow to that purpose, and had declared at some feast in Northumberland, that at the very first meeting of the Scots and English he would acquit himself so loyally, that, for having stood his ground, he should be renowned as the best combatant of both parties. I also heard, for I believe I never saw him, that his body and limbs were of strength befitting a valiant combatant; and that he performed such deeds, when engaged with the banner of the Earl of Moray, as astonished the Scots: however, he was slain while thus bravely fighting. Through admiration of his great courage they would willingly have made him a prisoner, and several knights proposed it to him; but in vain, for he thought he should be assisted by his friends. Thus died Thomas Felton, much lamented by his own party. When he fell he was engaged with a cousin of the King of Scotland, called Simon Glendinning.

According to what I heard, the battle was very bloody from its commencement to the defeat; but when the Scots saw the English were discomfited and surrendering on all sides, they behaved courteously to them. The pursuit lasted a long time, and was extended to five English miles. Had the Scots been in sufficient numbers, none of the English would have escaped

death or captivity; and if Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, with the division that had marched for Carlisle, had been there, they would have taken the Bishop of Durham and the town of Newcastle, as I shall explain to you.

The same evening that Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy had left Newcastle, the Bishop of Durham, with the remainder of the forces of that district, had arrived there and supped. While seated at table, he considered that he should not act very honorably if he remained in the town while his countrymen had taken the field. In consequence he rose up, ordered his horses to be saddled, and his trumpet to sound for his men to prepare: they amounted in all to 7000, that is, 2000 on horseback and 5000 on foot. Although it was now night, they took the road towards Otterbourne, and they had not advanced a league from Newcastle when intelligence was brought that the English were engaged with the Scots. On this the bishop halted his men, and several more joined them, out of breath from the combat. On being asked how the affair went on, they replied: "Badly and unfortunately. We are defeated, and the Scots are close at our heels." The second intelligence being worse than the first, gave alarm to several, who broke from their ranks; and when, shortly after, crowds came to them flying, they were panic-struck, and so frightened with the bad news, that the Bishop of Durham could not keep 500 of his men together. Now, supposing a large body had come upon them, and followed them to the town, would not much mischief have ensued? Those acquainted with arms imagine the alarm would have been so great that the Scots would have forced their way into the place with them.

When the bishop saw his own men thus join the runaways in their flight, he demanded of Sir William de Lussy, Sir Thomas Clifford, and other knights of his company, what they were now to do? These knights either could not or would not advise him; so at length the bishop said: "Gentlemen, everything considered, there is no honor in foolhardiness, nor is it requisite that to one misfortune we should add another. Our men are defeated, and we cannot remedy it. We must, therefore, return this night to Newcastle, and to-morrow we will march and find our enemies." Upon this, they all marched back to Newcastle.

I must say something of Sir Matthew Redman, who had mounted his horse to escape from the battle, as he alone could not recover the day. On his departure, he was noticed by Sir James Lindsay, a valiant Scottish knight, who with his battle-ax hung at his neck, and his spear in hand, through courage and the hope of gain, mounted his horse to pursue him. When so close that he might have struck him with his lance, he cried out: "Sir Knight, turn about, it is disgraceful thus to fly; I am James Lindsay, and if you do not turn, I will drive my spear into your back." Sir Matthew made no reply, but spurred his horse harder than before. In this state did the chase last for three miles, when Sir Matthew's horse stumbling under him, he leaped off, drew his sword, and put himself in a posture of defense. The Scottish knight made a thrust at his breast with his lance; but Sir Matthew escaped the blow by writhing his body, the point of the lance was buried in the ground, and Sir Matthew cut it in two with his sword. Sir James upon this dismounted, grasped his battle-ax, which was slung across his shoulder, and handled it after the Scottish manner, with one hand, most dexterously, attacking the knight with renewed courage. They fought for a long time, one with his battle-ax and the other with his sword, for there was no one to prevent them. At last, however, Sir James laid about him such heavy blows, that Sir Matthew was quite out of breath, and desiring to surrender, said, "Lindsay, I yield myself to you." "Indeed," replied the Scottish knight, "rescued or not?" "I consent," said Sir Matthew. "You will take good care of me?" "That I will," replied Sir James; and, upon this, Sir Matthew put his sword into the scabbard and said, "Now, what do you require, for I am your prisoner by fair conquest?" "What is it you wish me to do?" replied Sir James. "I should like," said Sir Matthew, "to return to Newcastle, and within fifteen days I will come to you in any part of Scotland you shall appoint." "I agree," said Sir James, "on your pledging yourself to be in Edinburgh within three weeks." And when this condition had been sworn to, each sought his horse, which was pasturing hard by, and rode away, Sir James to join his companions, and Sir Matthew to Newcastle.

Sir James, from the darkness of the night, mistook his road,

and fell in with the Bishop of Durham, and about 500 English, whom he mistook for his own friends in pursuit of the enemy. When in the midst of them, those nearest asked who he was, and he replied, "I am Sir James Lindsay"; upon which the bishop, who was within hearing, pushed forward and said, "Lindsay, you are a prisoner." "And who are you?" said Lindsay. "I am the Bishop of Durham." Sir James then told the bishop that he had just captured Sir Matthew Redman, and ransomed him, and that he had returned to Newcastle under a promise to come to him in three weeks' time. Before day dawned after the battle the field was clear of combatants; the Scots had retired within the camp, and had sent scouts and parties of light horse towards Newcastle, and on the adjacent roads, to observe whether the English were collecting in any large bodies, that they might not be surprised a second time. This was wisely done — for when the Bishop of Durham was returned to Newcastle and had disarmed himself, he was very melancholy at the unfortunate news he had heard that his cousins, the sons of the Earl of Northumberland, and all the knights who had followed them, were either taken or slain; he sent for all knights and squires at the time in Newcastle, and requested to know if they would suffer things to remain in their present state, since it was very disgraceful that they should return without ever seeing their enemies. They, therefore, held a council, and determined to arm themselves by sunrise, march horse and foot after the Scots to Otterbourne, and offer them battle. This resolution was published throughout the town, and the trumpet sounded at the hour appointed; upon which the whole army made themselves ready, and were drawn up before the bridge.

About sunrise they left Newcastle, through the gate leading to Berwick, and followed the road to Otterbourne; including horse and foot, they amounted to 10,000 men. They had not advanced two leagues, when it was signified to the Scots that the Bishop of Durham had rallied his troop, and was on his march to give them battle. Sir Matthew on his return to Newcastle told the event of the battle, and of his being made prisoner by Sir James Lindsay, and to his surprise he learned from the Bishop or some of his people that Sir James had in his turn

been taken prisoner by the bishop. As soon, therefore, as the bishop had quitted Newcastle, Sir Matthew went to seek for Sir James, whom he found at his lodgings very sorrowful, and who said on seeing him, "I believe, Sir Matthew, there will be no need of your coming to Edinburgh to obtain your ransom, for as I am now a prisoner, we may finish the matter here, if my master consent to it." To this Redman replied by inviting Sir James to dine with him, at the same time stating that they should soon agree about the ransom.

As soon as the barons and knights of Scotland heard of the Bishop of Durham's approach, they held a council, and resolved to abide the event where they were. Accordingly they made the best arrangements they could, and then ordered their minstrels to play merrily. The bishop and his men on approaching heard the noise, and were much frightened. The concert, after lasting a considerable time, ceased; and after a pause, when the Scots thought the English were within half a league, they recommenced it, continuing it as long as before, when it again ceased. The bishop, however, kept advancing with his men in battle array, until within two bow-shots of the enemy, when the Scots began to play louder than before, and for a much longer time, during which the bishop examined with surprise how well the Scots had chosen their encampment; and as it was deemed advisable not to risk an attack, he and his army returned to Newcastle. The Scots, perceiving that the English did not intend to offer them battle, made preparations for their own departure.

I was told that at the battle of Otterbourne, which was fought on the nineteenth day of August, 1388, there were taken or left dead on the field, on the side of the English, 1040 men of all descriptions; in the pursuit 840, and more than 1000 wounded. Of the Scots there were only about 100 slain, and 200 made prisoners. When everything had been arranged, and the dead bodies of the Earl of Douglas and Sir Simon Glendinning were inclosed within coffins and placed in cars, the Scots began their march, carrying with them Sir Henry Percy and upwards of forty English knights. They took the road to Melrose on the Tweed, and on their departure set fire to the huts. At Melrose, which is an abbey of black monks, situated on the borders of the two

kingdoms, they halted, and gave directions to the friars for the burial of the Earl of Douglas, whose obsequies were very reverently performed on the second day after their arrival. His body was placed in a tomb of stone with the banner of Douglas suspended over it. Of the Earl of Douglas, God save his soul, there was no issue, nor do I know who succeeded to the estates; for when I was in Scotland, at his castle of Dalkeith, during the lifetime of Earl William, there were only two children, a boy and a girl. As soon as the Scots had finished the business which brought them to Melrose, they departed each to his own country, and those who had prisoners carried them with them, or ransomed them before they left Melrose. It was told me, and I believe it, that the Scots gained 200,000 francs by the ransoms; and that never since the battle of Bannockburn, when the Bruce, Sir William Douglas, Sir Robert de Versy, and Sir Simon Frazer, pursued the English for three days, have they had so complete or so gainful a victory.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

James Anthony Froude, an illustrious English historian and essayist. Born at Dartington in Devonshire, England, April 23, 1818; died in London, October 20, 1894. Professor of Modern History at Oxford. Author of "Luther: A Short Biography," "Shadows of a Cloud," "Nemesis of Faith," "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth" in twelve volumes, "Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character," "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," "Short Studies on Great Subjects," "Cæsar; a Sketch," "Thomas Carlyle," "Spanish Story of the Armada." Froude's style is wonderfully picturesque; his English pure and elegant; and his portrait-painting in words remarkably brilliant and effective.

(From "Short Studies on Great Subjects")

A CAGLIOSTRO OF THE SECOND CENTURY

By and by he was taken up by a doctor who had been one of Apollonius's disciples. The old villain had learnt his master's

arts. He understood medicine, could cure stomach aches and headaches, set a limb or assist at a lying-in. But besides his legitimate capabilities, he had set up for a magician. He dealt in spells and love-charms; he could find treasures with a divining rod, discover lost deeds and wills, provide heirs for disputed inheritances, and, when well paid for it, he knew how to mix a poison. In these arts the young Alexander became an apt pupil and was useful as a sort of *famulus*. He learnt Apollonius's traditionary secrets, and at the age of twenty, when his master died, he was in a condition to practise on his own account.

He was now thrown on the world to shift for himself. But his spirits were light, and his confidence in himself was boundless: as long as there were fools with money in their pockets, he could have a well-founded hope of transferring part of it to his own. A provincial town was too small a theater of operations. He set off for Byzantium, the great mart of ancient commerce, which was thronged with merchants from all parts of the world. Like seeks like. At Byzantium, Alexander made acquaintance with a vagabond named Cocconas, a fellow who gained a living by foretelling the winners at games and races, lounging in the betting rings, and gambling with idle young gentlemen. By this means he found entrance into what was called society. Alexander was more beautiful as a man than as a boy. Cocconas introduced him to a rich Macedonian lady, who was spending the season in the city. The lady fell in love with him, and on her return to her country-seat at Pella, carried Alexander and his friend along with her. This was very well for a time; but the situation, perhaps, had its drawbacks. Aspiring ambition is not easily satisfied; and the young heart began to sigh for a larger sphere.

In the midst of pleasure he had an eye for business. In Macedonia, and especially about Pella, there was at this time a great number of large harmless snakes. They came into the houses, where they were useful in keeping down rats and mice; they let the children play with them; they crept into beds at night, and were never interfered with. From this local peculiarity the story, perhaps, originated of the miraculous birth of Alexander the Great. It occurred to the two adventurers that

something might be made of one of these serpents. They bought a very handsome specimen, and soon after they left Pella, taking it with them.

For a while they lounged about together, carrying on Cocconas's old trade, and expanding it into fortune-telling. Fools, they observed, were always craving to know the future, and would listen to any one who pretended to see into it. In this way they made much money, and they found the art so easy that their views went higher. They proposed to set up an oracular shrine of their own, which would take the place of Delphi and Delos. The pythonesses on the old-established tripods were growing silent. Apollo, it seemed, was tired of attending them, and inquirers were often sent away unsatisfied. There was clearly a want in the world, and Alexander and his friend thought they saw their way towards supplying it.

The loss of oracles was not the whole of the misfortune. The world was beginning to feel that it had even lost God. The Greek mythology had grown incredible. The Epicureans were saying that there was no such thing as Providence, and never had been. The majority of people were still of a different opinion; but they were uneasy, and were feeling very generally indeed that if gods there were, they ought to make their existence better known. Here was an opportunity, not only of making a fortune, but of vindicating the great principles of religion and becoming benefactors of humanity.

They decided to try. Sleight of hand and cunning might succeed when philosophy had failed. Was it said there were no gods? They would produce a god, a real visible god, that men could feel and handle, that would itself speak and give out oracles, and so silence forever the wicked unbelievers. So far they saw their way. The next question was, the place where the god was to appear. Cocconas was for Chalcedon, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. It was a busy town, almost as full of merchants as Byzantium, the population all engaged with speculation, and money in any quantity to be made there. This was good as far as it went. But Chalcedon was too much in the light. The pagan gods, as the shrewder Alexander knew, were not fond of commercial cities. Christianity might thrive there; but caves, mountains, and woods, remote islands, re-

tired provincial villages, suited better with Apollo and Æsculapius. Traders' wits were sharpened with business, and they might be unpleasantly curious. The simple inhabitants of the interior, Phrygians and Bithynians, Galatians and Cappadocians, would be an easier prey where a reputation had first to be created — and success depended upon a favorable beginning. At his own Abonotichus, he told Cocconas that a man had only to appear with a fife and drum before him, and clashing a pair of cymbals, and the whole population would be on their knees before him.

The better judgment of Alexander carried the day. Abonotichus itself was decided on as the theater of operations. Cocconas, however, was allowed to introduce Chalcedon into the first act of the drama. Æsculapius, the best believed in of the surviving divinities, was the god who was to be incarnated. Joe Smith must have read Lucian's story, and have taken a hint from it. In the temple of Apollo at Chalcedon the bold adventurers buried some brass plates, bearing an inscription that Apollo and Æsculapius were about to visit Pontus, and that Æsculapius would appear at Abonotichus in a bodily form. The plates were conveniently discovered, and became the talk of the bazaars. Merchants going and coming spread the story. Asia Minor was excited, as well it might be. At the favored Abonotichus the delighted people resolved to build a temple to receive the god at his coming and they set to work at once, clearing the ground for the foundations.

The train being thus well laid, Alexander had no further need of a companion. Cocconas was a vulgar type of a rogue, unfit for the decorous hypocrisies which were now to be acted. He was left behind on some pretext at Chalcedon, where he died, it was said, from a snake-bite, and so drops out of sight. The supreme performer returned, with the field to himself, to his native town. Lucian describes him as he then appeared; tall, majestic, extremely handsome, hair long and flowing, complexion fair, a moderate beard, partly his own and partly false, but the imitation excellent, eyes large and lustrous, and a voice sweet and limpid. As to his character, says Lucian, "God grant that I may never meet with such another. His cunning was wonderful, his dexterity matchless. His eagerness for knowledge, his

capacity for learning, and power of memory, were equally extraordinary."

The simple citizens of Abonotichus, on the watch already for the coming of a god among them, had no chance against so capable a villain. They had not seen him since the wonderful days of his boyhood, when he had been known as the *famulus* of an old wizard. He now presented himself among them, his locks wildly streaming, in a purple tunic with a white cloak thrown over it. In his hand he bore a falchion like that with which Perseus had slain the Gorgon. He chanted a doggerel of Alexandrian metaphysics, with monads and triads, pentads and decads, playing in anagrams upon his own name. He had learnt from an oracle, he said, that Perseus was his mother's ancestor, and that a wonderful destiny had been foretold for him. He rolled his beautiful soft eyes. With the help of soapwort he foamed at the mouth as if possessed. The poor people had known his mother, and had no conception of her illustrious lineage. But there was no disputing with an oracle. What an oracle said must be true. He was received with an ovation, all the town bowing down before him, and he then prepared for his next step.

The snake throughout the East was the symbol of knowledge and immortality. The serpent with his tail in his mouth represented the circle of eternity. The serpent in annually shedding its skin was supposed to renew its life forever. A sect even of Gnostic Christians were serpent worshipers. From the time of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, it was the special emblem of the art of healing; and if the divine physician ever appeared on earth in visible shape, a snake's was the form which he might be expected to assume.

The snake which had been bought at Pella was now to be applied to its purpose. The monster, for it was of enormous size, had accompanied Alexander through his subsequent adventures. It had become so tame that it would coil about his body, and remain in any position which he desired. He had made a human face out of linen for it, which he had painted with extreme ingenuity. The mouth would open and shut by an arrangement of horsehair. The black forked tongue shot in and out, and the creature had grown accustomed to its mask and wore it without objection.

A full-grown divinity being thus ready at hand, the intending prophet next furnished himself with the egg of a goose, opened it, cleared out the contents, and placed inside a small embryo snake just born. This done, he filled the cracks and smoothed them over with wax and white lead. Æsculapius's temple was meanwhile making progress. The foundations had been dug, and there were pits and holes, which a recent rain had filled with water. In one of these muddy pools Alexander concealed his egg, as he had done the plates at Chalcedon, and the next morning he rushed into the market-place in a state of frenzy, almost naked, a girdle of gold tissue about his waist, hair streaming, eyes flashing, mouth foaming, and the Perseus falchion wheeling about his head. The crowd collects at the sight of him, frantic as himself. He sprang upon some mound or bench. "Blessed," he cried, "be this town of Abonotichus, and blessed be they that dwell in it. This day the prophecy is fulfilled, and God is coming to take his place among us."

The entire population was out, old and young, men and women, quivering with hope and emotion. Alexander made an oration in an unknown tongue; some said it was Hebrew, some Phœnician, all agreed that it was inspired. The only words articulately heard were the names of Apollo and Æsculapius. When he had done he set up the familiar Psalm of the Sun God, and moved, with the crowd singing in chorus behind him, to the site of the temple. He stepped into the water, offered a prayer to Æsculapius, and then asking for a bowl he scooped his egg out of the mud.

"Æsculapius is here," he said, holding it for a moment in the hollow of his hand. And then, with every eye fixed on him in the intensity of expectation, he broke it. The tiny creature twisted about his fingers. "It moves, it moves!" the people cried in ecstasy. Not a question was asked. To doubt would have been impious. They shouted. They blessed the gods. They blessed themselves for the glory which they had witnessed. Health, wealth, all pleasant things which the gods could give, they saw raining on the happy Abonotichus. Alexander swept back to his house bearing the divinity in his bosom, the awe-struck people following. For a few days there was a pause, while the tale of what had happened spread along the shores of the

Black Sea. Then on foot, on mules, in carts, in boats, multitudes flocked in from all directions to the birthplace of Æsculapius. The roads were choked with them; the town overflowed with them. "They had the forms of men," as Lucian says, "but they were as sheep in all besides, heads and hearts empty alike." Alexander was ready for their reception. He had erected a booth or tabernacle with a door at each end and a railed passage leading from one door to the other. Behind the rail on a couch in a subdued light, the prophet sat visible to every one, the snake from Pella wreathed about his neck, the coils glittering amidst the folds of his dress, the tail playing on the ground. The head was concealed; but occasionally the prophet raised his arm, and then appeared the awful face, the mouth moving, the tongue darting in and out. There it was, the veritable traditionary serpent with the human countenance which appears in the medieval pictures of the Temptation and the Fall.

The prophet told the spectators that into this mysterious being the embryo that was found in the egg had developed in a few days. The place was dark; the crowd which was pressing to be admitted was enormous, the stream of worshipers passed quickly from door to door. They could but look and give place to others. But a single glance was enough for minds disposed to believe. The rapidity of the creature's growth, so far from exciting suspicion, was only a fresh evidence of its miraculous nature. The first exhibition was so successful that others followed. The first visitors had been chiefly the poor; but as the fame of the appearance spread, the higher classes caught the infection. Men of fortune came with rich offerings; and so confident was Alexander in their folly, that those who gave most liberally were allowed to touch the scales and to look steadily at the moving mouth. So well the trick was done that Lucian says, "Epicurus himself would have been taken in." "Nothing could save a man but a mind with the firmness of adamant, and fortified by a scientific conviction that the thing which he supposed himself to see was a physical impossibility."

The wonder was still imperfect. The divinity was there, but as yet had not spoken. The excitement, however, grew and spread. All Asia Minor was caught with it. The old stories were true, then. There were gods, after all, and the wicked

philosophers were wrong. Heavy hearts were lifted up again. From lip to lip the blessed message flew; over Galatia, over Bithynia, away across the Bosphorus, into Thrace and Macedonia. A god, a real one, had been born at Abonotichus, with a serpent's body and the face of a man. Pictures were taken of him. Images were made in brass or silver, and circulated in thousands. At length it was announced that the lips had given an articulate sound.

"I am Glycon, the sweet one," the creature had said, "the third in descent from Zeus, and the light of the world."

The temple was now finished. Proper accommodation had been provided for Æsculapius and his prophet priest; and a public announcement was made that the god, for a fit consideration, would answer any questions which might be put to him. There was a doubt at first about the tariff. Amphilochus, who had migrated from Thebes to a shrine in Cilicia, and had been prophesying there for ten centuries, charged two obols, or threepence, for each oracle; but money had fallen in value, and answers directly from a god were in themselves of higher worth. Æsculapius, or Alexander for him, demanded eight obols, or a shilling. Days and hours were fixed when inquirers could be received. They were expected to send in their names beforehand, and to write their questions on a paper or parchment, which they might seal up in any way that they pleased. Alexander received the packets from their hands, and after a day, or sometimes two days, restored them with the answers to the questions attached.

People came, of course, in thousands. The seal being apparently unbroken, the mere fact that an answer was given of some kind predisposed them to be satisfied with it. Either a heated knife-blade had been passed under the wax, or a cast of the impression was taken in collyrium and a new seal was manufactured. The obvious explanation occurred to no one. People in search of the miraculous never like to be disappointed. Either they themselves betray their secrets, or they ask questions so foolish that it cannot be known whether the answer is true or false. Most of the inquirers came to consult Æsculapius about their health, and Alexander knew medicine enough to be able generally to read in their faces what was the matter with

them. Thus they were easily satisfied, and went away as convinced as when they arrived. The names being given in beforehand, private information was easily obtained from slaves or companions. Shrewd guesses were miracles, when they were correct, and one success outweighed a hundred failures. In cases of difficulty the oracular method was always in reserve, with the ambiguities of magniloquent nonsense. The real strength of Alexander was in his professional skill, which usually was in itself all-sufficient. He had a special quack remedy of his own, which he prescribed as a panacea, a harmless plaster made out of goat's fat. To aspiring politicians, young lovers, or heirs expectant, he replied that the fates were undecided, and that the event depended on the will of Æsculapius and the intercessions of his prophet.

Never was audacity greater or more splendidly rewarded. The gold ingots sent to Delphi were as nothing compared to the treasures which streamed into Abonotichus. Each question was separately paid for, and ten or fifteen were not enough for the curiosity of single visitors. The work soon outgrew the strength of a single man. The prophet had an army of disciples, who were munificently paid. They were employed, some as servants, some as spies, oracle manufacturers, secretaries, keepers of seals, or interpreters of the various Asiatic dialects. Each applicant received his answer in his own tongue, to his overwhelming admiration. Success brought fresh ambitions with it. Emissaries were dispersed through the Empire spreading the fame of the new prophet; instigating fools to consult the oracle, and letting Alexander know who they were and what they wanted. If a slave had run away, if a will could not be found, if a treasure had been secreted, if a robbery was undiscovered, Alexander became the universal resource. The air was full of miracles. The sick were healed. The dead were raised to life, or were reported and were believed to have been raised, which came to the same thing. To believe was a duty, to doubt was a sin. A god had come on earth to save a world which was perishing in skepticism. Simple hearts were bounding with gratitude; and no devotion could be too extreme, and no expression of it in the form of offerings too extravagant. Æsculapius might have built a throne of gold for himself out of the pious contributions of the faithful.

Being a god, he was personally disinterested; "gold and silver," he said through the oracle, "were nothing to him; he commanded only that his servant the prophet should receive the honors due to him."

High favor such as had fallen upon Alexander could not be enjoyed without some drawbacks. The world believed, but an envious minority remained incredulous, and whispered that the prophet was a charlatan. The men of science persisted that miracles were against nature, and that a professing worker of miracles was necessarily a rogue. The Christians, to whom Lucian does full justice in the matter, regarded Alexander as a missionary of the devil, and abhorred both him and his works. Combinations were formed to expose him. Traps were cleverly laid for him, into which all his adroitness could not save him from occasionally falling. But he had contrived to entangle his personal credit in the great spiritual questions which were agitating mankind, and to enlist in his interest the pious side of paganism. The schools of philosophy were divided about him. The respectable sects, Platonists, Stoics, and Pythagoreans, who believed in a spiritual system underlying the sensible, saw in the manifestation at Abonotichus a revelation in harmony with their theories. If they did not wholly believe, they looked at it as a phenomenon useful to an age which was denying the supernatural.

Alexander, quick to catch at the prevailing influences, flattered the philosophers in turn. Pythagoras was made a saint in his calendar. He spoke of Pythagoras as the greatest of the ancient sages. He claimed to represent him; at length he let it be known privately that he was Pythagoras. He gilt his thigh, and the yellow luster was about to be seen. The wise man of Samos was again present unrecognized, like Apollo among the herdsmen of Admetus.

FRANCIS GALTON

FRANCIS GALTON. A distinguished English anthropologist and traveler. Born at Duddeston, near Birmingham, 1822. Author of "Hereditary Genius, its Laws and Consequences," "English Men of Science, their Nature and Nurture," "Inquiries into Human Faculty," "Natural Inheritance," "Finger Prints," "Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa," "The Art of Travel, or Shifts and Contrivances in Wild Countries."

(From "HEREDITARY GENIUS")

THE COMPARATIVE WORTH OF DIFFERENT RACES

EVERY long-established race has necessarily its peculiar fitness for the conditions under which it has lived, owing to the sure operation of Darwin's law of natural selection. However, I am not much concerned, for the present, with the greater part of those aptitudes, but only with such as are available in some form or other of high civilization. We may reckon upon the advent of a time, when civilization, which is now sparse and feeble and far more superficial than it is vaunted to be, shall overspread the globe. Ultimately it is sure to do so, because civilization is the necessary fruit of high intelligence when found in a social animal, and there is no plainer lesson to be read off the face of Nature than that the result of the operation of her laws is to evoke intelligence in connection with sociability. Intelligence is as much an advantage to an animal as physical strength or any other natural gift, and therefore, out of two varieties of any race of animal who are equally endowed in other respects, the most intelligent variety is sure to prevail in the battle of life. Similarly, among animals as intelligent as man, the most social race is sure to prevail, other qualities being equal.

Under even a very moderate form of material civilization, a vast number of aptitudes acquired through the "survivorship of the fittest" and the unsparing destruction of the unfit, for hundreds of generations, have become as obsolete as the old

mail-coach habits and customs, since the establishment of railroads, and there is not the slightest use in attempting to preserve them; they are hindrances, and not gains, to civilization. I shall refer to some of these a little further on, but I will first speak of the qualities needed in civilized society. They are, speaking generally, such as will enable a race to supply a large contingent to the various groups of eminent men, of whom I have treated in my several chapters. Without going so far as to say that this very convenient test is perfectly fair, we are at all events justified in making considerable use of it, as I will do, in the estimates I am about to give.

In comparing the worth of different races, I shall make frequent use of the law of deviation from an average, to which I have already been much beholden; and, to save the reader's time and patience, I propose to act upon an assumption that would require a good deal of discussion to limit, and to which the reader may at first demur, but which cannot lead to any error of importance in a rough provisional inquiry. I shall assume that the *intervals* between the grades of ability are the *same* in all the races — that is, if the ability of class A of one race be equal to the ability of class C in another, then the ability of class B of the former shall be supposed equal to that of class D of the latter, and so on. I know this cannot be strictly true, for it would be in defiance of analogy if the variability of all races were precisely the same; but, on the other hand, there is good reason to expect that the error introduced by the assumption cannot sensibly affect the offhand results for which alone I propose to employ it; moreover, the rough data I shall adduce, will go far to show the justice of this expectation.

Let us, then, compare the negro race with the Anglo-Saxon, with respect to those qualities alone which are capable of producing judges, statesmen, commanders, men of literature and science, poets, artists, and divines. If the negro race in America had been affected by no social disabilities, a comparison of their achievements with those of the whites in their several branches of intellectual effort, having regard to the total number of their respective populations, would give the necessary information. As matters stand, we must be content with much rougher data.

First, the negro race has occasionally, but very rarely, pro-

duced such men as Toussaint l'Ouverture, who are of our class F; that is to say, its X, or its total classes above G, appear to correspond with our F, showing a difference of not less than two grades between the black and white races, and it may be more.

Secondly, the negro race is by no means wholly deficient in men capable of becoming good factors, thriving merchants, and otherwise considerably raised above the average of whites — that is to say, it cannot unfrequently supply men corresponding to our class C, or even D. It will be recollected that C implies a selection of 1 in 16, or somewhat more than the natural abilities possessed by average foremen of common juries, and that D is as 1 in 64 — a degree of ability that is sure to make a man successful in life. In short, classes E and F of the negro may roughly be considered as the equivalent of our C and D — a result which again points to the conclusion that the average intellectual standard of the negro race is some two grades below our own.

Thirdly, we may compare, but with much caution, the relative position of negroes in their native country with that of the travelers who visit them. The latter, no doubt, bring with them the knowledge current in civilized lands, but that is an advantage of less importance than we are apt to suppose. A native chief has as good an education in the art of ruling men, as can be desired; he is continually exercised in personal government and usually maintains his place by the ascendency of his character, shown every day over his subjects and rivals. A traveler in wild countries also fills, to a certain degree, the position of a commander, and has to confront native chiefs at every inhabited place. The result is familiar enough — the white traveler almost invariably holds his own in their presence. It is seldom that we hear of a white traveler meeting with a black chief whom he feels to be the better man. I have often discussed this subject with competent persons, and can only recall a few cases of the inferiority of the white man, — certainly not more than might be ascribed to an average actual difference of three grades, of which one may be due to the relative demerits of native education, and the remaining two of a difference in natural gifts.

Fourthly, the number among the negroes of those whom we should call half-witted men, is very large. Every book alluding

to negro servants in America is full of instances. I was myself much impressed by this fact during my travels in Africa. The mistakes the negroes made in their own matters were so childish, stupid, and simpleton-like, as frequently to make me ashamed of my own species. I do not think it any exaggeration to say that their C is as low as our E, which would be a difference of two grades, as before. I have no information as to actual idiocy among the negroes — I mean, of course, of that class of idiocy which is not due to disease.

The Australian type is at least one grade below the African negro. I possess a few serviceable data about the natural capacity of the Australian, but not sufficient to induce me to invite the reader to consider them.

The average standard of the Lowland Scotch and the English North-country men is decidedly a fraction of a grade superior to that of the ordinary English, because the number of the former who attain to eminence is far greater than the proportionate number of their race would have led us to expect. The same superiority is distinctly shown by a comparison of the well-being of the masses of the population; for the Scotch laborer is much less of a drudge than the Englishman of the Midland counties — he does his work better, and "lives his life" besides. The peasant women of Northumberland work all day in the fields, and are not broken down by the work; on the contrary, they take a pride in their effective labor as girls, and, when married, they attend well to the comfort of their homes. It is perfectly distressing to me to witness the draggled, drudged, mean look of the mass of individuals, especially of the women, that one meets in the streets of London and other purely English towns. The conditions of their life seem too hard for their constitutions, and to be crushing them into degeneracy.

The ablest race of whom history bears record is unquestionably the ancient Greek, partly because their masterpieces in the principal departments of intellectual activity are still unsurpassed, and in many respects unequaled, and partly because the population that gave birth to the creators of those masterpieces was very small. Of the various Greek sub-races, that of Attica was the ablest, and she was no doubt largely indebted to the following cause for her superiority. Athens opened her arms to immi-

grants, but not indiscriminately, for her social life was such that none but very able men could take any pleasure in it; on the other hand, she offered attractions such as men of the highest ability and culture could find in no other city. Thus, by a system of partly unconscious selection, she built up a magnificent breed of human animals, which, in the space of one century — viz., between 530 and 430 B.C. — produced the following illustrious persons, fourteen in number: —

Statesmen and Commanders. — Themistocles (mother an alien), Miltiades, Aristeides, Cimon (son of Miltiades), Pericles (son of Xanthippus, the victor at Mycale).

Literary and Scientific Men. — Thucydides, Socrates, Xenophon, Plato.

Poets. — Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.

Sculptor. — Phidias.

We are able to make a closely approximate estimate of the population that produced these men, because the number of the inhabitants of Attica has been a matter of frequent inquiry, and critics appear at length to be quite agreed in the general results.

The average ability of the Athenian race is, on the lowest possible estimate, very nearly two grades higher than our own — that is, about as much as our race is above that of the African negro. This estimate, which may seem prodigious to some, is confirmed by the quick intelligence and high culture of the Athenian commonalty, before whom literary works were recited, and works of art exhibited, of a far more severe character than could possibly be appreciated by the average of our race, the caliber of whose intellect is easily gaged by a glance at the contents of a railway book-stall.

We know, and may guess something more, of the reason why this marvelously gifted race declined. Social morality grew exceedingly lax; marriage became unfashionable, and was avoided; many of the more ambitious and accomplished women were avowed courtesans, and consequently infertile, and the mothers of the incoming population were of a heterogeneous class. In a small sea-bordered country, where emigration and immigration are constantly going on, and where the manners are as dissolute as were those of Greece in the period of which I

speak, the purity of a race would necessarily fail. It can be, therefore, no surprise to us, though it has been a severe misfortune to humanity, that the high Athenian breed decayed and disappeared; for if it had maintained its excellence, and had multiplied and spread over large countries, displacing inferior populations (which it well might have done, for it was exceedingly prolific), it would assuredly have accomplished results advantageous to human civilization, to a degree that transcends our powers of imagination.

If we could raise the average standard of our race only one grade, what vast changes would be produced! The number of men of natural gifts equal to those of the eminent men of the present day, would be necessarily increased more than tenfold, because there would be 2423 of them in each million instead of only 233; but far more important to the progress of civilization would be the increase in the yet higher orders of intellect. We know how intimately the course of events is dependent on the thoughts of a few illustrious men. If the first-rate men in the different groups had never been born, even if those among them who have a place in my appendices on account of their hereditary gifts, had never existed, the world would be very different to what it is.

It seems to me most essential to the well-being of future generations, that the average standard of ability of the present time should be raised. Civilization is a new condition imposed upon man by the course of events, just as in the history of geological changes new conditions have continually been imposed on different races of animals. They have had the effect either of modifying the nature of the races through the process of natural selection, whenever the changes were sufficiently slow and the race sufficiently pliant, or of destroying them altogether, when the changes were too abrupt or the race unyielding. The number of the races of mankind that have been entirely destroyed under the pressure of the requirements of an incoming civilization, reads us a terrible lesson. Probably in no former period of the world has the destruction of the races of any animal whatever been effected over such wide areas and with such startling rapidity as in the case of savage man. In the North American Continent, in the West Indian Islands, in the Cape of Good

Hope, in Australia, New Zealand, and Van Diemen's Land, the human denizens of vast regions have been entirely swept away in the short space of three centuries, less by the pressure of a stronger race than through the influence of a civilization they were incapable of supporting. And we too, the foremost laborers in creating this civilization, are beginning to show ourselves incapable of keeping pace with our own work. The needs of centralization, communication, and culture call for more brains and mental stamina than the average of our race possess. We are in crying want for a greater fund of ability in all stations of life; for neither the classes of statesmen, philosophers, artisans, nor laborers are up to the modern complexity of their several professions. An extended civilization like ours comprises more interests than the ordinary statesmen or philosophers of our present race are capable of dealing with, and it exacts more intelligent work than our ordinary artisans and laborers are capable of performing. Our race is overweighted, and appears likely to be drudged into degeneracy by demands that exceed its powers. If its average ability were raised a grade or two, our new classes F and G would conduct the complex affairs of the state at home and abroad as easily as our present F and G, when in the position of country squires, are able to manage the affairs of their establishments and tenantry. All other classes of the community would be similarly promoted to the level of the work required by the nineteenth century, if the average standard of the race were raised.

When the severity of the struggle for existence is not too great for the powers of the race, its action is healthy and conservative, otherwise it is deadly, just as we may see exemplified in the scanty, wretched vegetation that leads a precarious existence near the summer snow-line of the Alps, and disappears altogether a little higher up. We want as much backbone as we can get, to bear the racket to which we are henceforth to be exposed, and as good brains as possible to contrive machinery, for modern life to work more smoothly than at present. We can, in some degree, raise the nature of man to a level with the new conditions imposed upon his existence, and we can also, in some degree, modify the conditions to suit his nature. It is clearly right that both these powers should be exerted, with the view of bringing his

nature and the conditions of his existence into as close harmony as possible.

In proportion as the world becomes filled with mankind, the relations of society necessarily increase in complexity, and the nomadic disposition found in most barbarians becomes unsuitable to the novel conditions. There is a most unusual unanimity in respect to the causes of incapacity of savages for civilization, among writers on those hunting and migratory nations, who are brought into contact with advancing colonization, and perish, as they invariably do, by the contact. They tell us that the labor of such men is neither constant nor steady; that the love of a wandering, independent life prevents their settling anywhere to work, except for a short time, when urged by want and encouraged by kind treatment. Meadows says that the Chinese call the barbarous races on their borders by a phrase which means "hither and thither, not fixed." And any amount of evidence might be adduced to show how deeply Bohemian habits of one kind or another were ingrained in the nature of the men who inhabited most parts of the earth now overspread by the Anglo-Saxon and other civilized races. Luckily there is still room for adventure, and a man who feels the cravings of a roving, adventurous spirit to be too strong for resistance, may yet find a legitimate outlet for it in the colonies, in the army, or on board ship. But such a spirit is, on the whole, an heirloom that brings more impatient restlessness and beating of the wings against cage bars, than persons of more civilized characters can readily comprehend, and it is directly at war with the more modern portion of our moral natures. If a man be purely a nomad, he has only to be nomadic, and his instinct is satisfied; but no Englishmen of the nineteenth century are purely nomadic. The most so among them have also inherited many civilized cravings that are necessarily starved when they become wanderers, in the same way as the wandering instincts are starved when they are settled at home. Consequently their nature has opposite wants, which can never be satisfied except by chance, through some very exceptional turn of circumstances. This is a serious calamity, and as the Bohemianism in the nature of our race is destined to perish, the sooner it goes, the happier for mankind. The social requirements of English life are steadily destroying it. No

man who only works by fits and starts is able to obtain his living nowadays; for he has not a chance of thriving in competition with steady workmen. If his nature revolts against the monotony of daily labor, he is tempted to the public-house, to intemperance, and, it may be, to poaching, and to much more serious crime: otherwise he banishes himself from our shores. In the first case, he is unlikely to leave as many children as men of more domestic and marrying habits, and, in the second case, his breed is wholly lost to England. By this steady riddance of the Bohemian spirit of our race, the artisan part of our population is slowly becoming bred to its duties, and the primary qualities of the typical modern British workman are already the very opposite of those of the nomad. What they are now, was well described by Mr. Chadwick, as consisting of "great bodily strength, applied under the command of a steady, persevering will, mental self-contentedness, impassibility to external, irrelevant impressions, which carries them through the continued repetition of toilsome labor, 'steady as time.'"

It is curious to remark how unimportant to modern civilization has become the once famous and thoroughbred-looking Norman. The type of his features, which is, probably, in some degree correlated with his peculiar form of adventurous disposition, is no longer characteristic of our rulers, and is rarely found among celebrities of the present day; it is more often met with among the undistinguished members of highly-born families, and especially among the less conspicuous officers of the army. Modern leading men in all paths of eminence, as may easily be seen in a collection of photographs, are of a coarser and more robust breed; less excitable and dashing, but endowed with far more ruggedness and real vigor. Such also is the case as regards the German portion of the Austrian nation; they are far more high-caste in appearance than the Prussians, who are so plain that it is disagreeable to travel northwards from Vienna and watch the change; yet the Prussians appear possessed of the greater moral and physical stamina.

Much more alien to the genius of an enlightened civilization than the nomadic habit is the impulsive and uncontrolled nature of the savage. A civilized man must bear and forbear, he must keep before his mind the claims of the morrow as clearly as

those of the passing minute; of the absent, as well as of the present. This is the most trying of the new conditions imposed on man by civilization, and the one that makes it hopeless for any but exceptional natures among savages, to live under them. The instinct of a savage is admirably consonant with the needs of savage life; every day he is in danger through transient causes; he lives from hand to mouth, in the hour and for the hour, without care for the past or forethought for the future: but such an instinct is utterly at fault in civilized life. The half-reclaimed savage, being unable to deal with more subjects of consideration than are directly before him, is continually doing acts through mere maladroitness and incapacity, at which he is afterwards deeply grieved and annoyed. The nearer inducements always seem to him, through his uncorrected sense of moral perspective, to be incomparably larger than others of the same actual size, but more remote; consequently, when the temptation of the moment has been yielded to and passed away, and its bitter result comes in its turn before the man, he is amazed and remorseful at his past weakness. It seems incredible that he should have done that yesterday which to-day seems so silly, so unjust, and so unkindly. The newly reclaimed barbarian, with the impulsive, unstable nature of the savage, when he also chances to be gifted with a peculiarly generous and affectionate disposition, is of all others the man most oppressed with the sense of sin.

Now it is a just assertion, and a common theme of moralists of many creeds, that man, such as we find him, is born with an imperfect nature. He has lofty aspirations, but there is a weakness in his disposition, which incapacitates him from carrying his nobler purposes into effect. He sees that some particular course of action is his duty, and should be his delight; but his inclinations are fickle and base, and do not conform to his better judgment. The whole moral nature of man is tainted with sin, which prevents him from doing the things he knows to be right.

The explanation I offer of this apparent anomaly seems perfectly satisfactory from a scientific point of view. It is neither more nor less than that the development of our nature, whether under Darwin's law of natural selection, or through the effects of changed ancestral habits, has not yet overtaken the development of our moral civilization. Man was barbarous but yester-

day, and therefore it is not to be expected that the natural aptitudes of his race should already have become molded into accordance with his very recent advance. We, men of the present centuries, are like animals suddenly transplanted among new conditions of climate and of food: our instincts fail us under the altered circumstances.

My theory is confirmed by the fact that the members of old civilizations are far less sensible than recent converts from barbarism, of their nature being inadequate to their moral needs. The conscience of a negro is aghast at his own wild impulsive nature, and is easily stirred by a preacher, but it is scarcely possible to ruffle the self-complacency of a steady-going Chinaman.

The sense of original sin would show, according to my theory, not that man was fallen from a high estate, but that he was rising in moral culture with more rapidity than the nature of his race could follow. My view is corroborated by the conclusion reached at the end of each of the many independent lines of ethnological research — that the human race were utter savages in the beginning; and that, after myriads of years of barbarism, man has but very recently found his way into the paths of morality and civilization.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

William Lloyd Garrison, a great American reformer and publicist. Born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, December 10, 1805; died in New York City, May 24, 1879. In 1831 he founded an anti-slavery paper, *The Liberator*, in Boston. President of the American Anti-Slavery Society from 1843 to 1865. Author of "Thoughts on African Colonization," "Sonnets and Poems." Selections from his Writings and Speeches were published in 1852.

FREEDOM OF THE MIND

Baltimore Jail, May, 1830.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:

Yet scorns th' immortal mind this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell inclose:
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And, in a flash, from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount — from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours.
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star!

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL, an English novelist. Born in Chelsea, London, September 29, 1810; died November 12, 1865. Author of "Mary Barton," "Sylvia's Lovers," and "Cousin Phillis." She is at her best in "Cranford."

Her stories portray characters of marked individuality, and her writing is always in the interests of purity and truth.

(From "CRANFORD")

OUR SOCIETY

IN the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses, above a certain rent, are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighboring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full

of choice flowers without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings, for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maidservants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress, — the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient. "A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is *so* in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but, somehow, good-will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spurted out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the head; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion; as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?" And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent, "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?" The materials of their clothes are, in general, good and plain, and most of them are nearly as scrupulous as Miss Tyler, of cleanly memory, but I will answer for it, the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford — and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to church on rainy days. Have you any red silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford; and the little boys mobbed it, and called it "a stick in petticoats." It might have been the very red silk one I have described, held by a strong father over a troop of little ones; the poor little lady — the survivor of all — could scarcely carry it.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls;

and they were announced to any young people, who might be staying in the town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Tinwald Mount.

"Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear" (fifteen miles in a gentleman's carriage); "they will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve — from twelve to three are our calling-hours."

Then, after they had called: —

"It is the third day, I dare say your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour."

"But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?"

"You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation."

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savored of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who

now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens, under the guidance of a lantern-bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge-biscuits were all that the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practise such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There, economy was always "elegant," and money-spending always "vulgar and ostentatious"; a sort of sour-grapism which made us very peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor — not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay Captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighboring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor — why, then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty; yet people never spoke about that, loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented

by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing, not because sedan chairs were expensive. If we wore prints, instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace. Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority at a visit which I paid to Cranford about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit the Captain and his daughters only twelve months before; and now he was even admitted in the tabooed hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked upstairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house. He had been blind to all the small slights, and omissions of trivial ceremonies, with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool; he had answered small sarcastic compliments in good faith; and with his manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And, at last, his excellent masculine common sense, and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on in his course, as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed as to make some counsel which he had given in jest to be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: An old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter-of-an-hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded

moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime-pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the Captain heartily; she set to work, and by and by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark gray flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in gray flannel in London?

Captain Brown had taken a small house on the outskirts of the town, where he lived with his two daughters. He must have been upwards of sixty at the time of the first visit I paid to Cranford after I had left it as a residence. But he had a wiry, well-trained, elastic figure, a stiff military throw-back of his head, and a springing step, which made him appear much younger than he was. His eldest daughter looked almost as old as himself, and betrayed the fact that his real, was more than his apparent, age. Miss Brown must have been forty; she had a sickly, pained, careworn expression on her face, and looked as if the gaiety of youth had long faded out of sight. Even when young she must have been plain and hard-featured. Miss Jessie Brown was ten years younger than her sister, and twenty shades prettier. Her face was round and dimpled. Miss Jenkyns once said, in a passion against Captain Brown (the cause of which I will tell you presently), "that she thought it was time for Miss Jessie to leave off her dimples, and not always to be trying to look like a child." It was true there was something childlike in her face; and there will be, I think, till she dies, though she should live to a hundred. Her eyes were large blue wondering eyes, looking straight at you; her nose was unformed and snub, and her lips were red and

dewy; she wore her hair, too, in little rows of curls, which heightened this appearance. I do not know whether she was pretty or not; but I liked her face, and so did everybody, and I do not think she could help her dimples. She had something of her father's jauntiness of gait and manner; and any female observer might detect a slight difference in the attire of the two sisters — that of Miss Jessie being about two pounds per annum more expensive than Miss Brown's. Two pounds was a large sum in Captain Brown's annual disbursements.

Such was the impression made upon me by the Brown family when I first saw them all together in Cranford Church. The Captain I had met before — on the occasion of the smoky chimney, which he had cured by some simple alteration in the flue. In church, he held his double eye-glass to his eyes during the Morning Hymn, and then lifted up his head erect and sang out loud and joyfully. He made the responses louder than the clerk — an old man with a piping feeble voice, who, I think, felt aggrieved at the Captain's sonorous bass, and quavered higher and higher in consequence.

On coming out of church, the brisk Captain paid the most gallant attention to his two daughters. He nodded and smiled to his acquaintances; but he shook hands with none until he had helped Miss Brown to unfurl her umbrella, had relieved her of her prayer-book, and had waited patiently, till she, with trembling nervous hands, had taken up her gown to walk through the wet roads.

I wondered what the Cranford ladies did with Captain Brown at their parties. We had often rejoiced, in former days, that there was no gentleman to be attended to, and to find conversation for, at the card-parties. We had congratulated ourselves upon the snugness of the evenings; and, in our love for gentility and distaste of mankind, we had almost persuaded ourselves that to be a man was to be "vulgar"; so that when I found my friend and hostess, Miss Jenkyns, was going to have a party in my honor, and that Captain and the Miss Browns were invited, I wondered much what would be the course of the evening. Card-tables, with green baize tops, were set out by daylight, just as usual; it was the third week in November, so the evenings closed in about four. Candles and clean packs of cards were

arranged on each table. The fire was made up; the neat maid-servant had received her last directions; and there we stood, dressed in our best, each with a candle-lighter in our hands, ready to dart at the candles as soon as the first knock came. Parties in Cranford were solemn festivities, making the ladies feel gravely elated as they sat together in their best dresses. As soon as three had arrived, we sat down to "Preference," I being the unlucky fourth. The next four comers were put down immediately to another table; and presently the tea-trays, which I had seen set out in the store-room as I passed in the morning, were placed each on the middle of a card-table. The china was delicate egg-shell; the old-fashioned silver glittered with polishing; but the eatables were of the slightest description. While the trays were yet on the tables, Captain and the Miss Browns came in; and I could see that, somehow or other, the Captain was a favorite with all the ladies present. Ruffled brows were smoothed, sharp voices lowered at his approach. Miss Brown looked ill, and depressed almost to gloom. Miss Jessie smiled as usual, and seemed nearly as popular as her father. He immediately and quietly assumed the man's place in the room; attended to every one's wants, lessened the pretty maid-servant's labor by waiting on empty cups and bread-and-butterless ladies; and yet did it all in so easy and dignified a manner, and so much as if it were a matter of course for the strong to attend to the weak, that he was a true man throughout. He played for three-penny points with as grave an interest as if they had been pounds; and yet, in all his attention to strangers, he had an eye on his suffering daughter — for suffering I was sure she was, though to many eyes she might only appear to be irritable. Miss Jessie could not play cards, but she talked to the sitters-out, who, before her coming, had been rather inclined to be cross. She sang, too, to an old cracked piano, which I think had been a spinnet in its youth. Miss Jessie sang "Jock o' Hazeldean" a little out of tune; but we were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so.

It was very good of Miss Jenkyns to do this; for I had seen that, a little before, she had been a good deal annoyed by Miss Jessie Brown's unguarded admission (*à propos* of Shetland wool)

that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this confession by a terrible cough — for the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson was sitting at the card-table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found out she was in the same room with a shopkeeper's niece! But Miss Jessie Brown (who had no tact, as we all agreed the next morning) *would* repeat the information, and assure Miss Pole she could easily get her the identical Shetland wool required, "through my uncle, who has the best assortment of Shetland goods of any one in Edinbro'." It was to take the taste of this out of our mouths, and the sound of this out of our ears, that Miss Jenkyns proposed music; so I say again, it was very good of her to beat time to the song.

When the trays reappeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks; but by and by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

"Have you seen any numbers of 'The Pickwick Papers'?" said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

Now Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford; and, on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say, I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great Doctor for his model." This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she. "And I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's num-

ber," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. *I* did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me, and said, with mild dignity: —

"Fetch me 'Rasselas,' my dear, out of the book room."

When I brought it to her she turned to Captain Brown: —

"Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favorite, Mr. Boz, and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched majestic voice; and when she had ended she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction." The Captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was *The Rambler* published, ma'am?" asked Captain Brown, in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters — I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favorite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the Captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate, before she "seized the half-hour just previous to post-time to assure" her friends of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz."

It is said — I won't vouch for the fact — that Captain Brown was heard to say, *sotto voce*, "D—n Dr. Johnson!" If he did, he was penitent afterwards, as he showed by going to stand near Miss Jenkyns's arm-chair, and endeavoring to beguile her into conversation on some more pleasing subject. But she was inexorable The next day she made the remark I have mentioned about Miss Jessie's dimples.

THE PANIC

I THINK a series of circumstances dated from Signor Brunoni's visit to Cranford, which seemed at the time connected in our minds with him, though I don't know that he had anything really to do with them. All at once all sorts of uncomfortable rumors got afloat in the town. There were one or two robberies — real *bona fide* robberies; men had up before the magistrates and committed for trial — and that seemed to make us all afraid of being robbed; and for a long time, at Miss Matty's, I know, we used to make a regular expedition all round the kitchens and cellars every night, Miss Matty leading the way, armed with the poker, I following with the hearth-brush, and Martha carrying the shovel and fire-irons with which to sound the alarm; and by the accidental hitting together of them she often frightened us so much that we bolted ourselves up, all three together, in the back kitchen, or store-room, or wherever we happened to be, till, when our affright was over, we recollected ourselves, and set out afresh with double valiance. By day we heard strange stories from the shopkeepers and cottagers, of carts that went about in the dead of night, drawn by horses shod with felt, and guarded by men in dark clothes, going round the town, no doubt in search of some unwatched house or some unfastened door.

Miss Pole, who affected great bravery herself, was the principal person to collect and arrange these reports so as to make them assume their most fearful aspect. But we discovered that she had begged one of Mr. Hoggins's worn-out hats to hang up in her lobby, and we (at least I) had doubts as to whether she really would enjoy the little adventure of having her house broken into, as she protested she should. Miss Matty made no secret of being an arrant coward, but she went regularly through her house-

keeper's duty of inspection — only the hour for this became earlier and earlier, till at last we went the rounds at half-past six, and Miss Matty adjourned to bed soon after seven, "in order to get the night over the sooner."

Cranford had so long piqued itself on being an honest and moral town that it had grown to fancy itself too genteel and well-bred to be otherwise, and felt the stain upon its character at this time doubly. But we comforted ourselves with the assurance which we gave to each other that the robberies could never have been committed by any Cranford person; it must have been a stranger or strangers who brought this disgrace upon the town, and occasioned as many precautions as if we were living among the Red Indians or the French.

This last comparison of our nightly state of defense and fortification was made by Mrs. Forrester, whose father had served under General Burgoyne in the American war, and whose husband had fought the French in Spain. She indeed inclined to the idea that, in some way, the French were connected with the small thefts, which were ascertained facts, and the burglaries and highway robberies, which were rumors. She had been deeply impressed with the idea of French spies at some time in her life; and the notion could never be fairly eradicated, but sprang up again from time to time. And now her theory was this: The Cranford people respected themselves too much, and were too grateful to the aristocracy who were so kind as to live near the town, ever to disgrace their bringing up by being dishonest or immoral; therefore, we must believe that the robbers were strangers — if strangers, why not foreigners? — if foreigners, who so likely as the French? Signor Brunoni spoke broken English like a Frenchman; and, though he wore a turban like a Turk, Mrs. Forrester had seen a print of Madame de Staël with a turban on, and another of Mr. Denon in just such a dress as that in which the conjurer had made his appearance, showing clearly that the French, as well as the Turks, wore turbans. There could be no doubt Signor Brunoni was a Frenchman — a French spy come to discover the weak and undefended places of England, and doubtless he had his accomplices. For her part, she, Mrs. Forrester, had always had her own opinion of Miss Pole's adventure at the "George Inn" — seeing two men

where only one was believed to be. French people had ways and means which, she was thankful to say, the English knew nothing about, and she had never felt quite easy in her mind about going to see that conjurer — it was rather too much like a forbidden thing, though the rector was there. In short, Mrs. Forrester grew more excited than we had ever known her before, and, being an officer's daughter and widow, we looked up to her opinion, of course.

Really I do not know how much was true or false in the reports which flew about like wildfire just at this time; but it seemed to me then that there was every reason to believe that at Mardon (a small town about eight miles from Cranford) houses and shops were entered by holes made in the walls, the bricks being silently carried away in the dead of the night, and all done so quietly that no sound was heard either in or out of the house. Miss Matty gave it up in despair when she heard of this. "What was the use," said she, "of locks and bolts, and bells to the windows, and going round the house every night? That last trick was fit for a conjurer. Now she did believe that Signor Brunoni was at the bottom of it."

One afternoon, about five o'clock, we were startled by a hasty knock at the door. Miss Matty bade me run and tell Martha on no account to open the door till she (Miss Matty) had reconnoitered through the window; and she armed herself with a footstool to drop down on the head of the visitor, in case he should show a face covered with black crape, as he looked up in answer to her inquiry of who was there. But it was nobody but Miss Pole and Betty. The former came upstairs, carrying a little hand-basket, and she was evidently in a state of great agitation.

"Take care of that!" said she to me, as I offered to relieve her of her basket. "It's my plate. I am sure there is a plan to rob my house to-night. I am come to throw myself on your hospitality, Miss Matty. Betty is going to sleep with her cousin at the 'George.' I can sit up here all night if you will allow me; but my house is so far from any neighbors, and I don't believe we could be heard if we screamed ever so!"

"But," said Miss Matty, "what has alarmed you so much? Have you seen any men lurking about the house?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Miss Pole. "Two very bad-looking

men have gone three times past the house, very slowly; and an Irish beggar-woman came not half an hour ago, and all but forced herself in past Betty, saying her children were starving, and she must speak to the mistress. You see, she said 'mistress,' though there was a hat hanging up in the hall, and it would have been more natural to have said 'master.' But Betty shut the door in her face, and came up to me, and we got the spoons together, and sat in the parlor window watching till we saw Thomas Jones going from his work, when we called to him and asked him to take care of us into the town."

We might have triumphed over Miss Pole who had professed such bravery until she was frightened; but we were too glad to perceive that she shared in the weaknesses of humanity to exult over her; and I gave up my room to her very willingly, and shared Miss Matty's bed for the night. But before we retired, the two ladies rummaged up, out of the recesses of their memory, such horrid stories of robbery and murder that I quite quaked in my shoes. Miss Pole was evidently anxious to prove that such terrible events had occurred within her experience that she was justified in her sudden panic; and Miss Matty did not like to be outdone, and capped every story with one yet more horrible, till it reminded me, oddly enough, of an old story I had read somewhere, of a nightingale and a musician, who strove one against the other which could produce the most admirable music, till poor Philomel dropped down dead.

One of the stories that haunted me for a long time afterwards was of a girl who was left in charge of a great house in Cumberland on some particular fair-day, when the other servants all went off to the gaieties. The family were away in London, and a peddler came by, and asked to leave his large and heavy pack in the kitchen, saying he would call for it again at night; and the girl (a gamekeeper's daughter), roaming about in search of amusement, chanced to hit upon a gun hanging up in the hall, and took it down to look at the chasing; and it went off through the open kitchen door, hit the pack, and a slow dark thread of blood came oozing out. (How Miss Pole enjoyed this part of the story, dwelling on each word as if she loved it!) She rather hurried over the further account of the girl's bravery, and I have but a confused idea that, somehow, she baffled the robbers with

Italian irons, heated red-hot, and then restored to blackness by being dipped in grease.

We parted for the night with an awe-stricken wonder as to what we should hear of in the morning — and, on my part, with a vehement desire for the night to be over and gone: I was so afraid lest the robbers should have seen, from some dark lurking place, that Miss Pole had carried off her plate, and thus have a double motive for attacking our house.

But until Lady Glenmire came to call next day we heard of nothing unusual. The kitchen fire-irons were in exactly the same position against the back door as when Martha and I had skilfully piled them up, like spillikins, ready to fall with an awful clatter if only a cat had touched the outside panels. I had wondered what we should all do if thus awakened and alarmed, and had proposed to Miss Matty that we should cover up our faces under the bed-clothes, so that there should be no danger of the robbers thinking that we could identify them; but Miss Matty, who was trembling very much, scouted this idea, and said we owed it to society to apprehend them, and that she should certainly do her best to lay hold of them and lock them up in the garret till morning.

When Lady Glenmire came, we almost felt jealous of her. Mrs. Jamieson's house had really been attacked; at least there were men's footsteps to be seen on the flower borders, underneath the kitchen windows, "where nae men should be;" and Carlo had barked all through the night as if strangers were abroad. Mrs. Jamieson had been awakened by Lady Glenmire, and they had rung the bell which communicated with Mr. Mulliner's room in the third story, and when his nightcapped head had appeared over the banisters, in answer to the summons, they had told him of their alarm, and the reasons for it; whereupon he retreated into his bedroom, and locked the door (for fear of draughts, as he informed them in the morning), and opened the window, and called out valiantly to say, if the supposed robbers would come to him he would fight them; but, as Lady Glenmire observed, that was but poor comfort, since they would have to pass by Mrs. Jamieson's room and her own before they could reach him, and must be of a very pugnacious disposition indeed if they neglected the opportunities of robbery presented by the

unguarded lower stories, to go up to a garret, and there force a door in order to get at the champion of the house. Lady Glenmire, after waiting and listening for some time in the drawing-room, had proposed to Mrs. Jamieson that they should go to bed; but that lady said she should not feel comfortable unless she sat up and watched; and, accordingly, she packed herself warmly up on the sofa, where she was found by the housemaid, when she came into the room at six o'clock, fast asleep; but Lady Glenmire went to bed, and kept awake all night.

When Miss Pole heard of this, she nodded her head in great satisfaction. She had been sure we should hear of something happening in Cranford that night; and we had heard. It was clear enough they had first proposed to attack her house; but when they saw that she and Betty were on their guard, and had carried off the plate, they had changed their tactics and gone to Mrs. Jamieson's, and no one knew what might have happened if Carlo had not barked, like a good dog as he was!

Poor Carlo! his barking days were nearly over. Whether the gang who infested the neighborhood were afraid of him, or whether they were revengeful enough, for the way in which he had baffled them on the night in question, to poison him; or whether, as some among the more uneducated people thought, he died of apoplexy, brought on by too much feeding and too little exercise; at any rate, it is certain that, two days after this eventful night, Carlo was found dead, with his poor little legs stretched out stiff in the attitude of running, as if by such unusual exertion he could escape the sure pursuer, Death.

We were all sorry for Carlo, the old familiar friend who had snapped at us for so many years; and the mysterious mode of his death made us very uncomfortable. Could Signor Brunoni be at the bottom of this? He had apparently killed a canary with only a word of command; his will seemed of deadly force; who knew but what he might yet be lingering in the neighborhood willing all sorts of awful things!

We whispered these fancies among ourselves in the evenings; but in the mornings our courage came back with the daylight, and in a week's time we had got over the shock of Carlo's death; all but Mrs. Jamieson. She, poor thing, felt it as she had felt no event since her husband's death; indeed Miss Pole said, that, as

the Honorable Mr. Jamieson drank a good deal, and occasioned her much uneasiness, it was possible that Carlo's death might be the greater affliction. But there was always a tinge of cynicism in Miss Pole's remarks. However, one thing was clear and certain — it was necessary for Mrs. Jamieson to have some change of scene; and Mr. Mulliner was very impressive on this point, shaking his head whenever we inquired after his mistress, and speaking of her loss of appetite and bad nights very ominously; and with justice too, for if she had two characteristics in her natural state of health they were a facility of eating and sleeping. If she could neither eat nor sleep, she must be indeed out of spirits and out of health.

Lady Glenmire (who had evidently taken very kindly to Cranford) did not like the idea of Mrs. Jamieson's going to Cheltenham, and more than once insinuated pretty plainly that it was Mr. Mulliner's doing, who had been much alarmed on the occasion of the house being attacked, and since had said, more than once, that he felt it a very responsible charge to have to defend so many women. Be that as it might, Mrs. Jamieson went to Cheltenham, escorted by Mr. Mulliner, and Lady Glenmire remained in possession of the house, her ostensible office being to take care that the maid-servants did not pick up followers. She made a very pleasant-looking dragon; and, as soon as it was arranged for her stay in Cranford, she found out that Mrs. Jamieson's visit to Cheltenham was just the best thing in the world. She had let her house in Edinburgh, and was for the time houseless, so the charge of her sister-in-law's comfortable abode was very convenient and acceptable.

Miss Pole was very much inclined to install herself as a heroine, because of the decided steps she had taken in flying from the two men and one woman, whom she entitled "that murderous gang." She described their appearance in glowing colors, and I noticed that every time she went over the story some fresh trait of villainy was added to their appearance. One was tall — he grew to be gigantic in height before we had done with him; he of course had black hair — and by and by it hung in elf-locks over his forehead and down his back. The other was short and broad — and a hump sprouted out on his shoulder before we heard the last of him; he had red hair — which deepened into

carroty; and she was almost sure he had a cast in the eye — a decided squint. As for the woman, her eyes glared, and she was masculine looking — a perfect virago; most probably a man dressed in woman's clothes: afterwards, we heard of a beard on her chin, and a manly voice and a stride.

If Miss Pole was delighted to recount the events of that afternoon to all inquirers, others were not so proud of their adventures in the robbery line. Mr. Hoggins, the surgeon, had been attacked at his own door by two ruffians, who were concealed in the shadow of the porch, and so effectually silenced him that he was robbed in the interval between ringing his bell and the servant's answering it. Miss Pole was sure it would turn out that this robbery had been committed by "her men," and went the very day she heard the report to have her teeth examined, and to question Mr. Hoggins. She came to us afterwards; so we heard what she had heard, straight and direct from the source, while we were yet in the excitement and flutter of the agitation caused by the first intelligence; for the event had only occurred the night before.

"Well!" said Miss Pole, sitting down with the decision of a person who has made up her mind as to the nature of life and the world (and such people never tread lightly, or seat themselves without a bump), "well, Miss Matty! men will be men. Every mother's son of them wishes to be considered Samson and Solomon rolled into one — too strong ever to be beaten or discomfited — too wise ever to be outwitted. If you will notice, they have always foreseen events, though they never tell one for one's warning before the events happen. My father was a man, and I know the sex pretty well."

She had talked herself out of breath, and we should have been very glad to fill up the necessary pause as chorus, but we did not exactly know what to say, or which man had suggested this diatribe against the sex; so we only joined in generally, with a grave shake of the head, and a soft murmur of "They are very incomprehensible, certainly!"

"Now, only think," said she. "There, I have undergone the risk of having one of my remaining teeth drawn (for one is terribly at the mercy of any surgeon-dentist; and I, for one, always speak them fair till I have got my mouth out of their clutches), and,

after all, Mr. Hoggins is too much of a man to own that he was robbed last night."

"Not robbed!" exclaimed the chorus.

"Don't tell me!" Miss Pole exclaimed, angry that we could be for a moment imposed upon. "I believe he was robbed, just as Betty told me, and he is ashamed to own it; and, to be sure, it was very silly of him to be robbed just at his own door; I dare say he feels that such a thing won't raise him in the eyes of Cranford society, and is anxious to conceal it — but he need not have tried to impose upon me by saying I must have heard an exaggerated account of some petty theft of a neck of mutton, which, it seems, was stolen out of the safe in his yard last week; he had the impertinence to add, he believed that that was taken by the cat. I have no doubt, if I could get at the bottom of it, it was that Irishman dressed up in woman's clothes, who came spying about my house, with the story about the starving children."

After we had duly condemned the want of candor which Mr. Hoggins had evinced, and abused men in general, taking him for the representative and type, we got round to the subject about which we had been talking when Miss Pole came in; namely, how far, in the present disturbed state of the country, we could venture to accept an invitation which Miss Matty had just received from Mrs. Forrester, to come as usual and keep the anniversary of her wedding-day by drinking tea with her at five o'clock, and playing a quiet pool afterwards. Mrs. Forrester had said that she asked us with some diffidence, because the roads were, she feared, very unsafe. But she suggested that perhaps one of us would not object to take the sedan, and that the others, by walking briskly, might keep up with the long trot of the chairmen, and so we might all arrive safely at Over Place, a suburb of the town. (No; that is too large an expression: a small cluster of houses separated from Cranford by about two hundred yards of a dark and lonely lane.) There was no doubt but that a similar note was awaiting Miss Pole at home; so her call was a very fortunate affair, as it enabled us to consult together. We would all much rather have declined this invitation; but we felt that it would not be quite kind to Mrs. Forrester, who would otherwise be left to a solitary retrospect of her not

very happy or fortunate life. Miss Matty and Miss Pole had been visitors on this occasion for many years, and now they gallantly determined to nail their colors to the mast, and to go through Darkness Lane rather than fail in loyalty to their friend.

But when the evening came, Miss Matty (for it was she who was voted into the chair, as she had a cold), before being shut down in the sedan, like jack-in-a-box, implored the chairmen, whatever might befall, not to run away and leave her fastened up there, to be murdered; and even after they had promised, I saw her tighten her features into the stern determination of a martyr, and she gave me a melancholy and ominous shake of the head through the glass. However, we got there safely, only rather out of breath, for it was who could trot hardest through Darkness Lane, and I am afraid poor Miss Matty was sadly jolted.

Mrs. Forrester had made extra preparations, in acknowledgment of our exertion in coming to see her through such dangers. The usual forms of genteel ignorance as to what her servants might send up were all gone through; and harmony and Preference seemed likely to be the order of the evening, but for an interesting conversation that began I don't know how, but which had relation, of course, to the robbers who infested the neighborhood of Cranford.

Having braved the dangers of Darkness Lane, and thus having a little stock of reputation for courage to fall back upon; and also, I dare say, desirous of proving ourselves superior to men (*videlicet* Mr. Hoggins) in the article of candor, we began to relate our individual fears, and the private precautions we each of us took. I owned that my pet apprehension was eyes — eyes looking at me, and watching me, glittering out from some dull, flat, wooden surface; and that if I dared to go up to my looking-glass when I was panic-stricken, I should certainly turn it round, with its back towards me, for fear of seeing eyes behind me looking out of the darkness. I saw Miss Matty nerving herself up for a confession; and at last out it came. She owned that, ever since she had been a girl, she had dreaded being caught by her last leg, just as she was getting into bed, by some one concealed under it. She said, when she was younger and more active, she used to take a flying leap from a distance, and so bring both her

legs up safely into bed at once; but that this had always annoyed Deborah, who piqued herself upon getting into bed gracefully, and she had given it up in consequence. But now the old terror would often come over her, especially since Miss Pole's house had been attacked (we had got quite to believe in the fact of the attack having taken place), and yet it was very unpleasant to think of looking under a bed, and seeing a man concealed, with a great, fierce face staring out at you; so she had bethought herself of something — perhaps I had noticed that she had told Martha to buy her a penny ball, such as children play with — and now she rolled this ball under the bed every night: if it came out on the other side, well and good; if not, she always took care to have her hand on the bell-rope, and meant to call out John and Harry, just as if she expected men-servants to answer her ring.

We all applauded this ingenious contrivance, and Miss Matty sank back into satisfied silence, with a look at Mrs. Forrester as if to ask for *her* private weakness.

Mrs. Forrester looked askance at Miss Pole, and tried to change the subject a little by telling us that she had borrowed a boy from one of the neighboring cottages and promised his parents a hundredweight of coals at Christmas, and his supper every evening, for the loan of him at nights. She had instructed him in his possible duties when he first came; and, finding him sensible, she had given him the Major's sword (the Major was her late husband), and desired him to put it very carefully behind his pillow at night, turning the edge towards the head of the pillow. He was a sharp lad, she was sure; for, spying out the Major's cocked hat, he had said, if he might have that to wear, he was sure he could frighten two Englishmen, or four Frenchmen, any day. But she had impressed upon him anew that he was to lose no time in putting on hats or anything else; but, if he heard any noise, he was to run at it with his drawn sword. On my suggesting that some accident might occur from such slaughterous and indiscriminate directions, and that he might rush on Jenny getting up to wash, and have spitted her before he had discovered that she was not a Frenchman, Mrs. Forrester said she did not think that that was likely, for he was a very sound sleeper, and generally had to be well shaken or cold-pigged in a morning before they could rouse him. She sometimes thought

such dead sleep must be owing to the hearty suppers the poor lad ate, for he was half-starved at home, and she told Jenny to see that he got a good meal at night.

Still this was no confession of Mrs. Forrester's peculiar timidity, and we urged her to tell us what she thought would frighten her more than anything. She paused, and stirred the fire, and snuffed the candles, and then she said, in a sounding whisper: —

"Ghosts!"

She looked at Miss Pole, as much as to say she had declared it, and would stand by it. Such a look was a challenge in itself. Miss Pole came down upon her with indigestion, spectral illusions, optical delusions, and a great deal out of Dr. Ferrier and Dr. Hibbert besides. Miss Matty had rather a leaning to ghosts, as I have mentioned before, and what little she did say was all on Mrs. Forrester's side, who, emboldened by sympathy, protested that ghosts were a part of her religion; that surely she, the widow of a Major in the army, knew what to be frightened at, and what not; in short, I never saw Mrs. Forrester so warm either before or since, for she was a gentle, meek, enduring old lady in most things. Not all the elder-wine that ever was mulled could this night wash out the remembrance of this difference between Miss Pole and her hostess. Indeed, when the elder-wine was brought in, it gave rise to a new burst of discussion; for Jenny, the little maiden who staggered under the tray, had to give evidence of having seen a ghost with her own eyes, not so many nights ago, in Darkness Lane, the very lane we were to go through on our way home.

In spite of the uncomfortable feeling which this last consideration gave me, I could not help being amused at Jenny's position, which was exceedingly like that of a witness being examined and cross-examined by two counsel who are not at all scrupulous about asking leading questions. The conclusion I arrived at was, that Jenny had certainly seen something beyond what a fit of indigestion would have caused. A lady all in white, and without her head, was what she deposed and adhered to, supported by a consciousness of the secret sympathy of her mistress under the withering scorn with which Miss Pole regarded her. And not only she, but many others, had seen this headless lady, who sat by the roadside wringing her hands as in deep grief.

Mrs. Forrester looked at us from time to time with an air of conscious triumph; but then she had not to pass through Darkness Lane before she could bury herself beneath her own familiar bedclothes.

We preserved a discreet silence as to the headless lady while we were putting on our things to go home, for there was no knowing how near the ghostly head and ears might be, or what spiritual connection they might be keeping up with the unhappy body in Darkness Lane; and, therefore, even Miss Pole felt that it was as well not to speak lightly on such subjects, for fear of vexing or insulting that woebegone trunk. At least, so I conjecture; for, instead of the busy clatter usual in the operation, we tied on our cloaks as sadly as mutes at a funeral. Miss Matty drew the curtains round the windows of the chair to shut out disagreeable sights, and the men (either because they were in spirits that their labors were so nearly ended, or because they were going downhill) set off at such a round and merry pace that it was all Miss Pole and I could do to keep up with them. She had breath for nothing beyond an imploring "Don't leave me!" uttered as she clutched my arm so tightly that I could not have quitted her, ghost or no ghost. What a relief it was when the men, weary of their burden and their quick trot, stopped just where Headingley-Causeway branches off from Darkness Lane! Miss Pole unloosed me and caught at one of the men.

"Could not you — could not you take Miss Matty round by Headingley Causeway? — the pavement in Darkness Lane jolts so, and she is not very strong."

A smothered voice was heard from the inside of the chair: —

"Oh! pray go on! What is the matter? What is the matter? I will give you sixpence more to go on very fast; pray don't stop here."

"And I'll give you a shilling," said Miss Pole, with tremulous dignity, "if you'll go by Headingley Causeway."

The two men grunted acquiescence and took up the chair, and went along the causeway, which certainly answered Miss Pole's kind purpose of saving Miss Matty's bones; for it was covered with soft thick mud, and even a fall there would have been easy till the getting up came, when there might have been some difficulty in extrication.

PAUL GERHARDT

PAUL GERHARDT. Born in Gräfenhainichen, Saxony, March 12, 1607; died at Lübben, June 7, 1676. Author of a hundred hymns of such rank as to create a new era in German psalmody.

THE DYING SAVIOUR

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared when thou appearedst;
What shame on thee is hurled!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O, make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

If I, a wretch, should leave thee,
O Jesus, leave not me!
In faith may I receive thee,
When death shall set me free.

When strength and comfort languish,
  And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
  By thine own wounded heart.

Be near when I am dying,
  O, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
  Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
  From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
  Dies safely — through thy love.

GERMAN LITERATURE

(Anonymous)

(From "The Nibelungenlied")

HOW GUNTHER WENT TO ISSLAND TO WOO BRUNHILD

A fresh rumor spread beyond the Rhine. It was reported that many maidens dwelt there; and Gunther was minded to woo one of them, whereat his knights and his liegemen were well pleased.

There was a queen high throned across the sea, that had not her like, beyond measure fair and of mickle strength, and her love was for that knight only that could pass her at the spear. She hurled the stone and leapt after it to the mark. Any that desired the noble damsel's love must first win boldly in these three games. If he failed but in one, he lost his head.

And oft had this happed already, when the rumor thereof reached the noble warrior by the Rhine, who fixed his desire upon the maiden, the which, or all was done, cost the life of many heroes.

On a day that the king sat with his men, and they cast to and fro whom their prince might best take to wife for his own comfort and the good of his land, the lord of Rhineland said, "I will hence across the sea to Brunhild, let what will betide. For her sake I will peril my body, for I lose it if I win her not to wife."

"Do not so," said Siegfried. "Cruel is the queen, and he that would woo her playeth too high a stake. Make not this journey."

But King Gunther answered, "Never yet was woman born so stark and bold, that, with this single hand, I could not vanquish her in strife."

But Siegfried said, "Peace! Thou knowest her not. Wert thou four men, thou wert no match for her grim wrath. In good faith I counsel thee to let the matter be. If thou lovest thy life, come not in such straits for her sake."

"Nay, now, I care not how stark she be; I will journey, even as I have said, to Brunhild, and take my chance. For her great beauty I must adventure this. What if God prosper me, and she follow me to the Rhine?"

"Then I counsel thee," said Hagen, "to ask Siegfried to share with thee this hard emprise. It were well, since he knoweth so much of Brunhild."

So the king spake, "Wilt thou help me, most noble Siegfried, to woo the damsel? Grant me this, and if I win the royal maiden for my dear one, I will adventure honor and life for thy sake."

Siegfried, the son of Siegmund, made answer, "Give me thy sister Kriemhild, the high princess, and I will do it. Other meed I ask not."

Said Gunther, "I swear it, Siegfried, on thy hand. If Brunhild come hither, I will give thee my sister to wife; and mayest thou live joyfully with her to thy life's end."

The noble warriors sware on oath; and travail enow they endured, or they led back the fair one to the Rhine; yea, oftimes they were straitened sore.

I have heard tell of wild dwarfs: how that they dwell in hollow mountains, and wear wonderful cloaks called *Tarnkappes*. And whoso hath this on his body cometh not in

scathe by blows or spear-thrusts; nor is he seen of any man so long as he weareth it, but may spy and hearken at his will. His strength also waxeth thereby; so runneth the tale.

Siegfried took the *Tarnkappe* with him that he had wrested from Albric the dwarf. And these high and noble knights made ready for the journey. When stark Siegfried did on the *Tarnkappe*, he was strong with the strength of twelve men, and with these cunning devices he won the royal maiden; for the cloak of cloud was fashioned on such wise, that whoso wore it did what him listed, none seeing; and he won Brunhild thereby, that after brought him dole.

"Now tell me, Siegfried, or we depart, how we may cross the sea with honor? Shall we take warriors with us to Brunhild's land? It were easy to summon thirty thousand knights."

But Siegfried answered, "Howsoever great a host we led thither, the cruelty of the queen is such, that every mother's son of them must perish. A better plan is mine, most noble king. Let us down to the Rhine as simple knights, even these friends that I name. Thou and I, and, further, only two. So shall we woo the damsel, let the issue be as it may. I shall be one, and thou shalt be another. Let the third be Hagen, and the fourth Dankwart, the doughty man. A thousand shall not prevail against us."

"Fain would I know," said the king then, "what manner of raiment we should wear before Brunhild. Prithee, counsel me in this matter, Siegfried."

"In the land of Brunhild they wear naught but the best, wherefore let us appear before the women in goodly apparel, that none may cry shame on us hereafter."

Then said the knight, "I will go, myself, to my dear mother, and beseech her that she let her damsels make ready for us such garments as may bring us honor before the royal maiden."

But Hagen said courteously, "Wherefore beg this service of thy mother? Tell thy sister of thy intent. She is skilled, and will provide thee with goodly raiment."

And Gunther prayed his sister to receive him and Siegfried. The which she did after she had robed her in her best apparel. She was little grieved at the coming of the knights. Her

attendants were fitly adorned, and the knights went in. When she saw them, she rose from her seat, and hasted, and received the noble guest and her brother courteously. She said, "Thou art welcome, my brother: thou and thy friend. I would know what hath brought you to the court. Tell me, I pray you, noble knights, how it standeth with you."

The king answered, "Lady, I will tell thee. An hard adventure is before us, the which we must bear boldly through. We ride a-wooing into a far and a strange land, and have need of rich apparel."

"Now sit, dear brother," said the king's child, "and tell me plainly who the women are that ye would woo in other king's lands." The maiden took both the chosen knights by the hand, and led them to the rich cushion whereon she had sat, and on the which were wrought (for this I know) fair pictures raised with gold. They wearied not, certes, among the women. Of kind glances and soft looks there was no stint. Siegfried bore her in his heart, and loved her as his life, and won her for his wife by noble service.

The great king said, "Dearest sister mine, we need thy help. We go to sojourn in the land of Brunhild, and must have rich apparel to wear before the women."

The princess answered, "If I can aid thee in any wise, believe me, I will do it; sad were Kriemhild if aught were denied thee. Ask of me, nothing doubting, noble knight, and, as a master, command me; all that thou desirest I will readily perform."

"We would have goodly raiment, dear sister, and therein thy white hand shall help us. Let thy maids bestir them, that we be fair equipped, since none shall turn us from this journey."

Said the damsel, "Now mark what I say. We have silk of our own; bid them bring us hither, on the shields, precious stones to work the robes withal, that unashamed ye may wear them before the royal maiden." The princess asked, "Who are they that shall follow thee in rich array to the court?"

And he answered, "We be four. My two liegemen, Dankwart and Hagen, ride with us. And what I tell thee, mark well. For each of four days thou shalt provide us with

three changes of good raiment, that we be not scorned in Brunhild's land!"

She promised this to the knights, and they took their leave.

Then Princess Kriemhild summoned from their chambers thirty of her maidens that had great skill in such work.

Silk from Araby, white as snow, and from Zazamanc, green like clover, they embroidered with precious stones. The royal maiden cut them herself. In sooth, they were goodly robes. Linings finely fashioned from fishes' skins, rarely seen then, they covered, as many as they had, with silk, and wrought them with gold. Many a marvel could one tell of these garments. For they had, in plenty, the finest silks from Morocco and Libya that the children of kings ever wore. It was not hard to see that Kriemhild loved the warriors. And because they desired rich apparel, the black-spotted ermine was not spared, the which good knights covet still for hightides.

Precious stones sparkled on gold of Araby. Certes, the women were not idle. Inside of seven weeks the clothes were ready, and also weapons for the knights.

Now when all was done, a stout ship lay waiting on the Rhine to bear them down to the sea. Ill paid were the maidens, after, for their toil.

When they told the knights that the rich vesture they were to wear was ready, and that all they had asked was accomplished, they were eager to quit the Rhine. A messenger was sent to them, that they might try on their new apparel, lest haply it might be too short or too long for any. But the measure was exact, wherefore they thanked the maidens. All that saw it owned that, in the whole world, none was better. They wore it proudly at the court, and none were praised above them for their attire.

The maidens had sweet thanks, and the doughty warriors took their leave right courteously, and bright eyes were dim and wet with tears.

Kriemhild said, "Dear brother, thou didst better to stay here and woo other women without risk to thy body. It were easy to find, nigh at hand, a wife of as high lineage."

I ween her heart told her the dole that was to come. And they wept all together, and refused to be comforted, till the gold

on their breasts was wet with the tears that rolled down from their eyes.

She spake further, "Sir Siegfried, to thy care and good faith I commend my dear brother, that no evil betide him in Brunhild's land." The knight gave his hand thereon, and promised it. He said, "Fear not, lady; if I live, I will bring him back safe to the Rhine. I swear it by mine own body."

And the fair maiden thanked him.

They carried down the shields of ruddy gold to the strand, and stowed their armor in the vessel, and let fetch their horses, for they were eager to be gone. The women made mickle dole. Fair damsels stood at the windows. The fresh wind caught the sail, and lo! the good knights sat on the Rhine.

Then said Gunther, "Who shall be steersman?"

"That will I be," answered Siegfried. "Trust me, ye heroes, and I will pilot you hence, for I know the currents." So with stout hearts they left Burgundy. Siegfried took hold of pole and pushed from the strand. Gunther himself took an oar, and they fell away from the shore. They had rich meats with them, and Rhine wine of the best. Their horses stood easy and quiet; their boat flew light, and misadventure they had none. Their strong sails filled, and they made twenty miles or night fell, for the wind favored them. But their high emprise brought many women dole. They say that by the twelfth morning the wind had blown them afar to Isenstein in Brunhild's land, the which none had seen before that, save Siegfried. When King Gunther beheld so many towers and broad marches, he cried out, "Now say, friend Siegfried; knowest thou whose are these castles and these fair lands? By my troth, I have never in my life seen castles so many and so goodly as stand there before us. A mighty man he must be that hath builded them."

Whereto Siegfried made answer, "Yea, I know well. They are all Brunhild's — towers and lands, and the castle of Isenstein. I say sooth; and many fair women shall ye behold this day. Now I counsel you, O knights, for so it seemeth good to me, that ye be all of one mind and one word; we must stand warily before Brunhild the queen. And when we see the fair

one amidst of her folk, be sure that ye tell all the same story: that Gunther is my lord, and I his liegeman. So shall he win to his desire. Yet this I do less for love of thee than for the fair maid, thy sister, that is to me as my soul and mine own body, and for whom I gladly serve, that I may win her to wife."

They promised with one accord, and none gainsaid him through pride, the which stood them in good stead when the king came to stand before Brunhild.

HOW GUNTHER WON BRUNHILD

MEANWHILE the ship was come nigh to the castle, and the king saw many fair maidens that stood above at the windows. It irked him that he knew them not, and he said to Siegfried, his friend, "Knowest thou aught of these maidens that look down at us on the sea? Howso their lord hight, they are, certes, right noble."

Bold Siegfried answered, "Spy secretly among them, and say which thou wouldst have chosen if thou hadst had the choice." And Gunther said, "I will. I see one standing at yonder window in snow-white robe. Goodly is she, and for her fair body's sake, mine eyes choose her. If I had the power, she should be my wife."

"Thine eyes have led thee aright. That is the noble Brunhild, the beautiful lady that thou desirest with thy heart and thy soul." Gunther found no fault in her.

The queen bade her damsels void the windows, nor stand in the gaze of strangers. They obeyed; but what they did after hath been told us. They adorned them for the warriors, as is the manner of fair women; then they stole to the loopholes and looked curiously at the heroes.

These came only four strong into the land. Bold Siegfried held a horse on the strand, and, by reason thereof, the women that spied through the windows deemed King Gunther of the more worship. He held the good horse by the bridle; stately it was and sleek, mickle and stark, and King Gunther sat in the saddle, and Siegfried served him; but Gunther forgot this afterward.

Then Siegfried took his own horse from the ship. Seldom

before had he held the stirrup for a warrior to mount. And all this the fair women marked through the loopholes. The heroes were clad alike; both their horses and their apparel were snow-white, and the shields were goodly that shone in their hands. Their saddles were set with precious stones, their poitrals small, and hung with bells of burnished gold. So they rode proudly into Brunhild's courtyard, and came into the land as befitted their might, with new-sharpened spears, and finely-tempered swords, keen and massy, that reached to their spurs. All this Brunhild, the royal maiden, saw.

Dankwart rode with them, and Hagen. These knights, they say, wore clothes of raven-black, and their shields were mickle, broad and goodly. Stones from India shone on their apparel. They left the vessel unguarded on the beach, and rode up to the castle. There they saw eighty and six towers, three great palaces, and a stately hall of costly marble, green like grass, wherein the queen sat with her courtiers.

Brunhild's men unlocked the castle gate and threw it wide, and ran toward them, and welcomed the guests to their queen's land. They bade hold the horses, and take the shields from their hands. And the chamberlain said, "Do off your swords now, and your bright armor." "Not so," answered Hagen of Trony; "we will bear these ourselves."

But Siegfried told them the custom of the court, "It is the law here that no guest shall bear arms. Wherefore ye did well to give them up."

Gunther's men obeyed, much loath. They bade pour out the wine for the guests, and see that they were well lodged. Willing knights in princely attire ran to and fro to serve them, spying with many glances at the strangers.

They brought word to Brunhild that unknown warriors in rich apparel were come thither, sailing on the sea, and the beautiful maiden questioned them. "Tell me," said the queen, "who these strangers be that stand yonder so proudly, and for whose sake they be come." And one of the courtiers made answer. "In sooth, Lady, albeit I never yet set eyes on them, one among them much resembleth Siegfried, and him I counsel thee to welcome. The second of the company hath so lofty a mien that, if his power be equal thereto, he might well be a

great king and a ruler of wide lands, for he standeth right proudly before the others. The third, O Queen, is grim, yet a goodly man withal. His glance is swift and dark; he is fierce-tempered, I ween. The youngest pleaseth me well. Maidenly and modest he standeth, yet it went hard, methinketh, with any that angered him. For all that he seemeth gentle, and is fashioned daintily, if his wrath were once kindled, many a woman might weep, for he is a bold and virtuous knight, and right worshipful."

The queen said, "Bring me my robe. If stark Siegfried be come into my land to woo me, he shall pay for it with his life. I fear him not so greatly that I should yield me to be his wife."

Then Brunhild attired her in haste. An hundred or more of her damsels went with her, richly adorned, whom the guests beheld gladly. Brunhild's knights of Issland gave them escort, to the number of five hundred or thereabout, their swords in their hands, the which irked the bold strangers. They stood up from their seats; and the queen spake courteously to them when she saw Siegfried, "Thou art welcome Siegfried to this land. To what end art thou come ? I prithee tell me."

"I thank thee, O Brunhild, fair daughter of a king, that thou greetest me before this worshipful knight. Thou showest Siegfried too much honor, for he is my lord, and the king of Rhineland. What boots it to say more? For thy sake we are come hither, for he would woo thee at all hazards. Weigh the matter betimes, for of a surety he will win thee. His name is Gunther; he is a great and mighty king, and he desireth naught save thy love. To this end I have followed him, nor had done it, but that he is my master."

She answered, "If he be thy lord, and thou be his man, let him withstand me at the games. If he have the mastery, then am I his wife, but let him fail in one of them, and ye be all dead men."

Then said Hagen of Trony, "Lady, show us the games that thou proposest. It will go hard with Gunther or he yield thee the mastery, for he troweth well to win so fair a maiden."

"He must put the stone, and leap after it, and throw the spear with me. He may easily forfeit honor and life; wherefore be not so confident, but bethink you well."

Then bold Siegfried went to the king, and bade him fear naught, but speak freely to the queen. "For," said he, "I will aid thee with cunning devices."

And King Gunther said, "Command me, great queen, and were it more yet, I would risk it for thy sake. I will lose my head, or win thee to wife."

When the queen heard this word, she bade haste to the sports, as was meet, and let them bring her harness, a golden buckler and a goodly shield. She did on a surcoat of silk from Libya, that had never been pierced in combat, cunningly fashioned and embroidered, and shining with precious stones. Her pride greatly angered the knights, and Dankwart and Hagen were downcast, for they feared for their lord, and thought, "Ill-starred was this journey."

Meanwhile, Siegfried, the cunning man, went, when none spied him, to the ship, where he found the *Tarnkappe*, and he did it on swiftly, that none knew. Then he hasted back to the crowd of knights, where the queen gave order for the sports, and, by his magic, he stole in among them, that no man was ware of him. The ring was marked out in the presence of armed knights to the number of seven hundred. These were the umpires, that should tell truly who won in the sports.

Then came Brunhild. She stood armed, as she had meant to do battle with all the kings of all the world. The silk was covered with gold spangles that showed her white skin. Her attendants brought her, for the strife, a shield of ruddy gold with iron studs mickle and broad. The maid's long thong was an embroidered band, whereon lay stones green like grass, that sparkled among the gold. The knight must, certes, be bold that won such a lady. They say the shield the maiden bore was three spans thick under the folds, rich with steel and gold, that four of her chamberlains scarce could carry it.

When stark Hagen saw them drag the shield forward, the hero of Trony was wroth, and cried, "How now, King Gunther? We be dead men, for thou wooest the Devil's wife!"

Yet more must ye hear of her vesture. Her coat of mail was covered with silk from Azagouc, costly and rich, and the stones thereof sparkled on the queen's body. They brought her the spear, heavy and big and sharp, that she was wont to

throw. Stark and huge it was, mickle and broad, and made grim wounds with its edges. And hear, now, the marvel of its heaviness. Three weights and a half of iron were welded for it. Three of Brunhild's lords scarce carried it. A woeful man was King Gunther, and he thought, "Lo! now not the Devil in Hell could escape her. Were I in Burgundy with my life, she might wait long enough for my wooing." He stood dismayed. Then they brought him his armor, and he did it on.

Hagan came nigh to lose his wits for sorrow, and Dankwart his brother, said, "By my troth, I rue this adventure. Once we hight warriors, and shall we perish in this country by the hand of a woman? Alack! that we ever came hither! Had my brother Hagen but his sword, and I mine, Brunhild's men would abate their pride; I ween they would walk softer. If I had sworn peace with a thousand oaths, that maid should die sooner than that my lord should lose his life."

"It were easy to quit this land," said Hagen, his brother, "if we had our harness for the strife, and our good swords. This dame would be milder, I trow."

The noble maiden heard him plain, and, with smiling mouth, she looked over her shoulder. "Since he deemeth him so bold, bring his harness, and give to the heroes their sharp weapons. It is all one to me whether they be armed or naked. I never feared the might of any man, and doubt not but I shall overcome this king."

When they had brought the weapons, as the maid commanded, bold Dankwart grew red with joy. "Now let them drive what sport they like," he said; "Gunther is safe, since we have our swords."

Brunhild's great strength appeared. They brought her a stone into the circle, heavy and huge, round also, and broad. Twelve strong knights scarce sufficed thereto. And this she threw when she had hurled the spear. Whereat the Burgundians were sore troubled, and Hagen cried, "Who is this that Gunther wooeth? Would she were the Devil's bride in Hell!"

Then she turned back the sleeves from her white arms, and seized the shield, and brandished the spear above her head, and the contest began. Gunther was sore dismayed. If Sieg-

fried had not helped him, certes he had lost his life; but Siegfried went up to him secretly, and touched his hand. Gunther fell in fear by reason of his magic, and he thought, "Who touched me?" He looked around and saw no man. But Siegfried said, "It is I, Siegfried, thy friend. Fear naught from the queen. Give me the shield from thy hands, and let me carry it, and give heed to what I say. Make thou the gestures, and I will do the work." And Gunther was glad when he knew him. "Guard well the secret of my magic, for all our sakes, lest the queen slay thee. See how boldly she challengeth thee."

Thereupon the royal maiden hurled her spear against the mickle and broad shield of Sieglind's child, that sparks flew from it, as before a wind. The stark spear pierced through the shield, and struck fire from the coat of mail below. And the mighty man fell, and had perished but for the *Tarnkappe*. The blood gushed from Siegfried's mouth. But he sprang up swiftly, and took the spear that she had shot through his buckler, and threw it back again with great force. He thought, "I will not slay so fair a maiden," and he turned the spear, and hurled it with the haft loud against her harness. From her mail also the sparks flew as on the wind, for Siegmund's child threw mightily; and her strength failed before the blow. King Gunther, I ween, had never done it alone.

Brunhild sprang to her feet again, and cried, "I thank thee, Gunther, for that blow." For she thought he had done it with his own strength, nor guessed that a far mightier man had felled her.

Then, greatly wroth, she hasted and lifted the stone on high; she flung it far from her, and leaped after it with loud-ringing armor. The stone landed twenty and four paces off; but the maid sprang further. Then Siegfried went swiftly where the stone lay. Gunther lifted it, but it was the man they saw not that threw it. Siegfried was mighty, bold and big. He hurled the stone further, and he leaped further; moreover, through his magic, he had strength enow to bear King Gunther with him. The spring was made, the stone lay on the ground, and none was seen there but Gunther, the knight. Fair Brunhild was red with anger.

So Siegfried saved Gunther from death.

Then Brunhild said aloud to her folk, when she saw the hero at the far end of the ring unhurt, "Come hither at once, my kinsmen and my lieges. Ye are subject henceforth to King Gunther."

The bold men laid the weapons from their hands at the feet of great Gunther of Burgundy. For they deemed he had won the game by his own strength.

He greeted them fair, for he was a courteous man, and he took the beautiful maiden by the hand. She gave him power in her kingdom, whereat bold Hagen rejoiced.

She bade the noble knight to the hall, where a multitude was assembled, that showed much observance through fear of his prowess. So, by Siegfried's might, they were delivered from all peril.

But Siegfried was wise, and stowed away his *Tarnkappe* with care; then he went back where the women sat, and said feigningly to Gunther, "Wherefore delayest thou to begin the sports that the queen proposed, let us now behold the issue thereof" — as if the cunning man knew naught of the matter.

The queen answered, "How cometh it to pass, Sir Siegfried, that thou sawest not the game whereat Gunther hath won?"

Said Hagen of Burgundy, "While we were downcast by reason of thee, O Queen, and afterward, when the king of Rhineland had beaten thee at the sports, Siegfried was at the ship, and knoweth naught of what hath passed."

"Right glad am I," said Siegfried, "that thy wooing hath prospered, and that none is thy master. Now must thou follow us, noble Lady, to the Rhine."

But Brunhild answered, "Not yet; I must first summon my friends and my liegemen. Not so lightly can I quit my land. Certes, I will send for my kinsmen afore I go."

She despatched envoys over all, and bade her friends and her lieges haste to Isenstein. She gave to each princely apparel.

All day long, late and early, troops of knights rode into Brunhild's castle, till Hagen said, "Alack! What have we done? Some hurt will befall us from Brunhild's men. We know not her real intent. What if she spurn us when her forces are gathered together? Then were we all dead men and this maiden were born to our woe!"

But stark Siegfried said, "I will see to that, and hinder what thou fearest. I will bring to your help a body of chosen knights that thou knowest not yet. Ask me no further, for I will hence, and God guard you meanwhile. I will return shortly, and bring with me a thousand knights, than whom the world holdeth none better."

"Only tarry not too long," said the king, "for we are right glad of thy help."

He answered, "I will come again in a few days. Tell the queen I left by thy command."

GESTA ROMANORUM

GESTA ROMANORUM. This work came into its present form six hundred years ago. It comprises stories from the classics, and various tales, whose morals accord with the ecclesiastical ideas of the Middle Ages.

OF FIDELITY

THE subject of a certain king fell into the hands of pirates, and wrote to his father for ransom. But the father would not redeem him; so the youth wasted away in prison. Now, he who detained him in chains had a daughter of great beauty and virtue. She was at this time in her twentieth year, and frequently visited the young man with the hope of alleviating his griefs. But he was too disconsolate to hearken. It one day fell out that, while the damsel was with him, the youth said to her, "O that you would try to set me free, kind maiden!" She replied: "But how am I to effect it? Thy father, thine own father, will not ransom thee; on what ground then should I, a stranger, attempt it? And suppose that I were induced to do so, I should incur the wrath of my parent, because thine denies the price of thy redemption. Nevertheless, on one condition thou shalt be liberated." "Kind damsel," returned he, "impose what thou wilt; so that it be possible I will accomplish it." "Promise, then," said she, "to marry me,

whenever an opportunity may occur." "I promise," said the youth, joyfully, "and plight thee a faith that shall never be broken." The girl straightway set him free from his bonds, without her father's knowledge, and fled with him to his own country. When they arrived, the father of the youth welcomed him, and said, "Son, I am overjoyed at thy return; but who is the lady under thy escort?" He replied, "It is the daughter of a king, to whom I am betrothed." The father returned, "On pain of losing thy inheritance, I charge thee, marry her not." "My father," exclaimed the youth, "what hast thou said? My obligations to her are greater than they are to you; for when imprisoned and fettered by my enemy, I implored you to ransom me; but you would not. Now, she not only released me from prison, but from deadly peril — and, therefore, I am resolved to marry her." The father answered, "Son, I tell thee that thou canst not confide in her, and consequently ought not to espouse her. She deceived her own father, when she liberated thee from prison; for this did her father lose the price of thy ransom. Therefore, I am of opinion that thou canst not confide in her, and consequently ought not to espouse her. Besides, there is another reason. It is true she liberated thee, but it was for the gratification of her passions, and in order to oblige thee to marry her. And, since an unworthy passion was the source of thy liberty, I think that she ought not to be thy wife." When the lady heard such reasons assigned she answered, "To your first objection, that I deceived my own parent, I reply that it is not true. He deceives who takes away or diminishes a certain good. But my father is so rich that he needs not any addition. When, therefore, I had maturely weighed this matter, I procured the young man's freedom. And if my father had received a ransom for him, he had been but little richer; while you would have been utterly impoverished. Now, in acting thus, I have served you, who refused the ransom and have done no injury to my parent. As for your last objection, that an unworthy passion urged me to do this, I assert that it is false. Feelings of such a nature arise either from great personal beauty, or from wealth, or honors; or finally, from a robust appearance. None of which qualities your son possessed. For imprisonment had destroyed his beauty; and he had not

sufficient wealth even to effect his liberation; while much anxiety had worn away his strength, and left him emaciated and sickly. Therefore, compassion rather persuaded me to free him." When the father had heard this, he could object nothing more. So his son married the lady with very great pomp, and closed his life in peace.

APPLICATION

My beloved, the son captured by pirates is the whole human race, led by the sin of our first parent into the prison of the devil, — that is, into his power. The father who would not redeem him is the world, which aids not man's escape from the evil one but rather loves to detain him in thraldom. The daughter who visited him in prison is the Divinity of Christ united to the soul; who sympathized with the human species — and who, after His passion, descended into hell and freed us from the chains of the devil. But the celestial Father had no occasion for wealth, because He is infinitely rich and good. Therefore Christ, moved with compassion, came down from heaven to visit us, and took upon Himself our form, and required no more than to be united in the closest bonds with man. So *Hosea* ii: "I will marry her to me in faithfulness." But our father, the world, whom many obey, ever murmurs and objects to this. "If thou unitest thyself to God, thou shalt lose my inheritance" — that is, the inheritance of this world; because it is "impossible to serve God and mammon." *Matt.* vi: "He who shall leave father, or mother, or wife, or country for my sake, he shall receive an hundred fold, and possess everlasting life." Which may Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, vouchsafe to bestow upon us; who with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth forever and ever. Amen.

OF REMEMBERING DEATH, AND FORGETTING THINGS TEMPORAL

THERE was an image in the city of Rome standing in an erect posture, with the dexter hand outstretched; and upon the middle finger was written, "STRIKE HERE." The image stood a long time in this manner, and no one understood what the

inscription signified. It was much wondered at, and commented on; but this was all, for they invariably departed as wise as they came. At last, a certain subtle clerk, hearing of the image, felt anxious to see it, and when he had done so, he observed the superscription, "*Strike here.*" He noticed that when the sun shone upon the image, the outstretched finger was discernible in the lengthened shadow. After a little consideration he took a spade, and where the shadow ceased, dug to the depth of about three feet. This brought him to a number of steps, which led into a subterranean cavity. Not a little exhilarated with his discovery, the clerk prosecuted the adventure. Descending the steps, he entered the hall of a magnificent palace, in which he perceived a king and a queen and many nobles seated at table, and the hall itself filled with men. They were all habited in costly apparel, and kept the most rigid silence. Looking about, he beheld in one corner of the place a polished stone, called a carbuncle, by the single aid of which the hall was lighted. In the opposite corner stood a man armed with a bow and arrow, in the act of taking aim at the precious stone. Upon his brow was inscribed, "I am what I am: my shaft is inevitable; least of all can yon luminous carbuncle escape its stroke." The clerk, amazed at what he saw, entered the bedchamber, and found a multitude of beautiful women arrayed in purple garments, but not a sound escaped them. From thence he proceeded to the stables, and observed a number of horses and asses in their stalls. He touched them, but they were nothing but stone. He visited all the various buildings of the palace, and whatsoever his heart desired was to be found there. Returning to the hall, he thought of making good his retreat. "I have seen wonders to-day," said he to himself, "but nobody will credit the relation, unless I carry back with me some incontrovertible testimony." Casting his eyes upon the highest table, he beheld a quantity of golden cups, and beautiful knives, which he approached, and laid his hands upon one of each, designing to carry them away. But no sooner had he placed them in his bosom than the archer struck the carbuncle with the arrow, and shivered it into a thousand atoms. Instantly the whole building was enveloped in thick darkness, and the clerk, in utter consternation, sought his way back. But being

unable, in consequence of the darkness, to discover it, he perished in the greatest misery, amid the mysterious statues of the palace.

APPLICATION

My beloved, the image is the devil; the clerk is any covetous man, who sacrifices himself to the cupidity of his desires. The steps by which he descends are the passions. The archer is death, the carbuncle is human life, and the cup and knife are worldly possessions.

OF THE AVARICIOUS PURSUIT OF RICHES, WHICH LEADS TO HELL

A CERTAIN carpenter residing in a city near the sea, very covetous and very wicked, collected a large sum of money, and placed it in the trunk of a tree, which he placed by his fireside, that no one might have any suspicion that it held money. It happened once that, while all his household slept, the sea overflowed its boundaries, broke down that side of the building where the log was situated, and carried it away. It floated many miles, and reached at length a city in which there lived a person who kept open house. Arising early in the morning, he perceived the trunk of a tree in the water, and brought it to land, thinking it was nothing but a bit of timber thrown away by some one. He was a liberal, kind-hearted man, and a great benefactor to the poor. It one day chanced that he entertained some pilgrims in his house; and the weather being extremely cold, he cut up the log for firewood. When he had struck two or three blows with the ax, he heard a rattling sound; and cleaving it in twain, the gold pieces rolled out in every direction. Greatly rejoiced at the discovery, he deposited them in a secure place, until he should ascertain who was the owner.

Now, the carpenter, bitterly lamenting the loss of his money, traveled from place to place in pursuit of it. He came by accident to the house of the hospitable man who had found the trunk. He failed not to mention the object of his search; and the host, understanding that the money was his, said to himself, "I will prove, if God will, that the money should be returned to him." Accordingly, he made three cakes, the first

of which he filled with earth; the second, with the bones of dead men; and in the third, he put a quantity of the gold which he had discovered in the trunk. "Friend," said he, addressing the carpenter, "we will eat three cakes, composed of the best meat in the house. Choose which you will have." The carpenter did as he was directed; he took the cakes and weighed them in his hand, one after another, and finding that with the earth weigh heaviest, he chose it. "And if I want more, my worthy host," added he, "I will have that," laying his hand upon the cake containing the bones. "You may keep the third cake yourself." "I see clearly," murmured the host, "I see very clearly that God does not will the money to be restored to this wretched man." Calling, therefore, the poor and infirm, the blind and the lame, and opening the cake of gold in the presence of the carpenter, to whom he spoke, "Thou miserable varlet, this is thine own gold. But thou preferredst the cake of earth, and dead men's bones. I am persuaded, therefore, that God wills not that I return thee thy money" — without delay, he distributed the whole amongst the paupers and drove the carpenter away in great tribulation.

APPLICATION

My beloved, the carpenter is any worldly-minded man; the trunk of the tree denotes the human heart, filled with the riches of this life. The host is a wise confessor. The cake of earth is the world; that of the bones of dead men is the flesh; and that of gold is the kingdom of heaven.

OF FEMININE SUBTLETY

King Darius was a circumspect prince, and had three sons, whom he much loved. On his death-bed he bequeathed the kingdom to his first-born; to the second, all his own personal acquisitions; and to the third a golden ring, a necklace, and a piece of valuable cloth. The ring had the power to render any one who bore it on his finger beloved; and, moreover, obtained for him whatsoever he sought. The necklace enabled the person who wore it upon his breast to accomplish his heart's desire; and the cloth had such virtue, that whosoever sat upon it and

thought where he would be carried, there he instantly found himself. These three gifts the king conferred upon the younger son, for the purpose of aiding his studies; but the mother retained them until he was of a proper age. Soon after the bequests, the old monarch gave up the ghost, and was magnificently buried. The two elder sons then took possession of their legacies, and the mother of the younger delivered to him the ring, with the caution that he should beware of the artifices of women, or he would otherwise lose the ring. Jonathan (for that was his name) took the ring, and went zealously to his studies, in which he made himself a proficient. But walking on a certain day through the street, he observed a very beautiful woman, with whom he was so much struck that he took her to him. He continued, however, to use the ring, and found favor with every one, insomuch that whatever he desired he had.

Now, the lady was greatly surprised that he lived so splendidly, having no possessions; and once, when he was particularly exhilarated, tenderly embraced him, and protested that there was not a creature under the sun whom she loved so much as she did him. He ought therefore, she thought, to tell her by what means he supported his magnificence. He, suspecting nothing, explained the virtues of the ring; and she begged that he would be careful of so invaluable a treasure. "But," added she, "in your daily intercourse with men you may lose it: place it in my custody, I beseech you." Overcome by her entreaties, he gave up the ring; and when his necessities came upon him, she asserted loudly that thieves had carried it off. He lamented bitterly that now he had not any means of subsistence; and, hastening to his mother, stated how he had lost his ring. "My son," said she, "I forewarned you of what would happen, but you have paid no attention to my advice. Here is the necklace; preserve it more carefully. If it be lost, you will forever want a thing of the greatest honor and profit." Jonathan took the necklace, and returned to his studies. At the gate of the city his mistress met him, and received him with the appearance of great joy. He remained with her, wearing the necklace upon his breast; and whatever he thought, he possessed. As before, he lived so gloriously that the lady wondered, well knowing that he had neither gold nor silver. She guessed, therefore,

that he carried another talisman; and cunningly drew from him the history of the wonder-working necklace. "Why," said the lady, "do you always take it with you? You may think in one moment more than can be made use of in a year. Let me keep it." "No," replied he, "you will lose the necklace as you lost the ring; and thus I shall receive the greatest possible injury." "O my lord," replied she, "I have learnt, by having had the custody of the ring, how to secure the necklace: and I assure you no one can possibly get it from me." The silly youth confided in her words, and delivered the necklace.

Now, when all he possessed was expended, he sought his talisman; and she, as before, solemnly protested that it had been stolen. This threw Jonathan into the greatest distress. "Am I mad," cried he, "that after the loss of my ring, I should give up the necklace?" Immediately hastening to his mother, he related to her the whole circumstance. Not a little afflicted, she said, "Oh, my dear child, why didst thou place confidence in the woman? People will believe thee a fool: but be wise, for I have nothing more for you than the valuable cloth which your father left: and if you lose that, it will be quite useless returning to me." Jonathan received the cloth, and again went to his studies. The harlot seemed very joyful; and he, spreading out the cloth, said, "My dear girl, my father bequeathed me this beautiful cloth; sit down upon it by my side." She complied, and Jonathan secretly wished that they were in a desert place, out of the reach of man. The talisman took effect; they were carried into a forest on the utmost boundary of the world, where there was not a trace of humanity. The lady wept bitterly, but Jonathan paid no regard to her tears. He solemnly vowed to Heaven that he would leave her a prey to the wild beasts, unless she restored his ring and necklace; and this she promised to do. Presently, yielding to her request, the foolish Jonathan discovered the power of the cloth; and in a little time being weary placed his head in her lap and slept. In the interim, she contrived to draw away that part of the cloth upon which he reposed, and sitting upon it alone, wished herself where she had been in the morning. The cloth immediately executed her wishes, and left Jonathan slumbering in the forest. When he awoke and found his cloth and his mistress departed, he burst into an

agony of tears. Where to bend his steps he knew not; but arising and fortifying himself with the sign of the cross, he walked along a certain path, until he reached a deep river, over which he must pass. But he found it so bitter and hot, that it even separated the flesh from the bones. Full of grief, he conveyed away a small quantity of that water, and when he had proceeded a little farther, felt hungry. A tree upon which hung the most tempting fruit invited him to partake; he did so, and immediately became a leper. He gathered also a little of the fruit, and conveyed it with him. After traveling for some time he arrived at another stream, of which the virtue was such that it restored the flesh to his feet; and eating of a second tree, he was cleansed from his leprosy. Some of that fruit he likewise took along with him.

Walking in this manner day after day, he came at length to a castle, where he was met by two men, who inquired what he was. "I am a physician," answered he. "This is lucky," said the other; "the king of this country is a leper, and if you are able to cure him of his leprosy, vast rewards will be assigned you." He promised to try his skill; and they led him forward to the king. The result was fortunate; he supplied him with the fruit of the second tree, and the leprosy left him; and washing the flesh with the water, it was completely restored. Being rewarded most bountifully, he embarked on board a vessel for his native city. There he circulated a report that a great physician was arrived; and the lady who had cheated him of the talismans, being sick unto death, immediately sent for him. Jonathan was so much disguised that she retained no recollection of him, but he very well remembered her. As soon as he arrived, he declared that medicine would avail nothing, unless she first confessed her sins; and if she had defrauded any one, it must be restored. The lady, reduced to the very verge of the grave, in a low voice acknowledged that she had cheated Jonathan of the ring, necklace, and cloth; and had left him in a desert place to be devoured by wild beasts. When she had said this, the pretended physician exclaimed, "Tell me, lady, where these talismans are." "In that chest," answered she; and delivered up the keys, by which he obtained possession of his treasures. Jonathan then gave her of the fruit which produced

leprosy; and, after she had eaten, of the water, which separated the flesh from the bones. The consequence was that she was excruciated with agony, and shortly died. Jonathan hastened to his mother, and the whole kingdom rejoiced at his return. He told by what means God had freed him from such various dangers; and, having lived many years, ended his days in peace.

APPLICATION

My beloved, the king is Christ; the queen-mother, the Church; and the three sons, men living in the world. The third son is any good Christian: the ring is faith; the necklace is grace or hope; and the cloth charity. The concubine is the flesh; the bitter water is repentance, and the first fruit is remorse; the second water is confession, and the second fruit is prayer, fasting, and almsgiving. The leprous king is any sinful man; the ship in which Jonathan embarked is the divine command.

OF THE VICISSITUDE OF EVERYTHING GOOD, AND ESPECIALLY OF A RIGHT JUDGMENT

THE Emperor Theodosius had the misfortune to lose his sight. He put up a bell in his palace; and the law was, that whoever had any suit to make should pull the string with his own hands. When the bell rang, a judge, appointed to this end, descended and administered justice. It chanced that a serpent made her nest immediately under the bell-rope, and in due time brought forth young. When they were old enough, one day she conducted them forth to enjoy the fresh air beyond the city. Now, while the serpent was absent, a toad entered and occupied her nest. When, therefore, the former returned with her young, she found the toad in possession, and instantly began an attack. But the latter baffled her attempts, and obstinately maintained his station. The serpent, perceiving her inability to eject the intruder, coiled her tail around the bell-rope, and forcibly rang the bell; as though she had said, "Descend, Judge, and give me justice; for the toad has wrongfully seized my nest." The judge, hearing the bell, descended; but not seeing any one, returned. The serpent, finding her design abortive, once more sounded the alarm. The judge again ap-

peared, and upon this occasion, seeing the serpent attached to the bell-rope and the toad in possession of her nest, declared the whole circumstance to the emperor. "Go down, my lord," said the latter, "and not only drive away the toad, but kill him; let the serpent possess her right." All which was done. On a subsequent day, as the king lay in his bed, the serpent entered the bed-chamber, carrying a precious stone in her mouth. The servants, perceiving this, informed the emperor, who gave directions that they should not harm it; "for," added he, "it will do me no injury." The serpent, gliding along, ascended the bed, and approaching the emperor's eyes, let the stone fall upon them, and immediately left the room. No sooner, however, had the stone touched the eyes than their sight was completely restored. Infinitely rejoiced at what had happened, the emperor made inquiry after the serpent, but it was not heard of again. He carefully treasured this invaluable stone, and ended his days in peace.

APPLICATION

My beloved, the emperor is any worldly-minded man who is blind to spiritual affairs. The bell is the tongue of a preacher; the cord is the Bible. The serpent is a wise confessor, who brings forth young — that is, good works. But prelates and confessors are often timid and negligent, and follow earthly more than heavenly matters, and then the toad, which is the devil, occupies their place. The serpent carries a stone — and the confessor the Sacred Writings, which alone are able to give sight to the blind.

EDWARD GIBBON

Edward Gibbon. Born at Putney, England, April 27, 1737; died in London, January 15, 1794. Author of the "Essay on the Study of Literature" in French; "Critical Observations," "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "Essay on the Study of Literature," "Miscellaneous Works, with Autobiography."

When the first volume of Gibbon's "Rome" was issued in 1776, the earliest edition was bought up within a few days. The public followed the

successive volumes with unflagging interest, and it has now an enviable place in the world's literature. His learning, and the sustained brilliancy of his treatment in dealing with a topic of such universal interest, have justly given to Gibbon high and enduring fame.

(From "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire")

After a diligent inquiry, I can discern four principal causes of the ruin of Rome, which continued to operate in a period of more than a thousand years. I. The injuries of time and nature. II. The hostile attacks of the Barbarians and Christians. III. The use and abuse of the materials. And, IV. The domestic quarrels of the Romans.

I. The art of man is able to construct monuments far more permanent than the narrow span of his own existence: yet these monuments, like himself, are perishable and frail; and in the boundless annals of time, his life and his labors must equally be measured as a fleeting moment. Of a simple and solid edifice, it is not easy however to circumscribe the duration. As the wonders of ancient days, the pyramids attracted the curiosity of the ancients: an hundred generations, the leaves of autumn have dropt into the grave; and after the fall of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies, the Cæsars and caliphs, the same pyramids stand erect and unshaken above the floods of the Nile. A complex figure of various and minute parts is more accessible to injury and decay; and the silent lapse of time is often accelerated by hurricanes and earthquakes, by fires and inundations. The air and earth have doubtless been shaken; and the lofty turrets of Rome have tottered from their foundations; but the seven hills do not appear to be placed on the great cavities of the globe; nor has the city, in any age, been exposed to the convulsions of nature, which, in the climate of Antioch, Lisbon, or Lima, have crumbled in a few moments the works of ages into dust. Fire is the most powerful agent of life and death: the rapid mischief may be kindled and propagated by the industry or negligence of mankind; and every period of the Roman annals is marked by the repetition of similar calamities. A memorable conflagration, the guilt or misfortune of Nero's reign, continued, though with unequal fury, either six or nine days. Innumerable buildings, crowded in close and crooked streets, supplied perpetual

fuel for the flames; and when they ceased, four only of the fourteen regions were left entire; three were totally destroyed, and seven were deformed by the relics of smoking and lacerated edifices. In the full meridian of empire, the metropolis arose with fresh beauty from her ashes; yet the memory of the old deplored their irreparable losses, the arts of Greece, the trophies of victory, the monuments of primitive or fabulous antiquity. In the days of distress and anarchy, every wound is mortal, every fall irretrievable; nor can the damage be restored either by the public care of government, or the activity of private interest. Yet two causes may be alleged, which render the calamity of fire more destructive to a flourishing than a decayed city. 1. The more combustible materials of brick, timber, and metals, are first melted or consumed; but the flames may play without injury or effect on the naked walls, and massy arches, that have been despoiled of their ornaments. 2 It is among the common and plebeian habitations, that a mischievous spark is most easily blown to a conflagration; but as soon as they are devoured, the greater edifices which have resisted or escaped, are left as so many islands in a state of solitude and safety. From her situation, Rome is exposed to the danger of frequent inundations. Without excepting the Tiber, the rivers that descend from either side of the Apennine have a short and irregular course; a shallow stream in the summer heats; an impetuous torrent, when it is swelled in the spring or winter, by the fall of rain, and the melting of the snows. When the current is repelled from the sea by adverse winds, when the ordinary bed is inadequate to the weight of waters, they rise above the banks, and overspread, without limits or control, the plains and cities of the adjacent country. Soon after the triumph of the first Punic war the Tiber was increased by unusual rains; and the inundation surpassing all former measure of time and place, destroyed all the buildings that were situated below the hills of Rome. According to the variety of ground, the same mischief was produced by different means; and the edifices were either swept away by the sudden impulse, or dissolved and undermined by the long continuance of the flood. Under the reign of Augustus, the same calamity was renewed; the lawless river overturned the palaces and temples on its banks; and, after the labors of the emperor

in cleansing and widening the bed that was encumbered with ruins, the vigilance of his successors was exercised by similar dangers and designs. The project of diverting into new channels the Tiber itself, or some of the dependent streams, was long opposed by superstition and local interests; nor did the use compensate the toil and cost of the tardy and imperfect execution. The servitude of rivers is the noblest and most important victory which man has obtained over the licentiousness of nature; and if such were the ravages of the Tiber under a firm and active government, what could oppose, or who can enumerate, the injuries of the city, after the fall of the Western empire? A remedy was at length produced by the evil itself; the accumulation of rubbish and the earth, that has been washed down from the hills, is supposed to have elevated the plain of Rome, fourteen or fifteen feet, perhaps, above the ancient level; and the modern city is less accessible to the attacks of the river.

II. The crowd of writers of every nation, who impute the destruction of the Roman monuments to the Goths and the Christians, have neglected to inquire how far they were animated by an hostile principle, and how far they possessed the means and the leisure to satiate their enmity. In the preceding volumes of this History, I have described the triumph of barbarism and religion; and I can only resume, in a few words, their real or imaginary connection with the ruin of ancient Rome. Our fancy may create, or adopt, a pleasing romance, that the Goths and Vandals sallied from Scandinavia, ardent to avenge the flight of Odin; to break the chains, and to chastise the oppressors, of mankind; that they wished to burn the records of classic literature, and to found their national architecture on the broken members of the Tuscan and Corinthian orders. But in simple truth, the northern conquerors were neither sufficiently savage, nor sufficiently refined, to entertain such aspiring ideas of destruction and revenge. The shepherds of Scythia and Germany had been educated in the armies of the empire, whose discipline they acquired, and whose weakness they invaded: with the familiar use of the Latin tongue, they had learned to reverence the name and titles of Rome; and, though incapable of emulating, they were more inclined to admire, than to abolish, the arts and studies of a brighter period. In the transient posses-

sion of a rich and unresisting capital, the soldiers of Alaric and Genseric were stimulated by the passions of a victorious army; amidst the wanton indulgence of lust or cruelty, portable wealth was the object of their search; nor could they derive either pride or pleasure from the unprofitable reflection, that they had battered to the ground the works of the consuls and Cæsars. Their moments were indeed precious; the Goths evacuated Rome on the sixth, the Vandals on the fifteenth, day; and, though it be far more difficult to build than to destroy, their hasty assault would have made a slight impression on the solid piles of antiquity. We may remember, that both Alaric and Genseric affected to spare the buildings of the city; that they subsisted in strength and beauty under the auspicious government of Theodoric; and that the momentary resentment of Totila was disarmed by his own temper and the advice of his friends and enemies. From these innocent Barbarians, the reproach may be transferred to the Catholics of Rome. The statues, altars, and houses, of the dæmons, were an abomination in their eyes; and in the absolute command of the city, they might labor with zeal and perseverance to erase the idolatry of their ancestors. The demolition of the temples in the East affords to *them* an example of conduct, and to *us* an argument of belief; and it is probable that a portion of guilt or merit may be imputed with justice to the Roman proselytes. Yet their abhorrence was confined to the monuments of heathen superstition; and the civil structures that were dedicated to the business or pleasure of society might be preserved without injury or scandal. The change of religion was accomplished, not by a popular tumult, but by the decrees of the emperors, of the senate, and of time. Of the Christian hierarchy, the bishops of Rome were commonly the most prudent and least fanatic; nor can any positive charge be opposed to the meritorious acts of saving and converting the majestic structure of the Pantheon.

III. The value of any object that supplies the wants or pleasures of mankind is compounded of its substance and its form, of the materials and the manufacture. Its price must depend on the number of persons by whom it may be acquired and used; on the extent of the market; and consequently on the ease or difficulty of remote exportation, according to the nature of the com-

modity, its local situation, and the temporary circumstances of the world. The Barbarian conquerors of Rome usurped in a moment the toil and treasure of successive ages; but, except the luxuries of immediate consumption, they must view without desire all that could not be removed from the city in the Gothic wagons or the fleet of the Vandals. Gold and silver were the first objects of their avarice; as in every country, and in the smallest compass, they represent the most ample command of the industry and possessions of mankind. A vase or a statue of those precious metals might tempt the vanity of some Barbarian chief; but the grosser multitude, regardless of the form, was tenacious only of the substance; and the melted ingots might be readily divided and stamped into the current coin of the empire. The less active or less fortunate robbers were reduced to the baser plunder of brass, lead, iron, and copper: whatever had escaped the Goths and Vandals was pillaged by the Greek tyrants; and the emperor Constans, in his rapacious visit, stripped the bronze tiles from the roof of the Pantheon. The edifices of Rome might be considered as a vast and various mine; the first labor of extracting the materials was already performed; the metals were purified and cast; the marbles were hewn and polished; and after foreign and domestic rapine had been satiated, the remains of the city, could a purchaser have been found, were still venal. The monuments of antiquity had been left naked of their precious ornaments; but the Romans would demolish with their own hand the arches and walls, if the hope of profit could surpass the cost of the labor and exportation. If Charlemagne had fixed in Italy the seat of the Western empire, his genius would have aspired to restore, rather than to violate, the works of the Cæsars; but policy confined the French monarch to the forests of Germany; his taste could be gratified only by destruction; and the new palace of Aix-la-Chapelle was decorated with marbles of Ravenna and Rome. Five hundred years after Charlemagne, a king of Sicily, Robert, the wisest and most liberal sovereign of the age, was supplied with the same materials by the easy navigation of the Tiber and the sea; and Petrarch sighs an indignant complaint, that the ancient capital of the world should adorn from her own bowels the slothful luxury of Naples. But these examples of plunder or pur-

chase were rare in the darker ages; and the Romans, alone and unenvied, might have applied to their private or public use the remaining structures of antiquity, if in their present form and situation they had not been useless in a great measure to the city and its inhabitants. The walls still described the old circumference, but the city had descended from the seven hills into the Campus Martius; and some of the noblest monuments which had braved the injuries of time were left in a desert, far remote from the habitations of mankind. The palaces of the senators were no longer adapted to the manners or fortunes of their indigent successors: the use of baths and porticos was forgotten: in the sixth century, the games of the theater, amphitheater, and circus had been interrupted: some temples were devoted to the prevailing worship; but the Christian churches preferred the holy figure of the cross; and fashion, or reason, had distributed after a peculiar model the cells and offices of the cloister. Under the ecclesiastical reign, the number of these pious foundations was enormously multiplied; and the city was crowded with forty monasteries of men, twenty of women, and sixty chapters and colleges of canons and priests, who aggravated, instead of relieving, the depopulation of the tenth century. But if the forms of ancient architecture were disregarded by a people insensible of their use and beauty, the plentiful materials were applied to every call of necessity or superstition; till the fairest columns of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, the richest marbles of Paros and Numidia, were degraded, perhaps to the support of a convent or a stable. The daily havoc which is perpetrated by the Turks in the cities of Greece and Asia may afford a melancholy example; and in the gradual destruction of the monuments of Rome, Sixtus the Fifth may alone be excused for employing the stones of the Septizonium in the glorious edifice of St. Peter's. A fragment, a ruin, howsoever mangled or profaned, may be viewed with pleasure and regret; but the greater part of the marble was deprived of substance, as well as of place and proportion; it was burnt to lime for the purpose of cement. Since the arrival of Poggius, the temple of Concord, and many capital structures, had vanished from his eyes; and an epigram of the same age expresses a just and pious fear that the continuance of this practice would

finally annihilate all the monuments of antiquity. The smallness of their numbers was the sole check on the demand and depredations of the Romans. The imagination of Petrarch might create the presence of a mighty people; and I hesitate to believe, that, even in the fourteenth century, they could be reduced to a contemptible list of thirty-three thousand inhabitants. From that period to the reign of Leo the Tenth, if they multiplied to the amount of eighty-five thousand, the increase of citizens was in some degree pernicious to the ancient city.

IV. I have reserved for the last, the most potent and forcible cause of destruction, the domestic hostilities of the Romans themselves. Under the dominion of the Greek and French emperors, the peace of the city was disturbed by accidental, though frequent, seditions: it is from the decline of the latter, from the beginning of the tenth century, that we may date the licentiousness of private war, which violated with impunity the laws of the Code and the Gospel, without respecting the majesty of the absent sovereign, or the presence and person of the vicar of Christ. In a dark period of five hundred years, Rome was perpetually afflicted by the sanguinary quarrels of the nobles and the people, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Colonna and Ursini; and if much has escaped the knowledge, and much is unworthy of the notice, of history, I have exposed in the two preceding chapters the causes and effects of the public disorders. At such a time, when every quarrel was decided by the sword, and none could trust their lives or properties to the impotence of law, the powerful citizens were armed for safety, or offense, against the domestic enemies whom they feared or hated. Except Venice alone, the same dangers and designs were common to all the free republics of Italy; and the nobles usurped the prerogative of fortifying their houses, and erecting strong towers, that were capable of resisting a sudden attack. The cities were filled with these hostile edifices; and the example of Lucca, which contained three hundred towers; her law, which confined their height to the measure of fourscore feet, may be extended with suitable latitude to the more opulent and populous states. The first step of the senator Brancaleone in the establishment of peace and justice, was to demolish (as we have already seen) one hundred and forty of the towers of Rome; and, in the

last days of anarchy and discord, as late as the reign of Martin the Fifth, forty-four still stood in one of the thirteen or fourteen regions of the city. To this mischievous purpose, the remains of antiquity were most readily adapted, the temples and arches afforded a broad and solid basis for the new structures of brick and stone; and we can name the modern turrets that were raised on the triumphal monuments of Julius Cæsar, Titus, and the Antonines. With some slight alterations, a theater, an amphitheater, a mausoleum, was transformed into a strong and spacious citadel. I need not repeat, that the mole of Adrian has assumed the title and form of the castle of St. Angelo; the Septizonium of Severus was capable of standing against a royal army; the sepulcher of Metella has sunk under its outworks; the theaters of Pompey and Marcellus were occupied by the Savelli and Ursini families; and the rough fortress has been gradually softened to the splendor and elegance of an Italian palace. Even the churches were encompassed with arms and bulwarks, and the military engines on the roof of St. Peter's were the terror of the Vatican and the scandal of the Christian world. Whatever is fortified will be attacked; and whatever is attacked may be destroyed. Could the Romans have wrested from the popes the castle of St. Angelo, they had resolved by a public decree to annihilate that monument of servitude. Every building of defense was exposed to a siege; and in every siege the arts and engines of destruction were laboriously employed. After the death of Nicholas the Fourth, Rome, without a sovereign or a senate, was abandoned six months to the fury of civil war. "The houses," says a cardinal and poet of the times, "were crushed by the weight and velocity of enormous stones, the walls were perforated by the strokes of the battering-ram; the towers were involved in fire and smoke; and the assailants were stimulated by rapine and revenge." The work was consummated by the tyranny of the laws; and the factions of Italy alternately exercised a blind and thoughtless vengeance on their adversaries, whose houses and castles they razed to the ground. In comparing the *days* of foreign, with the *ages* of domestic, hostility, we must pronounce, that the latter have been far more ruinous to the city; and our opinion is confirmed by the evidence of Petrarch. "Behold,"

says the laureate, "the relics of Rome, the image of her pristine greatness! neither time nor the Barbarian can boast the merit of this stupendous destruction: it was perpetrated by her own citizens, by the most illustrious of her sons; and your ancestors (he writes to a noble Annibaldi) have done with the battering-ram, what the Punic hero could not accomplish with the sword." The influence of the two last principles of decay must in some degree be multiplied by each other; since the houses and towers, which were subverted by civil war, required a new and perpetual supply from the monuments of antiquity.

These general observations may be separately applied to the amphitheater of Titus, which has obtained the name of the Coliseum, either from its magnitude, or from Nero's colossal statue: an edifice, had it been left to time and nature, which might perhaps have claimed an eternal duration. The curious antiquaries, who have computed the numbers and seats, are disposed to believe, that above the upper row of stone steps the amphitheater was encircled and elevated with several stages of wooden galleries, which were repeatedly consumed by fire, and restored by the emperors. Whatever was precious, or portable, or profane, the statues of gods and heroes, and the costly ornaments of sculpture, which were cast in brass, or overspread with leaves of silver and gold, became the first prey of conquest or fanaticism, of the avarice of the Barbarians or the Christians. In the massy stones of the Coliseum, many holes are discerned; and the two most probable conjectures represent the various accidents of its decay. These stones were connected by solid links of brass or iron, nor had the eye of rapine overlooked the value of the baser metals: the vacant space was converted into a fair or market; the artisans of the Coliseum are mentioned in an ancient survey; and the chasms were perforated or enlarged to receive the poles that supported the shops or tents of the mechanic trades. Reduced to its naked majesty, the Flavian amphitheater was contemplated with awe and admiration by the pilgrims of the North; and their rude enthusiasm broke forth in a sublime proverbial expression, which is recorded in the eighth century, in the fragments of the Venerable Bede: "As long as the Coliseum stands, Rome shall stand; when the Coliseum falls, Rome will fall: when Rome falls, the world will

fall." In the modern system of war, a situation commanded by three hills would not be chosen for a fortress; but the strength of the walls and arches could resist the engines of assault; a numerous garrison might be lodged in the inclosure; and while one faction occupied the Vatican and the Capitol, the other was intrenched in the Lateran and the Coliseum.

The abolition at Rome of the ancient games must be understood with some latitude; and the carnival sports, of the Testacean mount and the Circus Agonalis, were regulated by the law or custom of the city. The senator presided with dignity and pomp to adjudge and distribute the prizes, the gold ring, or the *pallium*, as it was styled, of cloth or silk. A tribute on the Jews supplied the annual expense; and the races, on foot, on horseback, or in chariots, were ennobled by a tilt and tournament of seventy-two of the Roman youth. In the year one thousand three hundred and thirty-two, a bull-feast, after the fashion of the Moors and Spaniards, was celebrated in the Coliseum itself; and the living manners are painted in a diary of the times. A convenient order of benches was restored; and a general proclamation, as far as Rimini and Ravenna, invited the nobles to exercise their skill and courage in this perilous adventure. The Roman ladies were marshaled in three squadrons, and seated in three balconies, which on this day, the third of September, were lined with scarlet cloth. The fair Jacova di Rovere led the matrons from beyond the Tiber, a pure and native race, who still represent the features and character of antiquity. The remainder of the city was divided as usual between the Colonna and Ursini: the two factions were proud of the numbers and beauty of their female bands: the charms of Savella Ursini are mentioned with praise; and the Colonna regretted the absence of the youngest of their house, who had sprained her ankle in the garden of Nero's tower. The lots of the champions were drawn by an old and respectable citizen; and they descended into the arena, or pit, to encounter the wild bulls, on foot as it should seem, with a single spear. Amidst the crowd, our annalist has selected the names, colors, and devices of twenty of the most conspicuous knights. Several of the names are the most illustrious of Rome and the ecclesiastical state: Malatesta, Polenta, della Valle, Cafarello, Sa-

vello, Capoccio, Conti, Annibaldi, Altieri, Corsi: the colors were adapted to their taste and situation; the devices are expressive of hope or despair, and breathe the spirit of gallantry and arms. "I am alone, like the youngest of the Horatii," the confidence of an intrepid stranger: "I live disconsolate," a weeping widower: "I burn under the ashes," a discreet lover: "I adore Lavinia, or Lucretia," the ambiguous declaration of a modern passion: "My faith is as pure," the motto of a white livery: "Who is stronger than myself?" of a lion's hide: "If I am drowned in blood, what a pleasant death," the wish of ferocious courage. The pride or prudence of the Ursini restrained them from the field, which was occupied by three of their hereditary rivals, whose inscriptions denoted the lofty greatness of the Colonna name: "Though sad, I am strong:" "strong as I am great:" "If I fall," addressing himself to the spectators, "you fall with me:" intimating (says the contemporary writer) that while the other families were the subjects of the Vatican, they alone were the supporters of the Capitol. The combats of the amphitheater were dangerous and bloody. Every champion successively encountered a wild bull; and the victory may be ascribed to the quadrupeds, since no more than eleven were left on the field, with the loss of nine wounded and eighteen killed on the side of their adversaries. Some of the noblest families might mourn, but the pomp of the funerals, in the churches of St. John Lateran and St. Maria Maggiore, afforded a second holiday to the people. Doubtless it was not in such conflicts that the blood of the Romans should have been shed; yet, in blaming their rashness, we are compelled to applaud their gallantry; and the noble volunteers, who display their magnificence, and risk their lives, under the balconies of the fair, excite a more generous sympathy than the thousands of captives and malefactors who were reluctantly dragged to the scene of slaughter.

This use of the amphitheater was a rare, perhaps a singular, festival: the demand for the materials was a daily and continual want, which the citizens could gratify without restraint or remorse. In the fourteenth century, a scandalous act of concord secured to both factions the privilege of extracting stones from the free and common quarry of the Coliseum; and Poggius laments that the greater part of these stones had been burnt to

lime by the folly of the Romans. To check this abuse, and to prevent the nocturnal crimes that might be perpetrated in the vast and gloomy recess, Eugenius the Fourth surrounded it with a wall; and, by a charter long extant, granted both the ground and edifice to the monks of an adjacent convent. After his death, the wall was overthrown in a tumult of the people; and had they themselves respected the noblest monument of their fathers, they might have justified the resolve that it should never be degraded to private property. The inside was damaged, but in the middle of the sixteenth century, an era of taste and learning, the exterior circumference of one thousand six hundred and twelve feet was still entire and inviolate; a triple elevation of fourscore arches, which rose to the height of one hundred and eight feet. Of the present ruin, the nephews of Paul the Third are the guilty agents; and every traveler who views the Farnese palace may curse the sacrilege and luxury of these upstart princes. A similar reproach is applied to the Barberini; and the repetition of injury might be dreaded from every reign, till the Coliseum was placed under the safeguard of religion by the most liberal of the pontiffs, Benedict the Fourteenth, who consecrated a spot which persecution and fable had stained with the blood of so many Christian martyrs.

When Petrarch first gratified his eyes with a view of those monuments, whose scattered fragments so far surpass the most eloquent descriptions, he was astonished at the supine indifference of the Romans themselves; he was humbled rather than elated by the discovery, that, except his friend Rienzi and one of the Colonna, a stranger of the Rhone was more conversant with these antiquities than the nobles and natives of the metropolis. The ignorance and credulity of the Romans are elaborately displayed in the old survey of the city which was composed about the beginning of the thirteenth century; and, without dwelling on the manifold errors of name and place, the legend of the Capitol may provoke a smile of contempt and indignation. "The Capitol," says the anonymous writer, "is so named as being the head of the world; where the consuls and senators formerly resided for the government of the city and the globe. The strong and lofty walls were covered with glass and gold, and crowned with a roof of the richest and most curious

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND, GIBBON'S HOME

carving. Below the citadel stood a palace, of gold for the greatest part, decorated with precious stones, and whose value might be esteemed at one third of the world itself. The statues of all the provinces were arranged in order, each with a small bell suspended from its neck; and "such was the contrivance of art magic, that if the province rebelled against Rome, the statue turned round to that quarter of the heavens, the bell rang, the prophet of the Capitol reported the prodigy, and the senate was admonished of the impending danger." A second example of less importance, though of equal absurdity, may be drawn from the two marble horses, led by two naked youths, which have since been transported from the baths of Constantine to the Quirinal hill. The groundless application of the names of Phidias and Praxiteles may perhaps be excused; but these Grecian sculptors should not have been removed above four hundred years from the age of Pericles to that of Tiberius: they should not have been transformed into two philosophers or magicians, whose nakedness was the symbol of truth or knowledge, who revealed to the emperor his most secret actions; and, after refusing all pecuniary recompense, solicited the honor of leaving this eternal monument of themselves. Thus awake to the power of magic, the Romans were insensible to the beauties of art: no more than five statues were visible to the eyes of Poggius; and of the multitudes which chance or design had buried under the ruins, the resurrection was fortunately delayed till a safer and more enlightened age. The Nile, which now adorns the Vatican, had been explored by some laborers, in digging a vineyard near the temple, or convent, of the Minerva; but the impatient proprietor, who was tormented by some visits of curiosity, restored the unprofitable marble to its former grave. The discovery of a statue of Pompey, ten feet in length, was the occasion of a lawsuit. It had been found under a partition wall: the equitable judge had pronounced that the head should be separated from the body to satisfy the claim of the contiguous owners; and the sentence would have been executed, if the intercession of a cardinal, and the liberality of a pope, had not rescued the Roman hero from the hands of his barbarous countrymen.

But the clouds of barbarism were gradually dispelled; and the peaceful authority of Martin the Fifth and his successors

restored the ornaments of the city as well as the order of the ecclesiastical state. The improvements of Rome, since the fifteenth century, have not been the spontaneous produce of freedom and industry. The first and most natural root of a great city is the labor and populousness of the adjacent country, which supplies the materials of subsistence, of manufactures, and of foreign trade. But the greater part of the Campagna of Rome is reduced to a dreary and desolate wilderness: the overgrown estates of the princes and the clergy are cultivated by the lazy hands of indigent and hopeless vassals; and the scanty harvests are confined or exported for the benefit of a monopoly. A second and more artificial cause of the growth of a metropolis is the residence of a monarch, the expense of a luxurious court, and the tributes of dependent provinces. Those provinces and tributes had been lost in the fall of the empire; and if some streams of the silver of Peru and the gold of Brazil have been attracted by the Vatican, the revenues of the cardinals, the fees of office, the oblations of pilgrims and clients, and the remnant of ecclesiastical taxes, afford a poor and precarious supply, which maintains, however, the idleness of the court and city. The population of Rome, far below the measure of the great capitals of Europe, does not exceed one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants; and within the spacious inclosure of the walls, the largest portion of the seven hills is overspread with vineyards and ruins. The beauty and splendor of the modern city may be ascribed to the abuses of the government, to the influence of superstition. Each reign (the exceptions are rare) has been marked by the rapid elevation of a new family, enriched by the childish pontiff at the expense of the church and country. The palaces of these fortunate nephews are the most costly monuments of elegance and servitude: the perfect arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture have been prostituted in their service; and their galleries and gardens are decorated with the most precious works of antiquity, which taste or vanity has prompted them to collect. The ecclesiastical revenues were more decently employed by the popes themselves in the pomp of the Catholic worship; but it is superfluous to enumerate their pious foundation of altars, chapels, and churches, since these lesser stars are eclipsed by the sun of the Vatican, by the dome of St. Peter, the most glorious

structure that ever has been applied to the use of religion. The fame of Julius the Second, Leo the Tenth, and Sixtus the Fifth is accompanied by the superior merit of Bramante and Fontana, of Raphael and Michaelangelo; and the same munificence which had been displayed in palaces and temples was directed with equal zeal to revive and emulate the labors of antiquity. Prostrate obelisks were raised from the ground, and erected in the most conspicuous places; of the eleven aqueducts of the Cæsars and consuls, three were restored; the artificial rivers were conducted over a long series of old, or of new, arches, to discharge into marble basins a flood of salubrious and refreshing waters: and the spectator, impatient to ascend the steps of St. Peter's, is detained by a column of Egyptian granite, which rises between two lofty and perpetual fountains, to the height of one hundred and twenty feet. The map, the description, the monuments of ancient Rome, have been elucidated by the diligence of the antiquarian and the student; and the footsteps of heroes, the relics, not of superstition, but of empire, are devoutly visited by a new race of pilgrims from the remote, and once savage, countries of the North.

Of these pilgrims, and of every reader, the attention will be excited by an History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; the greatest, perhaps, and most awful scene, in the history of mankind. The various causes and progressive effects are connected with many of the events most interesting in human annals: the artful policy of the Cæsars, who long maintained the name and image of a free republic; the disorders of military despotism; the rise, establishment and sects of Christianity; the foundation of Constantinople; the division of the monarchy; the invasion and settlements of the Barbarians of Germany and Scythia; the institutions of the civil law; the character and religion of Mahomet; the temporal sovereignty of the popes; the restoration and decay of the Western empire of Charlemange; the crusades of the Latins in the East; the conquests of the Saracens and Turks; the ruin of the Greek empire; the state and revolutions of Rome in the Middle Age. The historian may applaud the importance and variety of his subject; but, while he is conscious of his own imperfections, he must often accuse the

deficiency of his materials. It was among the ruins of the Capitol that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised near twenty years of my life, and which, however inadequate to my own wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity and candor of the public.

(From "Autobiography")

The gratification of my desires (they were not immoderate) has been seldom disappointed by the want of money or credit; my pride was never insulted by the visit of an importunate tradesman; and my transient anxiety for the past or future has been dispelled by the studious or social occupation of the present hour. My conscience does not accuse me of any act of extravagance or injustice, and the remnant of my estate affords an ample and honorable provision for my declining age. I shall not expatiate on my economical affairs, which cannot be instructive or amusing to the reader. It is a rule of prudence, as well as of politeness, to reserve such confidence for the ear of a private friend, without exposing our situation to the envy or pity of strangers; for envy is productive of hatred, and pity borders too nearly on contempt. Yet I may believe, and even assert, that in circumstances more indigent or more wealthy I should never have accomplished the task, or acquired the fame, of an historian; that my spirit would have been broken by poverty and contempt, and that my industry might have been relaxed in the labor and luxury of a superfluous fortune.

I had now attained the first of earthly blessings, independence: I was the absolute master of my hours and actions: nor was I deceived in the hope that the establishment of my library in town would allow me to divide the day between study and society. Each year the circle of my acquaintance, the number of my dead and living companions, was enlarged. To a lover of books the shops and sales of London present irresistible temptations; and the manufacture of my history required a various and growing stock of materials. The militia, my travels, the House of Commons, the fame of an author, contributed to multiply my connections; I was chosen a member of the fashionable clubs; and, before I left England in

1783, there were few persons of any eminence in the literary or political world to whom I was a stranger. It would most assuredly be in my power to amuse the reader with a gallery of portraits and a collection of anecdotes. But I have always condemned the practice of transforming a private memorial into a vehicle of satire or praise. By my own choice I passed in town the greatest part of the year: but whenever I was desirous of breathing the air of the country, I possessed an hospitable retreat at Sheffield-place in Sussex, in the family of my valuable friend Mr. Holroyd, whose character, under the name of Lord Sheffield, has since been more conspicuous to the public.

No sooner was I settled in my house and library, than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my history. At the outset all was dark and doubtful — even the title of the work, the true era of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labor of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced, by three successive revisals, from a large volume to their present size; and they might still be compressed without any loss of facts or sentiments. An opposite fault may be imputed to the concise and superficial narrative of the first reigns, from Commodus to Alexander; a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr. Hume in his last journey to London. Such an oracle might have been consulted and obeyed with rational devotion; but I was soon disgusted with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends, some will praise from politeness, and some will criticize from vanity. The author himself is the best judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated on the subject; no one is so sincerely interested in the event.

By the friendship of Mr. (now Lord) Elliot, who had married my first cousin, I was returned at the general election for the borough of Liskeard. I took my seat at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America, and supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not perhaps the interest, of the mother country. After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice,

Vincentum strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Timidity was fortified with pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice. But I assisted at the debates of a free assembly; I listened to the attack and defense of eloquence and reason; I had a near prospect of the character, views, and passions, of the first men of the age. The cause of government was ably vindicated by Lord North, a statesman of spotless integrity, a consummate master of debate, who could wield, with equal dexterity, the arms of reason and of ridicule. He was seated on the treasury-bench between his attorney and solicitor-general, the two pillars of the law and state, *magis pares quam similes;* and the minister might indulge in a short slumber, whilst he was upholden on either hand by the majestic sense of Thurlow, and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburne. From the adverse side of the house an ardent and powerful opposition was supported by the lively declamation of Barré, the legal acuteness of Dunning, the profuse and philosophic fancy of Burke, and the argumentative vehemence of Fox, who, in the conduct of a party, approved himself equal to the conduct of an empire. By such men every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended; and the subject of the momentous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain and America. The eight sessions that I sat in parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.

The volume of my history, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined

by my friend Mr. Elmsly, I agreed upon easy terms with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revisal of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. During this awful interval I was neither elated by the ambition of fame, nor depressed by the apprehension of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were attested by my own conscience. History is the most popular species of writing, since it can adapt itself to the highest or the lowest capacity. I had chosen an illustrious subject. Rome is familiar to the school-boy and the statesman; and my narrative was deduced from the last period of classical reading. I had likewise flattered myself that an age of light and liberty would receive, without scandal, an inquiry into the human *causes* of the progress and establishment of Christianity.

I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work, without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilette; the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any *profane* critic. The favor of mankind is most freely bestowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit; and the mutual surprise of the public and their favorite is productive of those warm sensibilities which at a second meeting can no longer be rekindled. If I listened to the music of praise, I was more seriously satisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candor of Dr. Robertson embraced his disciple. A letter from Mr. Hume overpaid the labor of ten years; but I have never presumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians.

Nearly two years had elapsed between the publication of my

first and the commencement of my second volume; and the causes must be assigned of this long delay. 1. After a short holiday, I indulged my curiosity in some studies of a very different nature; a course of anatomy, which was demonstrated by Dr. Hunter, and some lessons of chemistry, which were delivered by Mr. Higgins. The principles of these sciences, and a taste for books of natural history, contributed to multiply my ideas and images; and the anatomist and the chemist may sometimes track me in their own snow. 2. I dived, perhaps too deeply, into the mud of the Arian controversy; and many days of reading, thinking, and writing were consumed in the pursuit of a phantom. 3. It is difficult to arrange, with order and perspicuity, the various transactions of the age of Constantine; and so much was I displeased with the first essay, that I committed to the flames above fifty sheets. 4. The six months of Paris and pleasure must be deducted from the account. But when I resumed my task I felt my improvement; I was now master of my style and subject, and while the measure of my daily performances was enlarged, I discovered less reason to cancel or correct. It has always been my practice to cast a long paragraph in a single mold, to try it by my ear, to deposit it in my memory, but to suspend the action of the pen till I had given the last polish to my work. Shall I add that I never found my mind more vigorous, nor my composition more happy, than in the winter hurry of society and parliament?

Had I believed that the majority of English readers were so fondly attached even to the name and shadow of Christianity; had I foreseen that the pious, the timid, and the prudent would feel, or affect to feel, with such exquisite sensibility, I might perhaps have softened the two invidious chapters which would create many enemies, and conciliate few friends. But the shaft was shot, the alarm was sounded, and I could only rejoice that if the voice of our priests was clamorous and bitter, their hands were disarmed from the powers of persecution.

Before I could apply for a seat at the general election, the list was already full; but Lord North's promise was sincere, his recommendation was effectual, and I was soon chosen on a vacancy for the borough of Lymington in Hampshire. In the first session

of the new parliament, administration stood their ground; their final overthrow was reserved for the second. The American war had once been the favorite of the country: the pride of England was irritated by the resistance of her colonies, and the executive power was driven by national clamor into the most vigorous and coercive measures. But the length of a fruitless contest, the loss of armies, the accumulation of debt and taxes, and the hostile confederacy of France, Spain, and Holland, indisposed the public to the American war, and the persons by whom it was conducted; the representatives of the people followed, at a slow distance, the changes of their opinion; and the ministers, who refused to bend, were broken by the tempest. As soon as Lord North had lost, or was about to lose, a majority in the House of Commons, he surrendered his office, and retired to a private station, with the tranquil assurance of a clear conscience and a cheerful temper: the old fabric was dissolved, and the posts of government were occupied by the victorious and veteran troops of opposition. The lords of trade were not immediately dismissed, but the board itself was abolished by Mr. Burke's bill, which decency had compelled the patriots to revive; and I was stripped of a convenient salary, after having enjoyed it about three years.

So flexible is the title of my History, that the final era might be fixed at my own choice; and I long hesitated whether I should be content with the three volumes, the Fall of the Western Empire, which fulfilled my first engagement with the public. In this interval of suspense, nearly a twelvemonth, I returned by a natural impulse to the Greek authors of antiquity; I read with new pleasure the Iliad and the Odyssey, the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, a large portion of the tragic and comic theater of Athens, and many interesting dialogues of the Socratic school. Yet in the luxury of freedom I began to wish for the daily task, the active pursuit, which gave a value to every book, and an object to every inquiry; the preface of a new edition announced my design, and I dropped without reluctance from the age of Plato to that of Justinian. The original texts of Procopius and Agathias supplied the events and even the characters of his reign: but a laborious winter was devoted to the codes, the pandects, and the modern interpreters, before I presumed to

form an abstract of the civil law. My skill was improved by practice, my diligence perhaps was quickened by the loss of office; and, excepting the last chapter, I had finished the fourth volume before I sought a retreat on the banks of Leman lake.

In the fifth and sixth volumes the revolutions of the empire and the world are most rapid, various, and instructive; and the Greek or Roman historians are checked by the hostile narratives of the barbarians of the East and the West.

It was not till after many designs, and many trials, that I preferred, as I still prefer, the method of grouping my picture by nations; and the seeming neglect of chronological order is surely compensated by the superior merits of interest and perspicuity. The style of the first volume is, in my opinion, somewhat crude and elaborate; in the second and third it is ripened into ease, correctness and numbers; but in the three last I may have been seduced by the facility of my pen, and the constant habit of speaking one language and writing another may have infused some mixture of Gallic idioms. Happily for my eyes, I have always closed my studies with the day, and commonly with the morning; and a long but temperate labor has been accomplished without fatiguing either the mind or body; but when I computed the remainder of my time and my task, it was apparent that, according to the season of publication, the delay of a month would be productive of that of a year. I was now straining for the goal, and in the last winter many evenings were borrowed from the social pleasures of Lausanne. I could now wish that a pause, an interval, had been allowed for a serious revisal.

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, on the 27 h of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy

was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT. Born in London, November 18, 1836. A humorist and dramatist of great fame; author of "The Bab Ballads," and of many popular librettos, and best known by his association with Sir Arthur Sullivan in their joint production of comic operas.

(From "THE BAB BALLADS")

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

'TWAS on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid;
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know,
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So, we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom,
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,' —
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can — and will — cook *you!*'

"So, he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see,
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scums of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And — as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

. . . . . .

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have — which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, one of the greatest of English orators and statesmen. Born in Liverpool, December 29, 1809; died at Hawarden, May 19, 1898. Author of "Juventus Mundi," "Studies in Homer and the Homeric Age," "Homeric Synchronism," "The State in its Relations with the Church," "Church Principles considered in their Results," "Gleanings of Past Years."

Mr. Gladstone was one of the most powerful and persuasive speakers ever heard in the House of Commons. His clear, far-reaching voice and command of language produced a marvelous effect upon his hearers. Actuated always by the loftiest motives, he well deserved the title given him by his contemporaries, — "The Grand Old Man." He added greatly to the scholarship and splendor of the Victorian age.

(From "JUVENTUS MUNDI")

ETHICS OF THE HEROIC AGE

IN general outline, we may thus sum up the moral character of the Homeric Greeks, favorably regarded.

A high-spirited, energetic, adventurous, and daring people,

they show themselves prone to acts of hasty violence; and their splendid courage occasionally even degenerates, under the influence of strong passion, into ferocity, while their acuteness and sagacity sometimes, though more rarely, take a decided tinge of cunning. Yet they are neither selfish, cruel, nor implacable. At the same time, self-command is scarcely less conspicuous among them than strong, and deep, and quick emotion. They are, in the main, a people of warm affections and high honor, commonly tender, never morbid: they respect the weak and the helpless; they hold authority in reverence. Domestic purity, too, is cherished and esteemed among them more than elsewhere; and they have not yet fallen into the lower depths of sensual excess.

The Greek thanks the gods in his prosperity; witness the case of Laertes. It is perhaps less remarkable that in his adversity he appeals to them for aid. If, again, he is discontented, he complains of them; for he harbors no concealed dissatisfaction. Ready enough to take from those who have, he is at least as ready to give to those who need. He represents to the life the sentiment which another great master of manners has given to his Duke of Argyle, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian": "It is our Highland privilege to take from all what *we* want, and to give to all what *they* want." Distinctions of class are recognized, but they are mild and genial; there is no arrogance on the one side, nor any servility on the other. Reverence is paid to those in authority; and yet the Greek thinks in the spirit, and moves in the sphere, of habitual freedom. Over and above his warmth and tenacity in domestic affections, he prizes highly those other special relations between man and man, which mitigate and restrain the law of force in societies as yet imperfectly organized. He thoroughly admires the intelligence displayed in stratagèm, whether among the resources of self-defense, or by way of jest upon a friend, or for the hurt or ruin of an enemy; but life in disguise he cannot away with, and holds it a prime article in his creed that the tongue should habitually represent the man.

From these facts, if taken alone, we might be tempted to suppose that the Greeks of the Homeric age were an inhuman and savage race, who did not appreciate the value of human

life. But this is not so. They are not a cruel people. There is no wanton infliction of pain throughout the whole operation of the Iliad; no delight in the sufferings of others, no aggravation of them through vindictive passion. The only needless wounds given, are wounds inflicted on the dead body of Hector. It seems to be, not a disregard of human life, but an excess of regard for courage, which led them to undervalue the miseries incident to violence.

The character of Heracles, or Hercules, is one of which we hear much more evil than good in the Poems, if indeed we hear any good at all. The climax of his misdeeds is in the case of Iphitos, the possessor of certain fine mares. Heracles became his guest, slew him, and carried off the animals. Yet, he is nowhere held up to reprobation. Indeed, he seems to be a sharer of the banquets of the gods, and has Hebè for his wife; his Shade, or *Eidolon*, however, dwelling in the Underworld. If this passage be genuine, we can only suppose his crimes to be redeemed, in the public judgment, by his courage, together with his divine extraction. And the passage is supported by the application to him of the epithet *theios*, which is given in the Poems only to the two Protagonists, Achilles and Odysseus, among the living, and of the most distinguished among the dead. Certainly, the indignation of the Greeks is against Paris the effeminate coward, much more than Paris the ravisher. The shame of the abduction lay in the fact that he was the guest of Menelaos. And the guilt of Aigisthos finds its climax in this, that he slew Agamemnon by stealth, at a banquet, like a stalled ox. Piracy, again, was regarded, at the very least, with a moral indifference, which continued down to the time of Thucydides in many parts of Greece. Even Odysseus, the model prince, when he has destroyed the Suitors, and is considering how he can repair his wasted substance, calculates upon effecting it in part by occasional freebooting. To the principle, then, he freely gives his sanction; although he probably attacked the Kicones as allies of Troy; and he disapproved, as it appears, of the raid upon the Egyptians, which in one of his fables he imputes to his ship's company. This act is denominated an outrage; and some disapproval of pirates is implied in another passage. But it is faint. Piracy was a practice connected on one side with trade,

HAWARDEN CASTLE, THE HOME OF GLADSTONE

and on the other with fighting; and it seems to have been acquitted of guilt for the reason that the gains of the pirate's life were the fruit of bravery combined with skill, and were not unequally balanced by its dangers. And piracy seems to have been practised only upon foreigners; of course such foreigners only as did not come within the range of any bond of guestship.

Religion, however, had a considerable moral force.

The connection in the age of Homer between duty on the one side, and religious belief and reverence on the other, is well seen

(*a*) Negatively, by the faithlessness and ferocity of the Cyclops towards men, while he avows his contempt for Zeus and the gods.

(*b*) By the fact that the persons addicted to sacrifice and religious observances are with Homer the upright, and good men: such as Hector in the Iliad, and Eumaios in the Odyssey.

(*c*) As our word "righteous," founded on right, and embracing morality, extends also to piety, so in Homer the corresponding word *dicaios* clearly embraces duty towards the gods. The Abioi, an uncivilized nation, are with him "the most righteous of men."

(*d*) Conversely, the character of the *theoudēs*, or god-revering man, is identified with that of the stranger-loving, and opposed to that of the insolent, the savage, and the unrighteous.

(*e*) The wicked man cannot by sacrifices secure the fruits of his crime. Aigisthos offers them in abundance: but the gods destroy him by the hand of Orestes.

(*f*) Though the outward act of sacrifice did not of necessity imply a corresponding frame of mind, yet it was of religious tendency. The ordinary offering, at the common meal, of a portion to the deity as the giver, may be compared with the "grace" among Christians. In solemn celebrations, and sometimes indeed at the private meal, prayer and thanksgiving were commonly combined with the rite.

(*g*) The gods, as we have already seen, were thought, in a real though incomplete measure, to be rewarders of the good, and punishers of the bad.

(*h*) There was a strong general belief in the efficacy of prayer, testified by its practice.

We must not deny the reality of moral distinctions in Homer upon any such ground as that he sometimes describes greatness and strength by names rather denoting virtue, and mentions, for

example, the services "which the inferior render to the good." The language even of our own day has not yet escaped from this very improper confusion. We still speak of the "better classes," and of "good society." By him, as by us, the error is escaped in other cases: for he calls the Suitor-Princes "very inferior men." And the word *agathos*, or good, has unquestionably in some passages a solely moral meaning: while it is never applied to any bad man or action, however energetic or successful.

With respect to bloodshedding, the morality of the Greeks of Homer was extremely loose. To have killed a man was considered a misfortune, or at most an error in point of prudence. It was punished by a fine payable to relatives, which it was usual to accept in full satisfaction. But fugitives from their vengeance were everywhere received without displeasure or surprise. Priam, appearing unexpectedly before Achilles, is compared to a man who, having had the misfortune to slay somebody, appears on a sudden in a strange place.

The cases of such homicides are numerous in the Poems. It may be enough to observe that Patroclos, whose character is one of great gentleness, committed one in his youth without premeditation, and was therefore given over by his father Menoitios into the honorable charge of Peleus: that Ajax had received Lycophron after homicide, and "honored him as if a beloved parent": and that Telemachos receives Theoclumenos, and gives him the place of honor, when he had simply announced himself as a fugitive from the vengeance of the powerful kindred of a man whom he had killed, without stating anything about the cause.

It is difficult however to trace in Homer the existence of an universal law of relative duty, between man and man as such. The chief restraints upon misdeeds were to be found in laws, understood but not written, and which were binding as between certain men, not between all men. These were

1. Members of a family.
2. Members of a State or nation.
3. Persons bound by the law of guestship.
4. Suppliants and those whom they addressed.

The weakest point of the Homeric system of ethics is its tenderness (to say the least) for fraud under certain conditions.

This has ever been indeed a difficult chapter in the science of Ethics: it is probably one in which the human faculties will ever, or very long, remain unequal to the task of drawing at once clearly and firmly, in abstract statement, the lines of discrimination between right and wrong. In Homer, however, we seem to find the balance not doubtfully determined, but manifestly inclining the wrong way. Into the mouth of Achilles, indeed, he has put the most powerful denunciation of falsehood ever uttered by man. Pope's rendering is not quite unworthy —

> "Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
> My heart detests him as the gates of hell."

This, however, we may consider as in great part belonging to the single character of Achilles. It is a principle worked out in his entire conduct, without a single flaw. His soul and actions are sky-clear. Among the Homeric deities, there is nothing that approaches him in this respect. Indeed, it is especially in the region of the Immortals that we find the plague-spot planted. In Athenè, by far the loftiest of his Olympian conceptions, we find a distinct condescension, not simply to stratagem, but to fraud: and she, with Odysseus, finds a satisfaction, when they respectively allow to one another the praise of excelling all others within this department, she among the gods, he among mortal men.

At this we may not be greatly surprised; for force and energy already outweigh the moral element in the whole conception of the supernatural: and the character of Odysseus, with its many and great virtues, has a bias in this direction. But we may be much more surprised to find what we may fairly call a glorification of cunning, if not of fraud, exhibited in the character of that Greek chieftain, who next to Achilles may be thought most to approximate to the ideal of Homeric chivalry. Diomed meets the noble Glaucos on the field: they explain, and recognize as subsisting between them, the laws of hereditary guestship. The Greek then proposes the exchange of arms, which Glaucos accepts: and Diomed obtains the value of a hundred oxen in return for the value of nine.

We may, however, observe that Achilles, in whom comes out the bright blaze of perfect openness and truth, is not only the

Coryphæus of the Greek band of heroes, but he is above all things the type of Hellenism; the model of that character, which Homer considered to belong to his race. And, as far as we can perceive, though there is a delight in the use of deceit as stratagem for a particular end, the general course of thought is unreserved and open: the Poems show us nothing like life in a mask.

The idea of sin, considered as an offense against the divine order, has by no means been effaced from the circle of moral ideas in Homer. It seems to be strongly implied in the word ἀτασθαλίη, which is applied to deep, deliberate wickedness; to sinning against light; to doing what, but for a guilty ignorance, we must know to be wrong. For, when it is intended to let in any allowance for mere weakness, or for solicitation from without, or for a simply foolish blindness, then the word ἄτη is used. And I doubt whether, in any one instance throughout the Poems, these two designations are ever applied to one and the same misconduct. It is certainly contrary to the general, and almost universal, rule. The *atasthalièe* is something done with clear sight and knowledge, with the full and conscious action of the will: it is something regarded as wholly without excuse, as tending to an entire moral deadness, and as entailing final punishment alike without warning and without mercy. Nothing can account for the introduction into a moral code of a form of offense conceived with such intensity, and ranked so high, except the belief that the man committing it had deliberately set aside that inward witness to truth and righteousness which is supplied by the law of our nature, and in the repudiation of which the universal and consentient voice of mankind has always placed the most awful responsibility, the extremest degree of guilt, that the human being can incur.

. . . . . .

The view of patience in the Ethics of Homer is a very noble one. It is with him a prime virtue. Indeed, the characteristic merit of one of the Protagonists, Odysseus, is to be patient (πολύτλας), as his distinguishing intellectual endowment is to be πολύμητις, resourceful, elastic, versatile. This patience of the Homeric hero is as far as possible from being a mere acquiescence in fatality, or a cowardly retirement from the

battle of life in order to put the soul to sleep. It is full of reason and feeling; it involves and largely partakes of self-restraint; it might almost be defined as moral courage. It is an active, not a passive function of the mind. Its action, indeed, is generally confined to the inward sphere. Yet it is not always so confined. And it is always on the verge of, and ever capable of being developed into, the most heroic energy.

The sense of justice is also very strong in the Poems. Agamemnon indeed is unjust, as well as rapacious; but, notwithstanding his sense of responsibility, and his fraternal affection, Agamemnon is not a character towards whom Homer intends to attract our sympathies. The Greek chieftains seem never among themselves to deviate from fairness, except in the case of the chariot-race. It is singular that three thousand years ago, as now, horse-racing should have been found to offer the subtlest temptations to the inward integrity of man. The winning positions of Diomed and Eumelos in the race are reversed by a divine intervention, which throws Eumelos into the very last place. And it seems to be from a sense of substantial justice that Achilles proposes to commit what would have been a technical breach of it by giving him the second honor. But Antilochos, who has gained the third place against Menelaos by a sheer trick, remonstrates; and Achilles, with his supreme courtesy, introduces for Eumelos an additional prize to avoid even the semblance of wrong. Then comes the turn of Menelaos, who vehemently protests against the proceeding of Antilochos. The young warrior, who had been greatly excited against Eumelos, at once acknowledges the justice of the complaint, and offers to give Menelaos not only the prize in question, but anything else that he possesses, rather than offend him. Upon this Menelaos, not to be outdone in the contest of high manners, and without doubt recollecting that all his competitors are suffering in the war on his behalf, at once surrenders the second prize and takes the third. Thus, notwithstanding the device effected in the race itself, a strong sense of right predominates in the whole scene of the distribution, and governs the final adjustment.

The high estimate of the virtue of justice, thus observable, perhaps connects itself with that strong political genius which

had already found development among the Greeks, inasmuch as justice is to political society as its vital spark. But again, justice is moral symmetry; and in it the exact spirit of the Greek would, on this ground, find at least a stong speculative satisfaction, which would help to determine the habits of the mind and life.

The idea of self-restraint, which seems to admit only of a limited application to the order of deities, is exceeding strong in the Homeric man, where he at all approaches excellence.

The self-command of heroes, which is thus observable in minor matters, extends also to the greatest. When we find any virtue prominently exhibited in the two Protagonists, we may without more ado be certain that Homer intends to give it a very high place. And by far the greatest instances of self-command are given us in these two characters. On this basis is founded the singular courtesy of Achilles, in the midst of his resentment, to the heralds who came by order of Agamemnon to remove Briseis. When he was in danger of losing himself for the moment, on the occasion of the First Assembly, a divine interposition took place to enable him to hold his equilibrium. And many times, when he feels the tide of wrath arising within him, he seems to eye his own passion as the tiger is eyed by its keeper, and puts a spell upon it so that it dare not spring. When, for example, he is sensible that the incautious words of Priam are kindling within him a fire that might blast the aged suppliant, he seizes the moment, and, ere it is yet too late, bids him to desist. Whenever, after the death of Patroclos, his mind goes back upon the thought of Agamemnon and the wrong, he breaks sharply away from the subject. So it is with this tempestuous character. But not less remarkable is the self-command of Odysseus. This extends to all circumstances: it suffices alike for the cave of Poluphemos; for enforcing silence in the body of the wooden horse; for bearing in his disguise the insults of the Suitors. But most of all in point is that wonderful speech in answer to the insolence of Eumalos, the Phaiakian prince, which teaches us more than any composition with which I am acquainted, up to what a point emotion, sarcasm, and indignation can be carried without any loss of self-command.

The fiery Diomed also offers us, in his submission to the reproof of Agamemnon, a fine example of this great quality. But in truth it extends to the army, that is, the nation. We see it in their stern silence on the march, and in the battle-field. And their manner of applause in the Assembly is always described by a term different from that which the Poet uses to describe the corresponding indication of feeling among the Trojans. The Greeks usually shouted (ἐπίαχον) their applause; the Trojans rattled or clattered it (ἐπικελάδησαν).

In truth, there lies at the root of the Homeric model of the good or the great man, in a practical form, that which Aristotle has expressed scientifically as a condition of moral virtue; a spirit of moderation, a love of τὸ μέσον, or the mean. There should be moderation in sorrow, moderation in wrath, moderation in pleasure. Not a mean between extremes of mere quantity; but a true mean, an inward equipoise of the mind, and in the composition of mental qualities, abhorring excess in any one of them, because it mars the combination as a whole, and throws the rest into deficiency. . . .

This being so, it follows that one of the qualities most unequivocally vicious in Homer is an absolute implacability; that state of mind towards which Achilles for a time appears to lean; first, with regard to the Greeks, secondly, with regard to Hector; to both the living and the dead. It is a sin against Nature, rather than one of mere infirmity; because the very first requisite of such a feeling, to give it even colorable justice, is that the person entertaining it should himself be without fault, or weakness, or shortcoming of whatever kind.

This law, of moderation in quantity, was bodily as well as mental. Homer sings the praises of wine; but he reprehends even that mild form of excess which does no more than promote garrulity. When the Greeks are about to suffer calamity in the Return, he lets them go in a state of drunkenness to their Assembly. Elpenor dies by an accidental fall from drunkenness, and his character is accordingly described in terms of disparagement. A legend is introduced to show the mischief of this vice, which even the Suitor Antinoos condemns. No character esteemed by the Poet ever acts in any matter under the influence of liquor. It was for him the dew, not the deluge,

of the soul; and it was nothing more. The gods indeed sit by the bowl the livelong day; but for men it is not seemly to tarry for hours at the sacred (that is, regular and public) feast. And this, not only in cases like that of wine, where the truth is obvious, and the excess repulsive; but in instances where it would less be expected. . . .

This general disinclination to excess is happily exemplified in relation to excess of wickedness.

The extremest forms of human depravity are unknown to the practice of the Greeks in the Homeric age. We find among them no infanticide; no cannibalism; no practice, or mention, of unnatural lusts: incest is profoundly abhorred, and even its unintentioned commission in the case of Oidipous and Epicaste was visited with the heaviest calamities. The old age of parents is treated with respect and affection. Slavery itself is mild, and predial slavery apparently rare. There is no polygamy; no domestic concubinage; no torture. There are no human sacrifices; and even down to the time of Euripides the tradition subsisted that they were not a Greek but a foreign usage. The legend of the seizure of Ganymedes, which was afterwards deeply tainted with shame, is in Homer perfectly beautiful and pure. Adultery is detested. The lifelong bond of man and wife does not wholly yield even to violence: absence the most prolonged does not shake it off: and there is no escape from it by the at best poor and doubtful invention of divorce.

There is undoubtedly something savage in the wrath of Odysseus against the Suitors, as there is in the wrath of Achilles against Agamemnon and the Greeks. Neither of these two are represented to us as faultless personages. But when they err, it is in measure and degree; in the exaggeration of what, as to its essence, virtue justifies, and even requires. But an exceeding nobleness marks the rebuke of Odysseus to the nurse Eurucleia, when she is about to shout in exultation over the fallen Suitors. "It is wrong," he says, "to exult over the slain, who have been overthrown by divine providence, and by their own perverse deeds."

So again, while Hecuba wishes she could find it in her heart to eat Achilles, Achilles utters a similar wish with regard to Hector. But the wish is that he could prevail upon himself

to perform the act; which accordingly he cannot do. From these passages, as well as from the case of the Cyclops, we may learn that cannibalism was within the knowledge, though not the experience, of the nation; that it might even come before them as an image in the hideous dreams of passion at seasons of extreme excitement, but never could enter the circle of their actual life.

Indeed, the manifestations of mere personal revenge in the Poems are almost wholly among the divinities, not the mortals. The vengeance of Achilles has reference not to an arbitrary or imaginary code, but to a gross breach by Agamemnon of the laws of honor and justice. The vengeance of Odysseus vindicates not merely the duty of political obedience, but the violated order of society, against depraved and lawless men.

The point, however, in which the ethical tone of the heroic age stands highest of all is, perhaps, the strength of the domestic affections.

They are prevalent in Olympos; and they constitute an amiable feature in the portraiture even of deities who have nothing else to recommend them. Not only does Poseidon care for the brutal Poluphemos, and Zeus for the noble and gallant Sarpedon, but Arès for Ascalaphos, and Aphroditè for Æneas. In the Trojan royal family, there is little of the higher morality; but parental affection is vehement in the characters, somewhat relaxed as they are in fiber, both of Priam and of Hecuba. Odysseus chooses for the title, by which he would be known, that of the Father of Telemachos. The single portraiture of Penelopè, ever yearning through twenty years for her absent husband, and then praying to be removed from life, that she may never gladden the spirit of a meaner man, could not have been designed or drawn, except in a country where the standard, in this great branch of morality, was a high one. This is the palmary and all-sufficient instance. Others might be mentioned to follow, though none can equal it.

Perhaps even beyond other cases of domestic relation, the natural sentiment, as between parents and children, was profoundly ingrained in the morality of the heroic age. The feeling of Achilles for Peleus, of Odysseus for his father Laertes and his mother Anticleia, exhibits an affection alike deep and

tender. Those who die young, like Simoeisios by the hand of Ajax, die before they have had time to repay to their parents their *threptra*, the pains and care of rearing them. Phœnix, in the height of wrath with his father, and in a country where homicide was thought a calamity far more than a crime, is restrained from offering him any violence, lest he should be branded, among the Achaians, with the stamp of parricide. All this was reciprocated on the side of parents: even in Troy, as we may judge from the conduct and words of Hector, of Andromache, of Priam. While the father of Odysseus pined on earth for his return, his mother died of a broken heart for his absence. And the Shade of Achilles in the Underworld only craves to know whether Peleus is still held in honor; and a momentary streak of light and joy gilds his dreary and gloomy existence, when he learns that his son Neoptolemos has proved himself worthy of his sire, and has attained to fame in war. The very selfish nature of Agamemnon does not prevent his feeling a watchful anxiety for his brother Menelaos. Where human interests spread and ramify by this tenacity of domestic affections, there the generations of men are firmly knit together; concern for the future becomes a spring of noble action; affection for the past engenders an emulation of its greatness; and as it is in history that these sentiments find their means of subsistence, the primitive poet of such a country scarcely can but be an historian.

We do not find, indeed, that relationships are traced in Homer by name beyond the degree of first cousins. But that the tie of blood was much more widely recognized, we may judge from the passage in the Second Iliad, which shows that the divisions of the army were subdivided into tribes (*φῦλα*) and clans (*φρήτραι*). Guestship likewise descended through generations: Diomed and Glaucos exchange arms, and agree to avoid one another in fight, because their grandfathers had been *xenoi*.

The intensity of the Poet's admiration for beautiful form is exhibited alike with reference to men, women, and animals. Achilles, his greatest warrior, is also his most beautiful man: Ajax, the second soldier, has also the second place in beauty, according to Odysseus. Nireus, his rival for that place, is commemorated for his beauty, though in other respects he is

declared to have been an insignificant personage. Odysseus, elderly, if not old, is carried into rapture by the beauty of Nausicaa. Not Helen alone, but his principal women in general, short of positive old age (for Penelopè is included), are beautiful. He felt intensely, as appears from many passages, the beauty of the horse. But this admiring sentiment towards all beauty of form appears to have been an entirely pure one. . . .

With regard to anything which is unbecoming in the human person, the delicacy of Homer is uniform and perhaps unrivalled. In the case of women, there is not a single allusion to it. In the case of men, the only allusions we find are grave, and admirably handled. When Odysseus threatens to strip Thersites, it is only to make him an object of general and unmitigated disgust. When Priam foretells the mangling of his own naked corpse by animals, the insult to natural decency thus anticipated serves only to express the intense agony of his mind. The scene in which Odysseus emerges from the sea on the coast of Scheriè, is perhaps among the most careful, and yet the most simple and unaffected, exhibitions of true modesty in all literature. And the mode in which all this is presented to us, suggests that it forms a true picture of the general manners of the nation at the time. That this delicacy long subsisted in Greece, we learn from Thucydides. The morality of the Homeric period is that of the childhood of a race: the morality of the classic times belongs to its manhood. On the side of the latter, it may be urged that two causes in particular tend to raise its level. With regular forms of political and civil organization, there grows up in written law a public testimonial on behalf, in the main, of truth, honesty, and justice. For, while private conduct represents the human mind under the bias of every temptation, the law, as a general rule, speaks that which our perceptions would affirm were there no such bias. But further, with law and order comes the clearer idea and fuller enjoyment of the fruits of labor; and for the sake of security each man adopts, and in general acts upon, a recognition of the rights of property. These are powerful agencies for good in a great department of morals. Besides these, with a more imposing beauty, but probably with less of practical efficacy, the speculative intellect of man goes to work, and establishes abstract

theories of virtue, vice, and their consequences, which by their comprehensiveness and method put out of countenance the indeterminate ethics of remote antiquity. All this is to be laid in one scale. But the other would, I think, preponderate, if it were only from the single consideration, that the creed of the Homeric age brought both the sense and the dread of the divine justice to bear in restraint of vice and passion. And upon the whole, after the survey which has been taken, it would in my opinion be somewhat rash to assert, that either the duties of men to the deity, of the larger claims of man upon man, were better understood in the age of Pericles or Alexander, of Sylla or Augustus, than in the age of Homer.

Perhaps the following sketch of Greek life in the heroic age may not be far wide of the truth.

The youth of high birth, not then so widely as now separated from the low, is educated under tutors in reverence for his parents, and in desire to emulate their fame; he shares in manly and in graceful sports; acquires the use of arms; hardens himself in the pursuit, then of all others the most indispensable, the hunting down of wild beasts; gains the knowledge of medicine, probably also of the lyre. Sometimes, with many-sided intelligence, he even sets himself to learn how to build his own house or ship, or how to drive the plow firm and straight down the furrow, as well as to reap the standing corn.

And, when scarcely a man, he bears arms for his country or his tribe, takes part in its government, learns by direct instruction, and by practice, how to rule mankind through the use of reasoning and persuasive power in political assemblies, attends and assists in sacrifices to the gods. For, all this time, he has been in kindly and free relations, not only with his parents, his family, his equals of his own age, but with the attendants, although they are but serfs, who have known him from infancy on his father's domain.

He is indeed mistaught with reference to the use of the strong hand. Human life is cheap; so cheap that even a mild and gentle youth may be betrayed, upon a casual quarrel over some childish game with his friend, into taking it away. And even so throughout his life, should some occasion come that stirs up his passions from their depths, a wild beast, as it were,

awakes within him, and he loses his humanity for the time, until reason has reëstablished her control. Short, however, of such a desperate crisis, though he could not for the world rob his friend or his neighbor, yet he might be not unwilling to triumph over him to his cost, for the sake of some exercise of signal ingenuity; while, from a hostile tribe or a foreign shore, or from the individual who has become his enemy, he will acquire by main force what he can, nor will he scruple to inflict on him by stratagem even deadly injury. He must, however, give liberally to those who are in need; to the wayfarer, to the poor, to the suppliant who begs from him shelter and protection. On the other hand, should his own goods be wasted, the liberal and open-handed contributions of his neighbors will not be wanting to replace them.

His early youth is not solicited into vice by finding sensual excess in vogue, or the opportunities of it glaring in his eye, and sounding in his ear. Gluttony is hardly known; drunkenness is marked only by its degrading character, and by the evil consequences that flow so straight from it; and it is abhorred. But he loves the genial use of meals, and rejoices in the hour when the guests, gathered in his father's hall, enjoy a liberal hospitality, and the wine mantles in the cup. For then they listen to the strains of the minstrel, who celebrates before them the newest and the dearest of the heroic tales that stir their blood, and rouse their manly resolution to be worthy, in their turn, of their country and their country's heroes. He joins the dance in the festivals of religion; the maiden's hand upon his wrist, and the gilded knife gleaming from his belt, as they course from point to point, or wheel in round on round. That maiden, some Nausicaa, or some Hermionè of a neighboring district, in due time he weds, amidst the rejoicings of their families, and brings her home to cherish her, "from the flower to the ripeness of the grape," with respect, fidelity, and love.

Whether as a governor or as governed, politics bring him, in ordinary circumstances, no great share of trouble. Government is a machine, of which the wheels move easily enough; for they are well oiled by simplicity of usages, ideas, and desires; by unity of interest; by respect for authority, and for those in whose hands it is reposed: by love of the common country, the

common altar, the common Festivals and Games, to which already there is large resort. In peace he settles the disputes of his people, in war he lends them the precious example of heroic daring. He consults them, and advises with them, on all grave affairs; and his wakeful care for their interests is rewarded by the ample domains which are set apart for the prince by the people. Finally, he closes his eyes, delivering over the scepter to his son, and leaving much peace and happiness around him.